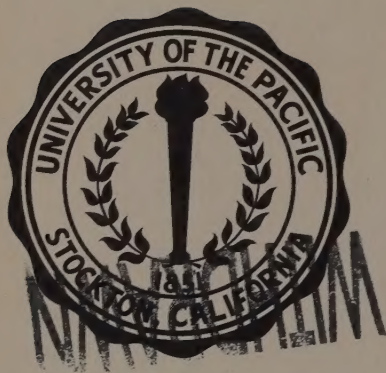


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The Works
of
Francis Beaumont
and
John Fletcher

In ten volumes
Vol. III

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

Born 1584

Died 1616

JOHN FLETCHER

Born 1579

Died 1625

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

THE MAD LOVER THE LOYAL SUBJECT
RULE A WIFE, AND HAVE A WIFE
THE LAWS OF CANDY THE FALSE ONE
THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER

THE TEXT EDITED BY
A. R. WALLER, M.A.



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THE MAD LOVER, A TRAGI-COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Astorax, *King of Paphos.*
 Memnon, *the General and the Mad*
 Lover.
 Polydor, *Brother to Memnon, be-*
 loved of Calis.
 Eumenes, } *two eminent Souldiers.*
 Polybius, }
 Chilax, *an old merry Souldier.*
 Syphax, *a Souldier in love with the*
 Princess.
 Stremon, *a Souldier that can sing.*
 Demagoras, *Servant to the General.*
 Chirurgion.

Fool.
Page.
Courtiers.

WOMEN.

Calis, *Sister to the King, and Mistris*
 to Memnon.
 Cleanthe, *Sister to Syphax.*
 Lucippe, *one of the Princesses Women.*
 Priest of Venus, *an old wanton.*
 A Nun.
 Cloe, *a Camp Baggage.*

The Scene Paphos.

The principal Actors were,

<i>Richard Burbadge.</i> <i>Robert Benfeild.</i> <i>Nathanael Feild.</i> <i>Henry Condel.</i>	} { } { } { } {	<i>John Lowin.</i> <i>William Eglestone.</i> <i>Richard Sharpe.</i>
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Actus primus. Scena prima.

Flourish. Enter Astorax King of Paphos, his Sister Calis, Train, and Cleanthe, Lucippe Gentlewomen, at one door; at the other Eumenes a Souldier.

Eume. Health to my Sovereign.

King. *Eumenes*, welcome :

Welcome to *Paphos*, Souldier, to our love,
And that fair health ye wish us, through the Camp
May it disperse it self, and make all happy ;
How does the General, the valiant *Memnon*,
And how his Wars, *Eumenes* ?

Eume. The Gods have giv'n you (Royal Sir) a Souldier,
Better ne're sought a danger, more approv'd
In way of War, more master of his fortunes,
Expert in leading 'em ; in doing valiant,
In following all his deeds to Victories,
And holding fortune certain there.

King. O Souldier,
Thou speak'st a man indeed ; a Generals General,
A soul conceiv'd a Souldier.

Eumen. Ten set Battels
Against the strong usurper *Diocles*
(Whom long experience had begot a Leader,
Ambition rais'd too mighty) hath your *Memnon*
Won, and won gloriously, distrest and shook him
Even from the head of all his hopes to nothing :
In three, he beat the Thunder-bolt his Brother,
Forc'd him to wall himself up : there not safe,
Shook him with warlike Engins like an Earthquake,
Till like a Snail he left his shell and crawl'd
By night and hideous darkness to destruction :
Disarm'd for ever rising more : Twelve Castles,
Some thought impregnable ; Towns twice as many ;
Countries that like the wind knew no command
But savage wildness, hath this General
With loss of blood and youth, through Storms and Tempests
Call'd to your fair obedience.

King. O my Souldier

That thou wert now within my arms ; what drums
Are those that beat *Eumenes* ?

{ *Drums*
{ *within.*

Eumen. His, my Sovereign ;
Himself i'th' head of conquest drawing home,
An old man now to offer up his glories,
And endless conquest at your shrine.

King. Goe all,
And entertain him with all Ceremonie,
We'l keep him now a Courtier.

Eumen. Sir, a strange one,
Pray God his language bear it ; by my life, Sir
He knows no complement, nor curious casting
Of words into fit places e're he speak 'em,
He can say fight well fellow, and I'le thank thee :
He that must eat, must fight ; bring up the rear there,
Or charge that wing of horse home. [*Flourish.*

King. Goe too, goe too.

Enter Memnon, and a train of Courtiers, and
Souldiers, two Captains, Chilax.

Valiant and wise are twins Sir : welcom, welcom,
Welcom my fortunate and famous General,
High in thy Princes favour, as in fame,
Welcom to Peace, and *Paphos*.

Mem. Thank your Grace,
And would to God my dull tongue had that sweetness
To thank you as I should ; but pardon me,
My sword and I speak roughly Sir : your battels
I dare well say, I have fought well ; for I bring ye
That lazie end you wish for Peace, so fully,
That no more name of war is : who now thinks
Sooner or safer these might have been ended,
Begin 'em if he dare again ; I'le thank him.
Souldier and Souldiers Mate these twenty five years,
At length your General, (as one whose merit
Durst look upon no less,) I have waded through
Dangers would damp these soft souls, but to hear of.
The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here Sir,
Since which time Prince, I know no Court but Marshal,
No oylie language, but the shock of Arms,

No dalliance but with death ; No lofty measures
 But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger,
 Larums at midnight Valours self would shake at,
 Yet I ne're shrunk : Balls of consuming Wildfire,
 That lick't men up like lightning, have I laugh't at,
 And tost 'em back again like childrens trifles.
 Upon the edges of my Enemies swords
 I have march't like whirle-winds, fury at this hand waiting,
 Death at my right ; Fortune my forlorn hope,
 When I have grapled with destruction,
 And tug'd with pale fac'd Ruine, Night and Mischief,
 Frighted to see a new day break in blood ;
 And every where I conquer'd ; and for you Sir,
 Mothers have wanted wombs to make me famous,
 And blown ambition, dangers ; Those that griev'd ye,
 I have taken order for i'th' earth : those fools
 That shall hereafter—

King. No more wars my Souldier : { *K. takes Mem. aside*
 We must now treat of peace Sir. { *and talks with him.*

Clean. How he talks,
 How gloriously.

Cal. A goodly timber'd fellow,
 Valiant no doubt.

Cle. If valour dwell in vaunting ;
 In what a phrase he speaks, as if his actions
 Could be set off in nothing but a noise ;
 Sure h'as a drum in's mouth.

Cal. I wonder wenches
 How he would speak to us.

Clean. Nothing but Larum,
 Tell us whose throat he cut, shew us his sword,
 And bless it for sure biting.

Lucippe. And 't like your Grace,
 I do not think he knows us what we are,
 Or to what end ; for I have heard his followers
 Affirm he never saw a woman that exceeded
 A Sutlers wife yet, or in execution
 Old bedrid Beldames without teeth or tongues,
 That would not flie his furie ? how he looks.

Clea. This way devoutly.

Cal. Sure his Lordship's viewing
Our Fortifications.

Lucip. If he mount at me,
I may chance choak his Battery.

Cal. Still his eye
Keeps quarter this way: *Venus* grant his valour
Be not in love.

Clean. If he be, presently
Expect a Herald and a Trumpet with ye
To bid ye render; we two *Perdu's* pay for't else.

King. I'll leave ye to my sister, and these Ladies
To make your welcom fuller: my good souldier
We must now turn your sternness into Courtship;
When ye have done there, to your fair repose Sir: [*Flourish.*
I know you need it *Memnon*; welcom Gentlemen.

[*Exit King.*

Luci. Now he begins to march: Madam the *Van's* yours,
Keep your ground sure; 'tis for your spurrs.

Mem. O *Venus*.

{ *He kneels amaz'd, and
forgets to speak.*

Cal. How he stares on me.

Clean. Knight him Madam, knight him,
He will grow toth' ground else.

Eumenes. Speak Sir, 'tis the Princess.

Cap. Ye shame your self, speak to her.

Cal. Rise and speak Sir.

Ye are welcome to the Court, to me, to all Sir.

Lucip. Is he not deaf?

Cal. The Gentleman's not well.

Eumen. Fie noble General.

Lucip. Give him fresh air, his colour goes, how do ye?
The Princess will be glad Sir.

Mem. Peace, and hear me.

Clean. Command a silence there.

Mem. I love thee Lady.

Cal. I thank your Lordship heartily: proceed Sir.

Lucip. Lord how it stuck in's stomach like a surfeit.

Clean. It breaks apace now from him, God be thanked,
What a fine spoken man he is.

Lucip. A choice one, of singular variety in carriage.

Clean. Yes and I warrant you he knows his distance.

THE MAD LOVER

ACT I

Mem. With all my heart I love thee.

Cal. A hearty Gentleman,
And I were e'en an arrant beast, my Lord,
But I lov'd you again.

Mem. Good Lady kiss me.

Clean. I marry, *Mars*, there thou cam'st close up to her.

Cal. Kiss you at first my Lord? 'tis no fair fashion,
Our lips are like Rose buds, blown with mens breaths,
They lose both sap and savour; there's my hand Sir.

Eumen. Fie, fie, my Lord, this is too rude.

Mem. Unhand me,
Consume me if I hurt her; good sweet Lady
Let me but look upon thee.

Cal. Doe.

Mem. Yet—

Cal. Well Sir,
Take your full view.

Lucip. Bless your eyes Sir.

Cal. Mercy,
Is this the man they talkt of for a Souldier,
So absolute and Excellent: O the Gods,
If I were given to that vanitie
Of making sport with men for ignorance,
What a most precious subject had I purchas'd!
Speak for him Gentlemen: some one that knows,
What the man ails; and can speak sense.

Clean. Sure Madam,
This fellow has been a rare Hare finder.
See how his eyes are set.

Cal. Some one goe with me,
I'll send him something for his head, poor Gentleman,
He's troubled with the staggers.

Lucip. Keep him dark,
He will run March mad else, the fumes of Battels
Ascend into his brains.

Clean. Clap to his feet
An old Drum head, to draw the thunder downward.

Cal. Look to him Gentlemen: farewell, Lord I am sorry
We cannot kiss at this time, but believe it
We'll find an hour for all: God keep my Children,

From being such sweet Souldiers ; Softly wenches,
Lest we disturb his dream. [*Exeunt Calis and Ladies.*]

Eumen. Why this is Monstrous.

1 *Capt.* A strange forgetfulness, yet still he holds it.

2 *Capt.* Though he ne're saw a woman of great fashion
Before this day, yet methinks 'tis possible
He might imagine what they are, and what
Belongs unto 'em : meer report of others.

Eumen. Pish, his head had other whimsies in't : my Lord,
Death I think y'are struck dumb ; my good Lord General.

1 *Capt.* Sir.

Mem. That I do love ye Madam ; and so love ye
An't like your grace.

2 *Capt.* He has been studying this speech.

Eumen. Who do ye speak to Sir ?

Mem. Why where's the Lady,
The woman, the fair woman ?

1 *Capt.* Who ?

Mem. The Princess,
Give me the Princess.

Eumen. Give ye counsel rather
To use her like a Princess : Fy my Lord,
How have you born your self, how nakedl[y]
Laid your soul open, and your ignorance
To be a sport to all. Report and honour
Drew her to doe you favours, and you bluntly,
Without considering what, or who she was,
Neither collecting reason, nor distinction.

Mem. Why, what did I my Masters ?

Eumen. All that shews
A man unhandsom, undigested dough.

Mem. Did not I kneel unto her ?

Eumen. Dumb and senseless,
As though ye had been cut out for your fathers tomb,
Or stuck a land-mark ; when she spoke unto you,
Being the excellence of all our Island,
Ye star'd upon her, as ye had seen a monster.

Me[m]. Was I so foolish ? I confess *Eumenes*,
I never saw before so brave an outside,
But did I kneel so long ?

Eumen. Till they laught at ye,
And when you spoke, I am asham'd to tell ye
What 'twas my Lord; how far from order;
Bless me, is't possible the wild noise of war
And what she only teaches should possess ye?
Knowledge to treat with her, and full discretion
Being at flood still in ye: and in peace,
And manly conversation smooth and civil,
Where gracefulness and glory twyn together,
Thrust your self out an exile?
Do you know Sir, what state she carries?
What great obedience waits at her beck continually?

Mem. She ne're commanded
A hundred thousand men, as I have done,
Nor ne're won battel; Say I would have kist her.

Eumen. There was a dainty offer too, a rare one.

Mem. Why, she is a woman, is she not?

Eumen. She is so.

Mem. Why, very well; what was she made for then?
Is she not young, and handsom, bred to breed?
Do not men kiss fair women? if they doe,
If lips be not unlawfull ware; Why a Princess
Is got the same way that we get a begger
Or I am cozen'd; and the self-same way
She must be handled e're she get another,
That's rudeness is it not?

2 Capt. To her 'tis held so, & rudeness in that high degree—

Mem. 'Tis reason,
But I will be more punctual; pray what thought she?

Eum. Her thoughts were merciful, but she laught at ye,
Pitying the poorness of your complement,
And so she left ye. Good Sir shape your self
To understand the place, and noble persons
You live with now.

1 Capt. Let not those great deserts
The King hath laid up of ye, and the people,
Be blasted with ill bearing.

Eume. The whole name of souldier then will suffer.

Mem. She's a sweet one,
And good sirs leave your exhortations,

They come untimely to me, I have brains
 That beat above your reaches: She's a Princess,
 That's all: I have killed a King, that's greater.
 Come let's to dinner, if the Wine be good,
 You shall perceive strange wisdom in my blood.

[*Exeunt all but Chilax.*]

Chil. Well, would thou wert i' the wars again
 Old *Memnon*, there thou wouldst talk toth' purpose,
 And the proudest of all these Court Camelions
 Would be glad to find it sense too: pla[gu]e of this
 Dead peace, this Bastard breeding, lowzie, lazie idleness,
 Now we must learn to pipe, and pick our livings
 Out of old rotten ends: these twenty five years
 I have serv'd my Country, lost my youth and blood,
 Expos'd my life to dangers more than dayes;
 Yet let me tell my wants, I know their answers,
 The King is bound to right me, they good people
 Have but from hand to mouth. Look to your wives
 Your young trim wives, your high-day wives, your march-
 For if the souldiers find not recompence, (panes,
 As yet there's none a hatching; I believe
 You men of wares, the men of wars will nick ye,
 For starve nor beg they must not; my small means
 Are gone *in fumo*: here to raise a better
 Unless it be with lying, or Dog flattering,
 At which our Nation's excellent; observing Dog-days,
 When this good Lady broyles and would be basted
 By that good Lord, or such like moral learnings,
 Is here impossible; Well; I will rub among 'em
 If any thing for honestie be gotten,
 Though't be but bread and cheese I can be satisfied:
 If otherwise the wind blow, stiff as I am
 Yet I shall learn to shuffle: There's an old Lass
 That shall be nameless yet alive, my last hope,
 Has often got me my pocket full of crowns.
 If all fail—Jack-Dawes, are you alive still?
 Then I see the coast clear, when fools and boyes can prosper.

Enter Fool, and Page.

Page. Brave Lieutenant.

Fool. Hail to the man of worship.

Chi. You are fine sirs,
Most passing fine at all points.

Fool. As ye see Sir,
Home-bred and handsome, we cut not out our clothes Sir
At half sword as your Taylors doe, and pink 'em
With Pikes and Partizans, we live retir'd Sir
Gentlemen like, and jealous of our honours.

Chi. Very fine Fool, and fine Boy, Peace playes with you,
As the wind playes with Feathers, dances ye,
You grind with all gusts, gallants.

Page. We can bounce Sir,
When you Soldados bend i'th' hams, and frisk too.

Fool. When twenty of your trip-coats turn their tippets,
And your cold sallets without salt or vinegar
Be wambling in your stomachs; hemp and hobnails
Will bear no price now, hangings and old harness
Are like to over-run us.

Pa. Whores and hot houses.

Fool. Surgeons and Syringes ring out your sance-bells.

Page. Your Jubile, your Jubile.

Fool. *Prob Deum.*

How our St. *Georges* will bestride the Dragons,
The red and ramping Dragons.

Page. Advanc't fool—

Fool. But then the sting i'th' tail boy.

Page. *Tanto Melior.*

For so much the more danger, the more honour.

Chi. You're very pleasant with our occupation Gent.
Which very like amongst these fierie Serpents
May light upon a Blind-worm of your blood,
A Mother or a Sister.

Fool. Mine's past saddle,
You should be sure of her else: but say Sir *Huon*,
Now the Drums dubbs, and the sticks turn'd bed-staves,
All the old Foxes hunted to their holes,
The Iron age return'd to *Erebus*,
And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*
Thrust out o'th' Kingdom by the head and shoulders,
What trade do you mean to follow?

Chi. That's a question.

Fool. Yes and a learned question if ye mark it,
Consider and say on.

Chi. Fooling as thou dost, that's the best trade I take it.

Fool. Take it straight then

For fear your fellows be before ye, hark ye Lieutenant
Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your fightings,
When all's done ye must fool Sir.

Chi. Well, I must then.

Fool. But do you know what fooling is? true fooling,
The circumstances that belong unto it?

For every idle knave that showes his teeth,
Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,
Make a dog face, or can abuse his fellow,
Is not a fool at first dash; you shall find Sir
Strange turnings in this trade; to fool is nothing
As fooling has been, but to fool the fair way,
The new way, as the best men fool their friends,
For all men get by fooling, meerly fooling,
Desert does nothing, valiant, wise, vertuous,
Are things that walk by without bread or breeches.

Chi. I partly credit that.

Fool. Fine wits, fine wits Sir,
There's the young Boy, he does well in his way too,
He could not live else in his Masters absence;
He tyes a Ladyes garters so, so prettily,
Say his hand slip, but say so.

Chi. Why let it slip then.

Fool. 'Tis ten to one the body shall come after,
And he that works deserves his wages.

Chi. That's true.

Fool. He riddles finely to a waiting Gentlewoman,
Expounds dreams like a Prophet, dreams himself too,
And wishes all dreams true; they cry Amen,
And there's a *Memorandum*: he can sing too
Bawdy enough to please old Ladies: he lies rarely,
Pawns ye a sute of clothes at all points, fully,
Can pick a pocket if ye please, or casket;
Lisps when he lists to catch a Chambermaid,
And calls his Hostess mother, these are things now,

If a man mean to live: to fight and swagger,
Beaten about the Ears with bawling sheepskins,
Cut to the soul for Summer: here an arm lost,
And there a leg; his honourable head
Seal'd up in salves and cereclothes, like a packet,
And so sent over to an Hospital, stand there, charge there,
Swear there, whore there, dead there,
And all this sport for cheese, and chines of dog-flesh,
And mony when two wednesdayes meet together,
Where to be lowzie is a Gentleman,
And he that wears a clean shirt has his shrowd on.

Chi. I'll be your scholar, come if I like fooling.

Fool. You cannot choose but like it, fight you one day
I'll fool another, when your Surgeon's paid,
And all your leaks stopt, see whose slops are heaviest,
I'll have a shilling for a can of wine,
When you shall have two Sergeants for a Counter.

Boy. Come learn of us Lieutenant, hang your Iron up,
We'll find you cooler wars.

Chi. Come let's together,
I'll see your tricks, and as I like 'em.— *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, and Captains.

Men. Why was there not such women in the camp then
Prepar'd to make me know 'em?

Eum. 'Twas no place Sir. (tures

1 Capt. Why should they live in Tumults? they are crea-
Soft and of sober natures.

Mem. Cou'd not your wives,
Your Mothers, or your Sisters have been sent for
To exercise upon?

Eume. We thank your Lordship.

2 Capt. But do you mean?

Mem. I do mean.

2 Capt. What Sir?

Mem. To see her,
And see thee hang'd too an thou anger'st me,
And thousands of your throats cut, get ye from me,
Ye keep a prating of your points of manners,
And fill my head with lowzie circumstances,

Better have Ballads in't, your courtly worships,
How to put off my hat, you, how to turn me,
And you (forsooth) to blow my nose discreetly;
Let me alone, for I will love her, see her,
Talk to her, and mine own way.

Eume. She's the Princess.

Mem. Why let her be the Devil, I have spoke
When Thunder durst not check me, I must love,
I know she was a thing kept for me.

Eume. And I know Sir,
Though she were born yours, yet your strange behaviour
And want—

Mem. Thou liest.

Eum. I do not.

Mem. Ha!

Eume. I do not lye Sir,
I say you want fair language, nay 'tis certain
You cannot say good morrow.

Mem. Ye Dog-whelps,
The proudest of your prating tongues—

Eume. Doe, kill us,
Kill us for telling truth: for my part, General,
I would not live to see men make a may-game
Of him I have made a Master, kill us quickly,
Then ye may—

Mem. What?

Eume. Doe what you list, draw your sword childishly
Upon your Servants that are bound to tell ye;
I am weary of my life.

1 *Capt.* And I.

2 *Capt.* And all Sir.

Eume. Goe to the Princess, make her sport, cry to her
I am the glorious man of war.

Mem. Pray ye leave me,
I am sorry I was angry, I'll think better,
Pray no more words.

Eume. Good Sir.

Mem. Nay then.

2 *Capt.* We are gone Sir.

[*Exeunt Eume. and Capt.*]

Enter Princess Calis, Lucippe, Cleanthe.

Cal. How came he hither? see for Heavens sake wenchies,
What face, and what postures he puts on, { *Mem. walks aside*
I do not think he is perfect. { *full of strange*

Cle. If your love { *gestures.*
Have not betray'd his little wits, he's well enough,
As well as he will be.

Cal. Mark how he muses.

Lucip. H'as a Batalia now in's brains, he draws out, now
Have at ye Harpers.

Cle. See, see, there the fire fails.

Lucip. Look what an Alphabet of faces he runs through.

Cle. O love, love, how amorously thou look'st
In an old rusty armour.

Cle. I'll away, for by my troth I fear him.

Lucip. Fear the gods, Madam,
And never care what man can do, this fellow
With all his frights about him and his furies,
His Larums, and his Launces, Swords, and Targets,
Nay case him up in armour Cap-a-pe,
Yet durst I undertake within two hours,
If he durst charge, to give him such a shake,
Should shake his Valour off, and make his shanks to ake.

Cle. For shame no more.

Cal. He muses still.

Cle. The Devil—

Why should this old dried timber chopt with thunder—

Cal. Old Wood burns quickest.

Lucip. Out, you would say Madam,
Give me a green stick that may hold me heat,
And smoak me soundly too; He turns, and sees ye.

Cle. There's no avoiding now, have at ye. { *Memnon*

Mem. Lady.

The more I look upon ye. [*Stays her.*

Cle. The more you may, Sir.

Cal. Let him alone.

Mem. I would desire your patience.

The more I say I look, the more— [*Stays her.*

Lucip. My Fortune,

'Tis very apt, Sir.

Mem. Women, let my Fortune
And me alone I wish ye, pray come this way,
And stand you still there Lady.

Cal. Leave the words Sir, and leap into the meaning.

Mem. Then again:
I tell you I do love ye.

Cal. Why?

Mem. No questions: pray no more questions.
I do love you, infinitely: why do you smile?
Am I ridiculous?

Cal. I am monstrous fearful, no, I joy you love me.

Mem. Joy on then, and be proud on't, I do love you,
Stand still, do not trouble me you Women.
He loves you Lady at whose feet have kneel'd
Princes to beg their freedoms, he whose valour
Has overrun whole Kingdoms.

Cal. That makes me doubt, Sir,
'Twill overrun me too.

Mem. He whose Sword.

Cle. Talk not so big, Sir, you will fright the Princess.

Mem. Ha.

Lucippe. No forsooth.

Cal. I know ye have done wonders.

Mem. I have and will do more and greater, braver;
And for your beauty miracles, name that Kingdom
And take your choice.

Cal. Sir I am not ambitious.

Mem. Ye shall be, 'tis the Child of Glory: she that I love
Whom my desires shall magnifie, time stories,
And all the Empires of the Earth.

Cle. I would fain ask him—

Lucip. Prithee be quiet, he will beat us both else.

Cle. What will ye make me then, Sir?

Mem. I will make thee
Stand still and hold thy peace; I have a heart, Lady.

Cal. Ye were a monster else.

Mem. A loving heart,
A truly loving heart.

Cal. Alas, how came it?

THE MAD LOVER

ACT I

Mem. I would you had it in your hand, sweet Lady,
To see the truth it bears you.

Cal. Do you give it.

Lucip. That was well thought upon.

Cle. 'Twill put him to't Wench.

Cal. And you shall see I dare accept it, Sir,
Tak't in my hand and view it: if I find it
A loving and a sweet heart, as you call it,
I am bound, I am.

Mem. No more, I'll send it to ye,
As I have honour in me, you shall have it.

Cle. Handsomly done, Sir, and perfum'd by all means,
The Weather's warm, Sir.

Mem. With all circumstance.

Lucip. A Napkin wrought most curiously.

Mem. Divinely.

Cle. Put in a Goblet of pure Gold.

Mem. Yes in *Jacinth*
That she may see the Spirit through.

Lucip. Ye have greas'd him
For chewing love again in haste.

Cle. If he should do it.

Cal. If Heaven should fall we should have larks; he do it!

Cle. See how he thinks upon't.

Cal. He will think these three years
Ere he prove such an Ass, I lik't his offer,
There was no other way to put him off else.

Mem. I will do it—
Lady expect my heart.

Cal. I do, Sir.

Mem. Love it, for 'tis a heart that—and so I leave ye.
[Exit Mem.]

Cle. Either he is stark mad,
Or else I thinks he means it.

Cal. He must be stark mad
Or else he will never do it, 'tis vain Glory,
And want of judgment that provokes this in him;
Sleep and Society cures all: his heart?
No, no, good Gentleman there's more belongs to't,
Hearts are at higher prices, let's go in

And there examine him a little better.
 Shut all the doors behind for fear he follow,
 I hope I have lost a lover, and am glad on't. [Ex. Lady.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Memnon alone.

Mem. 'Tis but to dye, Dogs do it, Ducks with dabling,
 Birds sing away their Souls, & Babies sleep 'em,
 Why do I talk of that is treble vantage?
 For in the other World she is bound to have me;
 Her Princely word is past: my great desert too
 Will draw her to come after presently,
 'Tis justice, and the gods must see it done too.
 Besides, no Brother, Father, Kindred there
 Can hinder us, all languages are alike too.
 There love is everlasting, ever young,
 Free from Diseases, ages, jealousies,
 Bawds, Beldames, Painters, Purgers: dye? 'tis nothing,
 Men drown themselves for joy to draw in Juleps
 When they are hot with Wine: In dreams we do it.
 And many a handsom Wench that loves the sport well,
 Gives up her Soul so in her Lovers bosome;
 But I must be incis'd first, cut and open'd,
 My heart, and handsomely, ta'n from me; stay there,
 Dead once, stay, let me think again, who do I know there?
 For else to wander up and down unwaited on
 And unregarded in my place and project,
 Is for a Sowters Soul, not an old Souldiers.
 My brave old Regiments—I there it goes,
 That have been kill'd before me, right.—

Enter Chilax.

Chil. He's here, and I must trouble him.

Mem. Then those I have conquer'd
 To make my train full. ~

Chi. Sir.

Mem. My Captains then—

Chi. Sir, I beseech ye.

Mem. For to meet her there

Being a Princess and a Kings sole Sister
With great accommodation must be cared for.

Chi. Weigh but the Souldiers poverty.

Mem. Mine own Troop first

For they shall die.

Chi. How, what's this?

Mem. Next—

Chi. Shall I speak louder, Sir?

Mem. A square Battalia—

Chi. You do not think of us.

Mem. Their Armour's gilded—

Chi. Good noble Sir.

Mem. And round about such Engines
Shall make Hell shake.

Chi. Ye do not mock me.

Mem. For, Sir,

I will be strong, as brave—

Chi. Ye may consider,

You know we have serv'd you long enough.

Mem. No Souldier

That ever landed on the blest *Elyzium*
Did or shall march, as I will.

Chi. Would ye would march, Sir,
Up to the King and get us—

Mem. King nor *Keiser*
Shall equal me in that world.

Chi. What a Devil ails he?

Mem. Next, the rare beauties of those Towns I fir'd.

Chi. I speak of money, Sir.

Mem. Ten thousand Coaches—

Chi. O pounds, Sir, pounds I beseech your Lordship,
Let Coaches run out of your remembrance.

Mem. In which the wanton *Cupids*, and the Graces
Drawn with the Western winds kindling desires,
And then our Poets—

Chi. Then our pay.

Mem. For *Chilax* when the triumph comes; the Princess
Then, for I will have a Heaven made—

Chi. Bless your Lordship!
Stand still, Sir.

Mem. So I do, and in it—

Cbi. Death Sir,

You talk you know not what.

Mem. Such rare devices:

Make me I say a Heaven.

Cbi. I say so too, Sir.

Mem. For here shall run a Constellation.

Cbi. And there a pissing Conduit.

Mem. Ha!

Cbi. With wine, Sir.

Mem. A Sun there in his height, there such a Planet.

Cbi. But where's our money, where runs that?

Mem. Ha?

Cbi. Money,

Money an't like your Lordship.

Mem. Why all the carriage shall come behind, the stuff,
Rich hangings, treasure;

Or say we have none.

Cbi. I may say so truly,

For hang me if I have a Groat: I have serv'd well

And like an honest man: I see no reason—

Mem. Thou must needs die good *Chilax*.

Cbi. Very well, Sir.

Mem. I will have honest, valiant souls about me,
I cannot miss thee.

Cbi. Dye?

Mem. Yes die, and *Pelius*,

Eumenes and *Polybius*: I shall think

Of more within these two hours.

Cbi. Dye Sir?

Mem. I, Sir,

And ye shall dye.

Cbi. When, I beseech your Lordship?

Mem. To morrow see ye do dye.

C[b]i. A short warning,
Troth, Sir, I am ill prepar'd.

Mem. I dye my self then,
Beside there's reason—

Cbi. Oh!

Mem. I pray thee tell me,

For thou art a great Dreamer.

Chi. I can dream, Sir,
If I eat well and sleep well.

Mem. Was it never
By Dream or Apparition open'd to thee—

Chi. He's mad.

Mem. What the other world was, or *Elyzium*?
Didst never travel in thy sleep?

Chi. To Taverns,
When I was drunk o're night; or to a Wench,
There's an *Elyzium* for ye, a young Lady
Wrapt round about ye like a Snake: is that it?
Or if that strange *Elyzium* that you talk of
Be where the Devil is, I have dream't of him,
And that I have had him by the horns, and rid him,
He trots the Dagger out o'th' sheath,

Mem. *Elyzium*,
The blessed fields man.

Chi. I know no fields blessed, but those I have gain'd by.
I have dream't I have been in Heaven too.

Mem. There, handle that place; that's *Elyzium*.

Chi. Brave singing, and brave dancing,
And rare things.

Mem. All full of flowers.

Chi. And Pot-herbs.

Mem. Bowers for lovers,
And everlasting ages of delight.

Chi. I slept not so far.

Mem. Meet me on those banks
Some two days hence.

Chi. In Dream, Sir?

Mem. No in death, Sir.
And there I Muster all, and pay the Souldier.
Away, no more, no more.

Chi. God keep your Lordship:
This is fine dancing for us.

Enter Siphax.

Si. Where's the General?

Chi. There's the old sign of *Memnon*, where the soul is

You may go look as I have.

Si. What's the matter?

Chi. Why question him and see; he talks of Devils,
Hells, Heavens, Princes, Powers, and Potentates,
You must to th' pot too.

Si. How?

(chase of.

Chi. Do you know *Elyzium*? a tale he talks the Wild-goose

Si. *Elyzium*? I have read of such a place.

Chi. Then get ye to him,

Ye are as fine company as can be fitted. [Exit *Chilax*.

Your Worships fairly met.

Si. Mercy upon us,

What ails this Gentleman?

Mem. Provision—

Si. How his head works!

Mem. Between two Ribbs,

If he cut short or mangle me; I'll take him

And twirle his neck about.

Si. Now Gods defend us.

Mem. In a pure Cup transparent, with a writing

To signifie—

Si. I never knew him thus:

Sure he's bewitch'd, or poyson'd.

Mem. Who's there?

Si. I Sir.

Mem. Come hither, *Siphax*.

Si. Yes, how does your Lordship?

Mem. Well, God a mercy Souldier, very well,

But prithee tell me—

Si. Any thing I can, Sir.

Mem. What durst thou do to gain the rarest Beauty

The World has?

Si. That the World has? 'tis worth doing.

Mem. Is it so; but what doing bears it?

Si. Why! any thing; all danger it appears to.

Mem. Name some of those things: do.

Si. I would undertake, Sir,

A Voyage round about the World.

Mem. Short, *Siphax*.

A Merchant does it to spice pots of Ale.

Si. I wou'd swim in Armour.

Mem. Short still; a poor Jade
Loaden will take a stream and stem it strongly
To leap a Mare.

Si. The plague, I durst.

Mem. Still shorter,
I'll cure it with an Onion.

Si. Surfeits.

Mem. Short still:
They are often Physicks for our healths, and help us.
Si. I wou'd stand a breach.

Mem. Thine honour bids thee, Souldier:
'Tis shame to find a second cause.

Si. I durst, Sir,
Fight with the fellest Monster.

Mem. That's the poorest,
Man was ordain'd their Master; durst ye dye, Sir?

Si. How? dye my Lord!

Mem. Dye *Siphax*; take thy Sword,
And come by that door to her; there's a price
To buy a lusty love at.

Si. I am content, Sir,
To prove no Purchaser.

Mem. Away thou World-worm,
Thou win a matchless Beauty?

Si. 'Tis to lose't Sir,
For being dead, where's the reward I reach at?
The love I labour for?

Mem. There it begins Fool,
Thou art meerly cozen'd; for the loves we now know
Are but the heats of half an hour; and hated
Desires stir'd up by nature to encrease her;
Licking of one another to a lust;
Course and base appetites, earths meer inheritours
And Heirs of Idleness and blood; Pure Love,
That, that the soul affects, and cannot purchase
While she is loaden with our flesh, that Love, Sir,
Which is the price of honour, dwells not here,
Your Ladies eyes are lampless to that Vertue,
That beauty smiles not on a cheek washt over,

Nor scents the sweet of Ambers ; below, *Siphax*
Below us, in the other World *Elyzium*,
Where's no more dying, no despairing, mourning,
Where all desires are full, desarts down loaden,
There *Siphax*, there, where loves are ever living.

Si. Why do we love in this World then?

Mem. To preserve it,
The maker lost his work else ; but mark *Siphax*,
What issues that love bears.

Si. Why Children, Sir.

I never heard him talk thus ; thus divinely
And sensible before.

Mem. It does so, *Siphax*,
Things like our selves, as sensual, vain, unvented
Bubbles, and breaths of air, got with an itching
As blisters are, and bred, as much corruption
Flows from their lives, sorrow conceives and shapes 'em,
And oftentimes the death of those we love most.
The breeders bring them to the World to curse 'em,
Crying they creep amongst us like young Cats.
Cares and continual Crosses keeping with 'em,
They make Time old to tend them, and experience
An ass, they alter so ; they grow and goodly,
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of water
They fall into the main, are known no more ;
This is the love of this World ; I must tell thee
For thou art understanding.

Si. What you please, Sir.

Mem. And as a faithful man :
Nay I dare trust thee,
I love the Princess.

Si. There 'tis, that has fired him,
I knew he had some inspiration.
But does she know it, Sir ?

Mem. Yes marry does she,
I have given my heart unto her.

Si. If ye love her.

Mem. Nay, understand me, my heart taken from me,
Out of my Body, man, and so brought to her.
How lik'st thou that brave offer ? there's the love

I told thee of; and after death, the living;
She must in justice come Boy, ha?

Si. Your heart, Sir?

Mem. I, so by all means, *Siphax*.

Si. He loves roast well

That eats the Spit.

Mem. And since thou art come thus fitly,
I'll do it presently and thou shalt carry it,
For thou canst tell a story and describe it.
And I conjure thee, *Siphax*, by thy gentry,
Next by the glorious Battels we have fought in,
By all the dangers, wounds, heats, colds, distresses,
Thy love next, and obedience, nay thy life.

Si. But one thing, first, Sir, if she pleas'd to grant it,
Could ye not love her here and live? consider.

Mem. Ha? Yes, I think I could.

Si. 'Twould be far nearer,
Besides the sweets here would induce the last love
And link it in.

Mem. Thou sayest right, but our ranks here
And bloods are bars between us, she must stand off too
As I perceive she does.

Si. Desert and Duty
Makes even all, Sir.

Mem. Then the King, though I
Have merited as much as man can, must not let her,
So many Princes covetous of her beauty;
I wou'd with all my heart, but 'tis impossible.

Si. Why, say she marry after.

Mem. No, she dares not;
The gods dare not do ill; come.

Si. Do you mean it?

Mem. Lend me thy knife, and help me off.

Si. For heaven sake,
Be not so stupid mad, dear General.

Mem. Dispatch, I say.

Si. As ye love that ye look for,
Heaven and the blessed life.

Mem. Hell take thee, Coxcomb,
Why dost thou keep me from it? thy knife I say.

Si. Do but this one thing, on my knees I beg it,
Stay but two hours till I return again.

For I will to her, tell her all your merits,
Your most unvalu'd love, and last your danger;
If she relent, then live still, and live loving,
Happy, and high in favour: if she frown—

Mem. Shall I be sure to know it?

Si. As I live, Sir,
My quick return shall either bring ye fortune,
Or leave you to your own fate.

Mem. Two hours?

Si. Yes, Sir.

Mem. Let it be kept, away, I will expect it.

[*Ex. Mem. Si.*]

Enter Chilax, Fool and Boy.

Chi. You dainty wits! two of ye to a Cater,
To cheat him of a dinner?

Boy. Ten at Court, Sir,
Are few enough, they are as wise as we are.

Chi. Hang ye, I'll eat at any time, and any where,
I never make that part of want, preach to me
What ye can do, and when ye list.

Fool. Your patience,
'Tis a hard day at Court, a fish day.

Chi. So it seems, Sir,
The fins grow out of thy face.

Fool. And to purchase
This day the company of one dear Custard,
Or a mess of Rice ap *Thomas*, needs a main wit;
Beef we can bear before us lined with Brewes
And tubs of Pork; vociferating Veals,
And Tongues that ne're told lye yet.

Chi. Line thy mouth with 'em.

Fool. Thou hast need, and great need,
For these finny fish-dayes,
The Officers understandings are so flegmatick,
They cannot apprehend us.

Chi. That's great pity,
For you deserve it, and being apprehended

The whip to boot; Boy what do you so near me?
I dare not trust your touch Boy.

Enter Stremon and his Boy.

Boy. As I am vertuous,
What, thieves amongst our selves?

Chi. *Stremon.*

Stre. Lieutenant.

Chi. Welcome a shore, a shore.

Fool. What *Mounsieur Musick*?

Stre. My fine Fool.

Boy. Fellow *Crack*, why what a consort
Are we now blest withal?

Fool. Fooling and fiddling,

Nay and we live not now boys; what new songs, Sirra?

Stre. A thousand, man, a thousand.

Fool. Itching Airs

Alluding to the old sport.

Stre. Of all sizes.

Fool. And how does small *Tym Treble* here; the heart on't?

2 *Boy.* To do you service.

Fool. O *Tym* the times, the times *Tym*.

Stre. How does the General,
And next what money's stirring?

Chi. For the General

He's here, but such a General!

The time's chang'd, *Stremon*,

He was the liberal General, and the loving,

The feeder of a Souldier, and the Father,

But now become the stupid'st.

Stre. Why, what ails he?

Chi. Nay, if a Horse knew, and his head's big enough,
I'll hang for't; did'st thou ever see a Dog
Run mad o'th' tooth-ache, such another toy
Is he now, so he glotes and grins, and bites.

Fool. Why hang him quickly,
And then he cannot hurt folks.

Chi. One hour raving,
Another smiling, not a word the third hour,
I tell thee *Stremon* h'as a stirring soul,

What ever it attempts or labours at
Would wear out twenty bodies in another.

Fool. I'll keep it out of me, for mine's but Buckram,
He would bounce that out in two hours.

Chi. Then he talks
The strangest and the maddest stuff from reason,
Or any thing ye offer; stand thou there,
I'll show thee how he is, for I'll play *Memnon*
The strangest General that ere thou heardst of, *Stremon*.

Stre. My Lord.

Chi. Go presently and find me
A black Horse with a blew tail; bid the blank Cornet
Charge through the Sea, and sink the Navy: softly,
Our souls are things not to be waken'd in us
With larums, and loud bawlings, for in *Elyzium*
Stilness and quietness, and sweetness, Sirra,
I will have, for it much concerns mine honour,
Such a strong reputation for my welcome
As all the world shall say: for in the forefront
So many on white Unicorns, next them
My Gentlemen, my Cavaliers and Captains,
Ten deep and trapt with Tenter-hooks to take hold
Of all occasions: for Friday cannot fish out
The end I aim at; tell me of *Diocles*,
And what he dares do? dare he meet me naked?
Thunder in this hand? in his left—Fool—

Fool. Yes, Sir.

Chi. Fool, I would have thee fly i'th' Air, fly swiftly
To that place where the Sun sets, there deliver.

Fool. Deliver? what, Sir?

Chi. This Sir, this ye slave, Sir, [All laugh.
Death ye rude Rogues, ye Scarabe's.

Fool. Hold for Heav'ns sake, Lieutenant, sweet Lieutenant.

Chi. I have done, Sir.

Boy. You have wrung his neck off.

Chi. No Boy, 'tis the nature
Of this strange passion when't hits to hale people
Along by th'hair, to kick 'em, break their heads.

Fool. Do ye call this Acting, was your part to beat me?

Chi. Yes, I must act all that he does.

Fool. Plague act ye,
I'll act no more.

Stre. 'Tis but to shew man.

Fool. Then man
He should have shew'd it only, and not done it,
I am sure he beat me beyond Action,
Gouts o' your heavy fist.

Chi. I'll have thee to him,
Thou hast a fine wit, fine fool, and canst play rarely.
He'll hug thee, Boy, and stroke thee.

Fool. I'll to the stocks first,
E're I be strok't thus.

Strem. But how came he, *Chilax*?

Chi. I know not that.

Strem. I'll to him.

Chi. He loves thee well,
And much delights to hear thee sing; much taken
He has been with thy battel songs.

Stre. If Musick
Can find his madness; I'll so fiddle him,
That out it shall by th' shoulders.

Chi. My fine Fidler,
He'll firk you and ye take not heed too: 'twill be rare sport
To see his own trade triumph over him;
His Lute lac'd to his head, for creeping hedges;
For many there's none stirring; try good *Stremon*
Now what your silver sound can do; our voices
Are but vain Echoes.

Stre. Something shall be done
Shall make him understand all; let's toth' Tavern,
I have some few Crowns left yet: my whistle wet once
I'll pipe him such a Paven—

Chi. Hold thy head up,
I'll cure it with a quart of wine; come Coxcomb,
Come Boy take heed of Napkins.

Fool. You'd no more acting?

Chi. No more Chicken.

Fool. Go then.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Siphax at one door, and a Gentleman at the other.

Si. God save you Sir; pray how might I see the Princess?

Gent. Why very fitly, Sir, she's even now ready
To walk out this way intoth' Park; stand there,
Ye cannot miss her sight, Sir.

Si. I much thank ye.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter Calis, Lucippe, and Cleanthe.

Cal. Let's have a care, for I'll assure ye Wenches
I wou'd not meet him willingly again;
For though I do not fear him, yet his fashion
I wou'd not be acquainted much with.

Cle. Gentle Lady,
Ye need not fear, the walks are view'd and empty,
But me thinks, Madam, this kind heart of his—

Lucip. He's slow a coming.

Si. Keep me ye blest Angels,
What killing power is this?

Cal. Why, dost thou look for't?
Dost think he spoke in earnest?

Lucip. Methinks, Madam,
A Gentleman should keep his word; and to a Lady,
A Lady of your excellencies.

Cal. Out Fool!
Send me his heart? what should we do with't? dance it?

Lucip. Dry it and drink it for the Worms.

Cal. Who's that?
What man stands there?

Clean. Where?

Cal. There.

Cle. A Gentleman,
Which I beseech your grace to honour so much,
As know him for your servants Brother.

Cal. *Siphax*?

Cle. The same an't please your grace; what does he here?
Upon what business? and I ignorant?

Cal. He's grown a handsome Gentleman: good *Siphax*
Y're welcome from the Wars; wou'd ye with us, Sir?
Pray speak your will: he blushes, be not fearfull,
I can assure ye for your Sisters sake, Sir,

There's my hand on it.

Cle. Do you hear, Sir?

Cal. Sure these Souldiers

Are all grown senseless.

Cle. Do ye know where ye are, Sir?

Cal. Tongue-tyed,

He looks not well too, by my life, I think—

Cle. Speak for shame speak.

Lucip. A man wou'd speak—

Cal. These Souldiers

Are all dumb Saints: consider and take time, Sir,

Let's forward Wenches, come, his Palat's down.

Luc. Dare these men charge i'th' face of fire and bullets?
And hang their heads down at a handsome Woman?

Good master *Mars*, that's a foul fault. [*Ex. Prin. Lucippe.*]

Cle. Fye beast,

No more my Brother.

Si. Sister, honoured Sister.

Cle. Dishonoured fool.

Si. I do confess.

Cle. Fye on thee.

Si. But stay till I deliver.

Cle. Let me go,

I am asham'd to own thee.

Si. Fare ye well then,

Ye must ne're see me more.

Cle. Why stay dear *Siphax*,

My anger's past; I will hear ye speak.

Si. O Sister!

Cle. Out with it Man.

Si. O I have drunk my mischief.

Cle. Ha? what?

Si. My destruction.

In at mine eyes I have drunk it; O the Princess,
The rare sweet Princess!

Cle. How fool? the rare Princess?

Was it the Princess that thou said'st?

Si. The Princess.

Cle. Thou dost not love her sure, thou darst not.

Si. Yes by Heaven.

ACT III THE MAD LOVER

Cle. Yes by Heaven? I know thou darst not.
The Princess? 'tis thy life the knowledge of it,
Presumption that will draw into it all thy kindred,
And leave 'em slaves and succourless; the Princess?
Why she's a sacred thing to see and worship,
Fixt from us as the Sun is, high, and glorious,
To be ador'd not doted on; desire things possible,
Thou foolish young man, nourish not a hope
Will hale thy heart out.

Si. 'Tis my destinie,
And I know both disgrace and death will quit it,
If it be known.

Cle. Pursue it not then, *Siphax*,
Get thee good wholesome thoughts may nourish thee,
Go home and pray.

Si. I cannot.

Cle. Sleep then, *Siphax*,
And dream away thy doting.

Si. I must have her,
Or you no more your Brother; work *Cleanthe*,
Work, and work speedily, or I shall die Wench.

Cle. Dye then, I dare forget; farewell.

Si. Farewel Sister.
Farewel for ever, see me buried.

Cle. Stay.
Pray stay: he's all my brothers: no way *Siphax*,
No other Woman?

Si. None, none, she or sinking.

Cle. Go and hope well, my life I'll venture for thee
And all my art, a Woman may work miracles;
No more, pray heartily against my fortunes,
For much I fear a main one.

Si. I shall do it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter a Priestess of Venus and a Boy.

Pri. Find him by any means; and good child tell him
He has forgot his old friend, give him this,

And say this night without excuse or business,
As ever he may find a friend, come to me,
He knows the way and how, begun.

Boy. I gallop.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Enter Cleanthe.

Cle. I have been looking you.

Pri. The fair *Cleanthe*,
What may your business be?

Cle. O holy Mother
Such business, of such strange weight, now or never.
As ye have loved me, as ye do or may do,
When I shall find a fit time.

Pri. If by my means
Your business may be fitted; ye know me,
And how I am tyed unto you; be bold Daughter
To build your best hopes.

Cle. O but 'tis a strange one,
Stuck with as many dangers—

Pri. There's the working,
Small things perform themselves and give no pleasures;
Be confident, through death I'll serve.

Clea. Here.

Pri. Fye no corruption.

Cle. Take it; 'tis yours,
And goodness is no gall to th' Conscience,
I know ye have ways to vent it: ye may hold it.

Pr. I'll keep it for ye; when?

Cle. To morrow morning
I'll visit ye again; and when occasion
Offers it self—

Pr. Instruct me, and have at ye.

Cle. Farewel till then; be sure.

Pri. As your own thoughts, Lady.

Cle. 'Tis a main work, and full of fear.

[*Exit Cle.*]

Pri. Fools only

Make their effects seem fearful, farewell daughter.
This gold was well got for my old tuff Souldier,
Now I shall be his sweet again; what business
Is this she has a foot? some lusty lover

Beyond her line, the young Wench would fain piddle,
 A little to revive her must be thought of,
 'Tis even so, she must have it; but how by my means,
 A Devil, can she drive it? I that wait still
 Before the Goddess, giving Oracle,
 How can I profit her? 'tis her own project,
 And if she cast it false, her own fault be it. [Exit Priest.

Enter Polydore, Eumenes, Captains, Stremon.

Pol. Why, this is utter madness.

Eum. Thus it is, Sir.

Pol. Only the Princess sight?

1 Cap. All we can judge at.

Pol. This must be lookt to timely.

Eum. Yes, and wisely.

Pol. He does not offer at his life?

Eum. Not yet, Sir,

That we can hear of.

Pol. Noble Gentlemen,

Let me entreat your watches over him,

Ye cannot do a worthier work.

2 Cap. We came, Sir,

Provided for that service.

Pol. Where is *Chilax*?

Strem. A little busie, Sir.

Pol. Is the Fool and Boy here?

Strem. They are, Sir.

Enter Memnon.

Pol. Let 'em be still so; and as they find his humours.

Eumen. Now ye may behold him.

Pol. Stand close, and make no noise;

By his eyes now, Gentlemen,

I guess him full of anger.

Eumen. Be not seen there.

Mem. The hour's past long ago, he's false and fearful,

Coward, go with thy Caitive soul, thou Cur Dog.

Thou cold Clod, wild fire warm thee, monstrous fearful,

I know the Slave shakes but to think on't.

Pol. Who's that?

Eumen. I know not, Sir.

Mem. But I shall catch ye, Rascal,
Your mangy Soul is not immortal here, Sir,
Ye must dye, and we must meet; we must, maggot,
Be sure we must, for not a Nook of Hell,
Not the most horrid Pit shall harbour thee;
The Devils tail sha'n't hide thee, but I'll have thee,
And how I'll use thee! whips and firebrands:
Tosting thy tail against a flame of wild fire,
And basting it with Brimstone, shall be nothing,
Nothing at all; I'll teach ye to be treacherous:
Was never Slave so swing'd since Hell was Hell
As I will swinge thy Slaves Soul; and be sure on't.

Pol. Is this imagination, or some circumstance?
For 'tis extream strange.

Eumen. So is all he does, Sir. (Surgeon?)

Mem. Till then I'll leave ye; who's there? where's the
Demagoras?

Dem. My Lord.

Mem. Bring the Surgeon:
And wait you too.

Enter Surgeon.

Pol. What wou'd he with a Surgeon?

Eum. Things mustering in his head: pray mark.

Mem. Come hither,
Have you brought your Instruments?

Sur. They are within, Sir.

Mem. Put to the doors a while there; ye can incise
To a hairs breadth without defacing.

Sur. Yes Sir.

Mem. And take out fairly from the flesh.

Sur. The least thing.

Mem. Well come hither; take off my doublet,
For look ye Surgeon, I must have ye cut
My Heart out here, and handsomly: Nay, stare not,
Nor do not start; I'll cut your throat else, Surgeon,
Come swear to do it.

Sur. Good Sir—

Mem. Sirrah, hold him,

I'll have but one blow at his head.

Sur. I'll do it,

Why what should we do living after you, Sir?

We'll dye before if ye please.

Mem. No, no.

Sur. Living? hang living.

Is there ne'r a Cat hole where I may creep through?

Would I were in the *Indies*.

[*Aside.*

Mem. Swear then, and after my death presently

To kill your selves and follow, as ye are honest,

As ye have faiths, and loves to me.

Dem. We'll do it.

Eum. Pray do not stir yet, we are near enough

To run between all dangers.

Mem. Here I am, Sir;

Come, look upon me, view the best way boldly,

Fear nothing, but cut home; if your hand shake, Sirrah,

Or any way deface my heart i'th' cutting,

Make the least scratch upon it; but draw it whole,

Excellent fair, shewing at all points, Surgeon,

The Honour and the Valour of the Owner,

Mixt with the most immaculate love I send it,

Look to't, I'll slice thee to the Soul.

Sur. Ne'r fear, Sir,

I'll do it daintily; would I were out once.

Mem. I will not have ye smile, Sirrah, when ye do it,

As though ye cut a Ladies Corn; 'tis scurvy:

Do me it as thou dost thy Prayers, seriously.

Sur. I'll do it in a dump, Sir.

Mem. In a Dog, Sir,

I'll have no dumps, nor dumplings; fetch your tools,

And then I'll tell ye more.

Sur. If I return

To hear more, I'll be hang'd for't.

Mem. Quick, quick.

Dem. Yes Sir,

With all the heels we have. [*Exeunt Surgeon, Demagoras.*

Eumen. Yet stand.

Pol. He'l do it.

Eum. He cannot, and we here.

Mem. Why when ye Rascals,
Ye dull Slaves: will ye come, Sir? Surgeon, syringe,
Dog-leach, shall I come fetch ye?

Pol. Now I'll to him.
God save ye honour'd Brother.

Mem. My dear *Polydore*,
Welcome from travel, welcome; and how do ye?

Pol. Well Sir, would you were so.

Mem. I am, I thank ye.
You are a better'd man much, I the same still,
An old rude Souldier, Sir.

Pol. Pray be plain, Brother,
And tell me but the meaning of this Vision,
For to me it appears no more: so far
From common Course and Reason.

Mem. Thank thee, Fortune,
At length I have found the man: the man must do it,
The man in honour bound.

Pol. To do what?

Mem. Hark, for I will bless ye with the circumstance
Of that weak shadow that appear'd.

Pol. Speak on, Sir.

[*Walks with him.*

Mem. It is no Story for all ears.

Pol. The Princess?

[*Whispers.*

Mem. Peace and hear all.

Pol. How?

Eum. Sure 'tis dangerous
He starts so at it.

Pol. Your heart? do you know, Sir?

Mem. Yes, Pray thee be softer.

Pol. Me to do it?

Mem. Only reserv'd, and dedicated.

Pol. For shame, Brother,
Know what ye are, a man.

Mem. None of your *Athens*,
Good sweet Sir, no Philosophy, thou feel'st not
The honourable end, fool.

Pol. I am sure I feel
The shame and scorn that follows; have ye serv'd thus long
The glory of your Country, in your Conquests?

The envy of your Neighbours, in your Vertues?
 Rul'd Armies of your own, given Laws to Nations,
 Belov'd and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd,
 Call'd the most fortunate and happy *Memnon*,
 To lose all here at home, poorly to lose it?
 Poorly, and pettishly, ridiculously
 To fling away your fortune? where's your Wisdom?
 Where's that you govern'd others by, discretion?
 Do's your Rule lastly hold upon your self? fie Brother,
 How ye are faln? Get up into your honour,
 The top branch of your bravery, and from thence,
 Look and behold how little *Memnon* seems now.

Mem. Hum! 'tis well spoken; but dost thou think young
 The tongues of Angels from my happiness (Scholar,
 Could turn the end I aim at? no, they cannot.
 This is no Book-case, Brother; will ye do it?
 Use no more art, I am resolv'd.

P[o]l. Ye may Sir
 Command me to do any thing that's honest,
 And for your noble end: but this, it carries—

Mem. Ye shall not be so honour'd; live an Ass still,
 And learn to spell for profit: go, go study.

Eum. Ye must not hold him up so, he is lost then.

Mem. Get thee to School again, and talk of turnips,
 And find the natural Cause out, why a Dog
 Turns thrice about e're he lyes down: there's Learning.

Pol. Come, I will do it now; 'tis brave, I find it,
 And now allow the reason.

Mem. O do you so, Sir?
 Do ye find it currant?

Pol. Yes, yes, excellent.

Mem. I told ye.

Pol. I was foolish: I have here too
 The rarest way to find the truth out; hark ye?
 Ye shall be rul'd by me.

Mem. It will be: but—

Pol. I reach it,
 If the worst fall, have at the worst; we'll both go.
 But two days, and 'tis thus; ha?

Mem. 'Twill do well so.

Pol. Then is't not excellent, do ye conceive it?

Mem. 'Twill work for certain.

Pol. O 'twill tickle her,
And you shall know then by a line.

Mem. I like it,
But let me not be fool'd again.

Pol. Doubt nothing,
You do me wrong then, get ye in there private
As I have taught ye; *Basta.*

Mem. Work. [Exit Memnon.]

Pol. I will do.

Eum. Have ye found the cause?

Pol. Yes, and the strangest, Gentlemen,
That e'r I heard of, anon I'll tell ye: *Stremon*
Be you still near him to affect his fancy,
And keep his thoughts off: let the Fool and Boy
Stay him, they may do some pleasure too: *Eumenes*
What if he had a Wench, a handsome Whore brought,
Rarely drest up, and taught to state it?

Eum. Well Sir.

Pol. His cause is meerly heat: and made believe
It were the Princess mad for him.

Eum. I think
'Twere not amiss.

1 *Cap.* And let him kiss her.

Pol. What else? (some)

2 *Cap.* I'll be his Bawd an't please you, young and whole-
I can assure ye he shall have.

Eum. Faith let him.

Pol. He shall, I hope 'twill help him, walk a little
I'll tell you how his case stands, and my project
In which you may be mourners, but by all means
Stir not you from him, *Stremon.*

Strem. On our lives, Sir. [Exeunt.]

Enter Priestess, and Chilax.

Pri. O y'are a precious man! two days in town
And never see your old Friend?

Chi. Prithce pardon me.

Pri. And in my Conscience if I had not sent.

Chi. No more, I would ha' come; I must.

Pri. I find ye,

God a mercy want, ye never care for me

But when your Slops are empty.

Chi. Ne'r fear that, Wench;

Shall find good currant Coin still; Is this the old House?

Pri. Have ye forgot it?

Chi. And the door still standing

That goes into the Temple?

Pri. Still.

Chi. The Robes too,

That I was wont to shift in here?

Pri. All here still.

(through !

Chi. O ye tuff Rogue, what troubles have I trotted

What fears and frights! every poor Mouse a Monster

That I heard stir, and every stick I trod on,

A sharp sting to my Conscience.

Pri. 'Las poor Conscience.

Chi. And all to liquor thy old Boots, Wench.

Pri. Out Beast:

How you talk!

Chi. I am old, Wench,

And talking to an old man is like a stomacher,

It keeps his blood warm.

Pri. But pray tell me—

Chi. Any thing.

Pri. Where did the Boy meet with ye? at a Wench sure?

At one end of a Wench, a Cup of Wine, sure?

Chi. Thou know'st I am too honest.

Pri. That's your fault,

And that the Surgeon knows.

Chi. Then farewell,

I will not fail ye soon.

Pri. Ye shall stay Supper;

I have sworn ye shall, by this ye shall.

Chi. I will, Wench;

But after Supper for an hour, my business.

Pri. And but an hour?

Chi. No by this kiss, that ended

I will return and all night in thine Arms wench. (time
Pr. No more, I'll take your meaning; come 'tis Supper
 [Exeunt.]

Enter Calis, Cleanthe, Lucippe.

Calis. Thou art not well.

Clean. Your grace sees more a great deal
 Than I feel. (yet I lye) O Brother!

Cal. Mark her,
 Is not the quickness of her eye consumed, wench?
 The lively red and white?

Lucip. Nay she is much alter'd,
 That on my understanding, all her sleeps Lady
 Which were as sound and sweet—

Cle. Pray do not force me,
 Good Madam, where I am not, to be ill,
 Conceit's a double sickness; on my faith your highness
 Is meer mistaken in me. { *A Dead March within*

Cal. I am glad on't. { *of Drum and Sagbutts*
 Yet this I have ever noted when thou wast thus,
 It still forerun some strange event: my Sister
 Died when thou wast thus last: hark hark, ho,
 What mournfull noise is this comes creeping forward?
 Still it grows nearer, nearer, do ye hear it?

Enter Polydor, and Captains, Eumenes mourning.

Lucip. It seems some Souldiers funeral: see it enters.

C[a]l. What may it mean?

Pol. The Gods keep ye fair *Calis*.

Cal. This man can speak, and well; he stands and views us;
 Wou'd I were ne'r worse look't upon: how humbly
 His eyes are cast now to the Earth! pray mark him
 And mark how rarely he has rankt his troubles:
 See now he weeps, they all weep; a sweeter sorrow
 I never look't upon, nor one that braver
 Became his grief; your will with us?

Pol. Great Lady, [Plucks out the Cup.
 Excellent beauty.

Cal. He speaks handsomely.
 What a rare rhetorician his grief plaies!

That stop was admirable.

Pol. See, see thou Princess,
Thou great commander of all hearts.

Cal. I have found it,
O how my soul shakes!

Pol. See, see the noble heart
Of him that was the noblest: see and glory
(Like the proud God himself) in what thou hast purchas'd,
Behold the heart of *Memnon*: does it start ye?

Cal. Good gods, what has his wildness done?

Pol. Look boldlie,
You boldlie said you durst, look wretched woman,
Nay flie not back fair follie, 'tis too late now,
Vertue and blooming honour bleed to death here,
Take it, the Legacie of Love bequeath'd ye,
Of cruel Love a cruel Legacie;
What was the will that wrought it then? can ye weep?
Imbalm it in your truest tears
If women can weep a truth, or ever sorrow sunk yet
Into the soul of your sex, for 'tis a Jewel
The worlds worth cannot weigh down,
Take it Lady; And with it all (I dare not curse) my sorrows,
And may they turn to Serpents.

Eumen. How she looks
Still upon him! see now a tear steals from her.

2 Capt. But still she keeps her eye firm.

Pol. Next read this,
But since I see your spirit somewhat troubled
I'll doe it for ye.

2 Capt. Still she eyes him mainlie.

*Goe happy heart for thou shalt lye
Intomb'd in her for whom I dye
Example of her cruelty.*

*Tell her if she chance to chide
Me for slowness in her pride
That it was for her I died.*

*If a tear escape her eye
'Tis not for my memory
But thy rights of obsequy.*

*The Altar was my loving breast,
My heart the sacrificed beast,
And I was my self the Priest.*

*Your body was the sacred shrine,
Your cruel mind the power divine
Pleas'd with hearts of men, not kine.*

Eumen. Now it pours down.

Pol. I like it rarelie: Ladie.

Eumen. How greedily she swallows up his language!

2 Capt. Her eye inhabits on him.

Pol. Cruel Ladie,

Great as your beautie scornfull; had your power
But equal poise on all hearts, all hearts perish't;
But *Cupid* has more shafts than one, more flames too,
And now he must be open ey'd, 'tis Justice:
Live to injoy your longing; live and laugh at
The losses and the miseries we suffer;
Live to be spoken when your crueltie
Has cut off all the vertue from this Kingdom,
Turn'd honour into earth, and faithful service.

Cal. I swear his anger's excellent.

Pol. Truth, and most tried love
Into disdain and downfall.

Calis. Still more pleasing.

Pol. Live then I say famous for civil slaughters,
Live and lay out your triumphs, gild your glories,
Live and be spoken this is she, this Ladie,
This goodly Ladie, yet most killing beautie;
This with the two edg'd eyes, the heart for hardness
Outdoing rocks; and coldness, rocks of Crystal.
This with the swelling soul, more coy of Courtship
Than the proud sea is when the shores embrace him;
Live till the mothers find ye, read your story,
And sow their barren curses on your beauty,
Till those that have enjoy'd their loves despise ye,
Till Virgins pray against ye, old age find ye,
And even as wasted coals glow in their dying,
So may the Gods reward ye in your ashes:
But y'are the Sister of my King; more prophecies

Else I should utter of ye, true loves and loyal
 Bless themselves ever from ye: so I leave ye.

Cal. Prethee be angry still young man: good fair Sir
 Chide me again, what wou'd this man doe pleas'd,
 That in his passion can bewitch souls? stay.

Eumen. Upon my life she loves him.

Calis. Pray stay.

Pol. No.

Cal. I do command ye.

Pol. No, ye cannot Ladie,
 I have a spell against ye, Faith and Reason,
 Ye are too weak to reach me: I have a heart too,
 But not for hawks meat Ladie.

Cal. Even for Charity
 Leave me not thus afflicted: you can teach me.

Pol. How can you Preach that Charity to others
 That in your own soul are an Atheist,
 Believing neither power nor fear? I trouble ye,
 The Gods be good unto ye.

Cal. Amen.

Lucip. Ladie.

[*She Swounds*

C[le]. O royal Madam, Gentlemen for heaven sake. { *They*

Pol. Give her fresh air, she comes again: away sirs { *come*
 And here stand close till we perceive the working. { *back.*

Eumen. Ye have undone all.

Pol. So I fear.

2 *Capt.* She loves ye.

Eumen. And then all hopes lost this way.

Pol. Peace she rises.

Clean. Now for my purpose Fortune.

Calis. Where's the Gentleman?

Lucip. Gone Madam.

Calis. Why gone?

Lucip. H'as dispatch't his business.

Calis. He came to speak with me,

He did.

Clean. He did not.

Calis. For I had many questions.

Lucip. On my Faith Madam, he
 Talk't a great while to ye.

Calis. Thou conceiv'st not,
He talk't not as he should doe; O my heart
Away with that sad sight; didst thou e're love me?

Lucip. Why do you make that question?

Calis. If thou didst
Run, run wench, run: nay see how thou stir'st.

Lucip. Whither?

Calis. If 'twere for any thing to please thy self
Thou woud'st run toth' devil: but I am grown—

Clean. Fie Lady.

Cal. I ask none of your fortunes, nor your loves,
None of your bent desires I slack, ye are not
In love with all men, are ye? one for shame
You will leave your honour'd mistress? why do ye stare so?
What is that ye see about me, tell me?
Lord what am I become? I am not wilde sure,
Heaven keep that from me: O *Cleanthe* help me,
Or I am sunk to death. (ye,

Cle. Ye have offended and mightily, love is incenst against
And therefore take my Counsel, to the Temple,
For that's the speediest physick: before the Goddess
Give your repentant prayers: ask her will,
And from the Oracle attend your sentence,
She is milde and mercifull.

Calis. I will: O *Venus*
Even as thou lov'st thy self!

Clean. Now for my fortune. [Exeunt *Cal.* and women.

Pol. What shall I doe?

1 *Capt.* Why make your self.

Pol. I dare not,
No Gentlemen, I dare not be a villain,
Though her bright beauty would entice an Angel.
I will toth' King my last hope: get him a woman
As we before concluded: and as ye pass
Give out the Spartans are in arms; and terrible;
And let some letters to that end be feign'd too
And sent to you, some Posts too, to the General;
And let me work: be ne're him still.

Eumen. We will Sir.

Pol. Farewel: and pray for all: what e're I will ye

Doe it, and hope a fair end.

Eumen. The Gods speed ye.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Stremon, Fool, Boy, and Servants.

Servants. He lies quiet.

Strem. Let him lye, and as I told ye
Make ready for this shew: h'as divers times
Been calling upon *Orpheus* to appear
And shew the joyes: now I will be that *Orpheus*,
And as I play and sing, like beasts and trees
I wou'd have you shap't and enter: thou a Dog, fool,
I have sent about your sutes: the Boy a bush,
An Ass you, you a Lion.

Fool. I a Dog?

I'll fit you for a Dog. Bow wow.

Strem. 'Tis excellent,
Steal in and make no noise.

Fool. Bow wow.

Strem. Away Rogue.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Priestess, and Chilax.

Priest. Good sweet friend be not long.

Chi. Thou think'st each hour ten
Till I be ferreting.

Prie. You know I love ye.

Chi. I will not be above an hour; let thy robe be readie
And the door be kept.

Prie. Who knocks there?
Yet more business?

{ *Knock.* Cleanthe
 knocks within.

Enter Cleanthe.

Chi. Have ye more pensioners? the Princess woman?
Nay then I'll stay a little, what game's a foot now?

Clean. Now is the time.

Chi. A rank bawd by this hand too,
She grinds o' both sides: hey boyes.

Priest. How, your Brother *Siphax*?
Loves he the Princess?

Cle. Deadlie, and you know
He is a Gentleman descended noblie.

Chi. But a rank knave as ever pist.

Cle. Hold Mother,
Here's more gold and some jewells.

Chi. Here's no villany,
I am glad I came toth' hearing.

Priest. Alas Daughter,
What would ye have me doe?

Chi. Hold off ye old whore;
There's more gold coming; all's mine, all.

Cle. Do ye shrink now,
Did ye not promise faithfully, and told me
Through any danger?

Pri. Any I can wade through.

Cle. Ye shall and easily, the sin not seen neither,
Here's for a better stole and a new vail mother:
Come, ye shall be my friend.

Chi. If all hit, hang me,
I'll make ye richer than the Goddess.

Pri. Say then,
I am yours, what must I doe?

Cle. I'th' morning
But very early, will the Princess visit
The Temple of the Goddess, being troubled
With strange things that distract her: from the Oracle
(Being strongly too in love) she will demand
The Goddess pleasure, and a Man to cure her,
That Oracle you give: describe my Brother,
You know him perfectly.

Pri. I have seen him often.

Cle. And charge her take the next man she shall meet with
When she comes out: you understand me.

Priest. Well.

Cle. Which shall be he attending; this is all,
And easily without suspicion ended,
Nor none dare disobey, 'tis Heaven that does it,
And who dares cross it then, or once suspect it?
The venture is most easie.

Pri. I will doe it.

Cle. As ye shall prosper?

Pri. As I shall prosper.

ACT IV THE MAD LOVER

Gle. Take this too, and farewel; but first hark hither.

Chi. What a young whore's this to betray her Mistris?
A thousand Cuckolds shall that Husband be,
That marries thee, thou art so mischievous.
I'll put a spoak among your wheels.

Clean. Be constant.

Priest. 'Tis done.

Chi. I'll do no more at drop shot then. [*Exit Chilax.*]

Pri. Farewel wench. [*Exeunt Priest and Cleanthe.*]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Servant, and Stremon, at the door.

Servant. **H**E stirs, he stirs.
Stremon. Let him, I am ready for him,
He shall not this day perish, if his passions
May be fed with Musick; are they ready?

Enter Memnon.

Ser. All, all: see where he comes.

Stremon. I'll be straight for him. [*Exit Stremon.*]

Enter Eumenes, and Captains.

Ser. How sad he looks and sullen! [*Stand close.*]
Here are the Captains: my fear's past now.

Mem. Put case i'th' other world
She do not love me neither? I am old 'tis certain.

Eumen. His spirit is a little quieter.

Mem. My blood lost, and limbs stiff; my embraces
Like the cold stubborn bark, hoarie, and heatless,
My words worse: my fame only and atchievements
Which are my strength, my blood, my youth, my fashion,
Must wooe her, win her, wed her; that's but wind,
And women are not brought to bed with shadows:
I do her wrong, much wrong; she is young and blessed,
Sweet as the spring, and as his blossoms tender,
And I a nipping North-wind, my head hung
With hails, and frostie Isicles: are the souls so too
When they depart hence, lame and old, and loveless?

No sure, 'tis ever youth there; Time and Death
Follow our flesh no more: and that forc'd opinion
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not.

Enter Stremon, like Orpheus.

There must be love, there is love: what art thou?

SONG.

Stre. *Orpheus I am, come from the deeps below,
To thee fond man the plagues of love to show:
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell
There's none that come, but first they pass through hell:
Hark and beware unless thou hast lov'd ever,
Belov'd again, thou shalt see those joyes never.*

*Hark how they groan that dy'd despairing,
O take heed then:
Hark how they howl for over-daring,
All these were men.*

*They that be fools, and dye for fame
They lose their name;
And they that bleed
Hark how they speed.*

*Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires
They sit, and curse their lost desires:
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and fears,
Till Women waft them over in their tears.*

Mem. How should I know my passage is deni'd me?
Or which of all the Devils dare?

Eumen. This Song
Was rarely form'd to fit him.

SONG.

Orph. *Charon O Charon,
Thou wafter of the souls to bliss or bane.
Cha. Who calls the Ferry-man of Hell?
Orph. Come near,
And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.*

Cha. *Those that dye well, Eternal joy shall follow ;
Those that dye ill, their own foul fate shall swallow.*

Orph. *Shall thy black Bark those guilty spirits stow
That kill themselves for love?*

Cha. *O no, no,
My cordage cracks when such great sins are near,
No wind blows fair, nor I myself can steer.*

Orph. *What lovers pass and in Elyzium reign?*

Cha. *Those Gentle loves that are belov'd again.*

Orph. *This Souldier loves, and fain wou'd dye to win,
Shall he goe on?*

Cha. *No 'tis too foul a sin.
He must not come aboard: I dare not row,
Storms of despair, and guilty blood will blow.*

Orph. *Shall time release him, say?*

Cha. *No, no, no, no.
Nor time nor death can alter us, nor prayer ;
My boat is destinie, and who then dare
But those appointed come aboard? Live still,
And love by reason, Mortal, not by will.*

Orph. *And when thy Mistris shall close up thine eyes,*

Cha. *Then come aboard and pass,*

Orph. *Till when be wise.*

Cha. *Till when be wise.*

Eumen. *How still he sits: I hope this Song has setled him.*

1 Capt. *He bites his lip, and rowles his fiery eyes, yet
I fear for all this—*

2 Capt. *Stremon still apply to him.*

Strem. *Give me more room, sweetly strike, divinely
Such strains as old earth moves at.*

Orph. *The power I have over both beast and plant,
Thou man alone feelst miserable want. [Musick.
Strike you rare Spirits that attend my will,
And lose your savage wildness by my skill.*

Enter a Mask of Beasts.

*This Lion was a man of War that died,
As thou wouldst do, to gild his Ladies pride:
This Dog a fool that hung himself for love:*

This Ape with daily hugging of a glove,
 Forgot to eat and died. This goodly tree,
 An usher that still grew before his Ladie,
 Wither'd at root. This, for he could not woove,
 A grumbling Lawyer: this pyed Bird a page,
 That melted out because he wanted age.
 Still these lye howling on the Stygian shore,
 O love no more, O love no more.

[Exit Memnon.

Eumen. He steals off silently, as though he would sleep,
 No more, but all be near him, feed his fancie
 Good *Stremon* still; this may lock up his follie.
 Yet Heaven knows I much fear him; away softly.

[Exeunt Captains.

Fool. Did I not doe most doggedly?

Strem. Most rarelie.

Fool. He's a brave man, when shall we dog again?

Boy. Unty me first for Gods sake, (hony *Stremon*

Fool. Help the Boy; he's in a wood poor child: good

Let's have a bear-baiting; ye shall see me play

The rarest for a single Dog: at head all;

And if I do not win immortal glorie,

Play Dog play Devil.

Strem. Peace for this time.

Fool. Prethee

Let's sing him a black Santis, then let's all howl

In our own beastly voices; tree keep your time,

Untye there; bow, wow, wow.

Strem. Away ye Asse, away.

Fool. Why let us doe something

To satisfie the Gentleman, he's mad;

A Gentleman-like humour, and in fashion,

And must have men as mad about him.

Strem. Peace,

And come in quicklie, 'tis ten to one else

He'l find a staff to beat a dog; no more words,

I'le get ye all imployment; soft, soft in all.

[Exeunt.

Enter Chilax and Cloe.

Chi. When camest thou over wench?

Clo. But now this evening,

And have been ever since looking out *Siphax*,
 I'th' wars he would have lookt me : sure h'as gotten
 Some other Mistris ?

Chi. A thousand, wench, a thousand,
 They are as common here as Caterpillers
 Among the corn, they eat up all the Souldiers.

Clo. Are they so hungry ? yet by their leave [*C*]*hilax*,
 I'le have a snatch too.

Chi. Dost thou love him still wench ?

Clo. Why should I not ? he had my Maiden-head
 And all my youth.

Chi. Thou art come the happiest,
 In the most blessed time, sweet wench the fittest,
 If thou darst make thy fortune : by this light, *Cloe*,
 And so I'le kiss thee : and if thou wilt but let me,
 For 'tis well worth a kindness.

Clo. What shou'd I let ye ?

Chi. Enjoy thy miniken.

Clo. Thou art still old *Chilax*.

Chi. Still still, and ever shall be : if, I say,
 Thou wo't strike the stroke : I cannot do much harm wench.

Clo. Nor much good.

Chi. *Siphax* shall be thy Husband,
 Thy very Husband woman, thy fool, thy Cuckold,
 Or what thou wilt make him : I am over joy'd,
 Ravisht, clean ravisht with this fortune ; kiss me,
 Or I shall lose my self.

Clo. My Husband said ye ?

Chi. Said I ? and will say, *Cloe* : nay and do it
 And do it home too ; Peg thee as close to him
 As birds are with a pin to one another ;
 I have it, I can do it : thou wantst clothes too,
 And hee'l be hang'd unless he marry thee
 E're he maintain thee : now he has Ladies, Courtiers
 More than his back can bend at, multitudes ;
 We are taken up for threshers, will ye bite ?

Clo. Yes.

Chi. And let me—

Clo. Yes and let ye—

Chi. What !

Clo. Why that ye wote of.

Chi. I cannot stay, take your instructions
And something toward houshold, come, what ever
I shall advise ye, follow it exactlie,
And keep your times I point ye; for I'le tell ye
A strange way you must wade through.

Clo. Fear not me Sir.

Chi. Come then, and let's dispatch this modicum,
For I have but an hour to stay, a short one,
Besides more water for another mill,
An old weak over-shot I must provide for,
There's an old Nunnerie at hand.

Clo. What's that?

Chi. A bawdie house.

Clo. A pox consume it.

Chi. If the stones 'tis built on
Were but as brittle, as the flesh lives in it,
Your curse came handsomlie: fear not, there's ladies,
And other good sad people: your pinkt Citizens
Think it no shame to shake a sheet there: Come wench.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cleanthe and Siphax.

Clean. A Souldier and so fearfull?

Siph. Can ye blame me;
When such a weight lies on me?

Clean. Fye upon ye,
I tell ye, ye shall have her: have her safelie,
And for your wife with her own will.

Siph. Good Sister—

Cle. What a distrustfull man are you! to morrow,
To morrow morning—

Siph. Is it possible?
Can there be such a happiness?

Clean. Why hang me
If then ye be not married: if to morrow night,
Ye doe not—

Siph. O dear Sister—

Clean. What ye wou'd doe,
What ye desire to doe; lie with her: Devil,

What a dull man are you !

Siph. Nay I believe now,
And shall she love me ?

Clean. As her life, and stroke ye.

Siph. O I will be her Servant.

Clean. 'Tis your dutie.

Siph. And she shall have her whole will.

Clean. Yes 'tis reason,
She is a Princess, and by that rule boundless.

Si. What wou'd you be ? for I wou'd have ye Sister
Chuse some great place about us : as her woman
Is not so fit.

Clean. No, no, I shall find places.

Siph. And yet to be a Ladie of her bed-chamber,
I hold not so fit neither,
Some great title, believe it, shall be look't out.

Clean. Ye may, a Dutchess
Or such a toye, a small thing pleases me Sir.

Sip. What you will Sister : if a neighbour Prince,
When we shall come to raign—

Clean. We shall think on't,
Be ready at the time, and in that place too,
And let me work the rest, within this half hour
The Princess will be going, 'tis almost morning,
Away and mind your business.

Siph. Fortune bless us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King, Polydor and Lords.

Pol. I do beseech your grace to banish me.

King. Why Gentleman, is she not worthy marriage ?

Pol. Most worthy, Sir, where worth again shall meet her,
But I like thick clouds sailing slow and heavy,
Although by her drawn higher, yet shall hide her,
I dare not be a traitor ; and 'tis treason,
But to imagine : as you love your honour—

King. 'Tis her first maiden doting, and if crost,
I know it kills her.

1 Lord. How knows your grace she loves him ?

King. Her woman told me all (beside his story)
Her maid *Lucippe*, on what reason too,

And 'tis beyond all but enjoying.

Polydor. Sir,
Even by your wisdom ; by that great discretion
Ye owe to rule and order—

2 Lord. This man's mad sure,
To plead against his fortune—

1 Lord. And the King too,
Willing to have it so!

Pol. By those dead Princes
From whose descents ye stand a star admir'd at,
Lay not so base a lay upon your vertues;
Take heed, for honours sake take heed : the bramble
No wise man ever planted by the rose,
It cankers all her beauty ; nor the vine
When her full blushes court the sun, dares any
Choke up with wanton Ivy : good my Lords,
Who builds a monument, the Basis Jasper,
And the main body Brick?

2 Lord. Ye wrong your worth,
Ye are a Gentleman descended nobly.

1 Lord. In both bloods truly noble.

King. Say ye were not,
My will can make ye so.

Pol. No, never, never ;
'Tis not descent, nor will of Princes does it,
'Tis Vertue which I want, 'tis Temperance,
Man, honest man : is't fit your Majesty
Should call my drunkenness, my rashness, Brother ?
Or such a blessed Maid my breach of faith,
(For I am most lascivious) and fell angers
In which I am also mischievous, her Husband ?
O Gods preserve her ! I am wild as Winter,
Ambitious as the Devil : out upon me,
I hate my self, Sir, if ye dare bestow her
Upon a Subject, ye have one deserves her.

King. But him she does not love : I know your meaning.
This young mans love unto his noble Brother
Appears a mirrour ; what must now be done Lords ?
For I am gravel'd, if she have not him,
She dies for certain, if his Brother miss her,

Farewel to him, and all our honours.

1 *Lord.* He is dead, Sir,
Your Grace has heard of that, and strangely.

King. No,
I can assure you no, there was a trick in't,
Read that, and then know all; what ails the Gentleman?
Hold him; how do ye Sir? [*Polydor is sick o'th' sudden.*]

Pol. Sick o'th' sudden,
Extreamly ill, wondrous ill.

King. Where did it take ye?

Pol. Here in my head, Sir, and my heart, for Heaven sake.

King. Conduct him to his Chamber presently,
And bid my Doctors—

Pol. No, I shall be well, Sir,
I do beseech your Grace, even for the Gods sake
Remember my poor Brother, I shall pray then.

King. Away, he grows more weak still: I will do it,
Or Heaven forget me ever. Now your Counsels, [*Ex. Pol.*]
For I am at my wits end; what with you Sir?

Enter Messenger with a Letter.

Mess. Letters from warlike *Pelius*.

King. Yet more troubles?
The *Spartans* are in Arms, and like to win all:
Supplies are sent for, and the General;
This is more cross than t'other; come let's to him,
For he must have her, 'tis necessity,
Or we must lose our honours, let's plead all,
For more than all is needful, shew all reason
If love can hear o' that side, if she yield
We have fought best, and won the noblest field. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Eumenes, Captains, Stremon.

1 *Cap.* I have brought the wench, a lusty wench,
And somewhat like the Princess.

Eumen. 'Tis the better, let's see her,
And go you in and tell him, that her Grace
Is come to visit him: how sleeps he *Stremon*?

Stre. He cannot, only thinks, and calls on *Polydor*,
Swears he will not be fool'd; sometimes he rages,
And sometimes sits and muses. [*Exit Stremon.*]

Enter Whore, and Captain.

Eume. He's past all help sure?
How do ye like her?

2 Capt. By th' mass a good round Virgin,
And at first sight resembling, she is well cloath'd too.

Eume. But is she sound?

2 Capt. Of wind and limb, I warrant her.

Eume. You are instructed Lady?

Who. Yes, and know, Sir,
How to behave my self, ne're fear.

Eume. *Polybius*,
Where did he get this Vermin?

1 Capt. Hang him Badger,
There's not a hole free from him, whores and whores mates
Do all pay him obedience.

Eume. Indeed i'th' War,
His quarter was all Whore, Whore upon Whore,
And lin'd with Whore; beshrew me 'tis a fair Whore.

1 Capt. She has smockt away her blood; but fair or foul,
Or blind or lame, that can but lift her leg up,
Comes not amiss to him, he rides like a night Mare,
All Ages, all Religions.

Eume. Can ye state it?

Who. I'll make a shift.

Eume. He must lie with ye, Lady.

Who. Let him, [h]e's not the first man I have lain with,
Nor shall not be the last.

Enter Memnon.

2 Capt. He comes, no more words,
She has her lesson thoroughly; how he views her!

Eumen. Go forward now, so, bravely, stand!

Mem. Great Lady,
How humbly I am bound—

Who. You shall not kneel, Sir,
Come, I have done you wrong; stand my Souldier,
And thus I make amends— [Kisses him.]

Eumen. A Plague confound ye,
Is this your state?

2 Capt. 'Tis well enough.

Mem. O Lady,

Your Royal hand, your hand my dearest beauty
Is more than I must purchase : here divine one,
I dare revenge my wrongs : ha ?

1 Capt. A damn'd foul one.

Eume. The Lees of Baudy prewns : mourning Gloves ?
All spoil'd by Heaven.

Mem. Ha ! who art thou ?

2 Capt. A shame on ye,
Ye clawing scabby Whore.

Mem. I say, who art thou ?

Eumen. Why 'tis the Princess, Sir.

Mem. The Devil, Sir,
'Tis some Roguey thing.

Who. If this abuse be love, Sir,
Or I that laid aside my modesty—

Eumen. So far thou't never find it.

Mem. Do not weep,
For if ye be the Princess, I will love ye,
Indeed I will, and honour ye, fight for ye,
Come, wipe your eyes ; by Heaven she stinks ; who art thou ?
Stinks like a poyson'd Rat behind a hanging ?
Woman, who art ? like a rotten Cabbage.

2 Capt. Y're much to blame, Sir, 'tis the Princess.

Mem. How ?
She the Princess ?

Eumen. And the loving Princess.

1 Capt. Indeed the doating Princess.

Mem. Come hither once more,
The Princess smells like mornings breath, pure Amber,
Beyond the courted *Indies* in her spices.
Still a dead Rat by Heaven ; thou a Princess ?

Eumen. What a dull Whore is this !

Mem. I'll tell ye presently,
For if she be a Princess, as she may be
And yet stink too, and strongly, I shall find her ;
Fetch the *Numidian* Lyon I brought over,
If she be sprung from the Royal blood, the Lyon,
He'll do you reverence, else—

Who. I beseech your Lordship—

Eumen. He'l tear her all to pieces.

Who. I am no Princess, Sir.

Mem. Who brought thee hither?

2 Capt. If ye confess, we'll hang ye.

Who. Good my Lord—

Mem. Who art thou then?

Who. A poor retaining Whore, Sir,

To one of your Lordships Captains.

Mem. Alas poor Whore,

Go, be a Whore still, and stink worse: *Ha, ha, ha.* [*Ex. Cloe.*
What fools are these, and Coxcombs! [*Exit Memnon.*

Eumen. I am right glad yet,
He takes it with such lightness.

1 Cap. Me thinks his face too
Is not so clouded as it was; how he looks!

Eume. Where's your dead Rat?

2 Cap. The Devil dine upon her
Loins; why what a Medicine had he gotten
To try a Whore!

Enter Stremon.

Stre. Here's one from *Polydor* stays to speak with ye.

Eume. With whom?

Stre. With all; where has the General been?
He's laughing to himself extreamly.

Eumen. Come,
I'll tell thee how; I am glad yet he's so merry. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Chilax and Priestess, Calis, Lady and Nun.

Chi. **W**Hat lights are those that enter there, still nearer?
Plague o' your rotten itch, do you draw me hither
Into the Temple to betray me? was there no place
To satisfie your sin in? Gods forgive me,
Still they come forward.

Priest. Peace ye fool, I have found it,
'Tis the young Princess *Calis*.

Chi. 'Tis the Devil,
To claw us for our catterwawling.

Priest. Retire softly,
I did not look for you these two hours, Lady,
Beshrew your hast: that way.

[To Chilax.

Chi. That goes to the Altar!
Ye old blind Beast.

Priest. I know not, any way;
Still they come nearer,
I'le in to th' Oracle.

Chi. That's well remembered I'le in with ye.

Priest. Do. [Exeunt Priest. and Chilax.

Enter Calis and her Train with lights, singing:
Lucippe, Cleanthe.

SONG.

*O fair sweet Goddess Queen of Loves,
Soft and gentle, as thy Doves,
Humble ey'd, and ever ru'ing
Those poor hearts, their Loves pursuing:
O thou Mother of delights,
Crown'er of all happy nights,
Star of dear content, and pleasure,
Of mutual loves the endless treasure,
Accept this sacrifice we bring,
Thou continual youth and Spring,
Grant this Lady her desires,
And every hour we'll crown thy fires.*

Enter a Nun.

Nun. You about her all retire,
Whilest the Princess feeds the fire,
When your Devotions ended be
To the Oracle I will attend ye.
[Exit Nun and draws the Curtain close to Calis.

Enter Stremon and Eumenes.

Strem. He will abroad.

Eumen. How does his humour hold him?

Stre. He is now grown wondrous sad, weeps often too,
Talks of his Brother to himself, starts strangely.

Eumen. Does he not curse?

Strem. No.

Eumen. Nor break out in fury,
Offering some new attempt?

Strem. Neither; to th' Temple
Is all we hear of now: what there he will do—

Eumen. I hope repent his folly, let's be near him.

Strem. Where are the rest?

Eumen. About a business
Concerns him mainly, if Heav'n cure his madness,
He's made for ever, *Stremon.*

Strem. Does the King know it?

Eumen. Yes, and much troubled with it, he's now gone
To seek his Sister out.

Strem. Come let's away then. [*Exeunt Eumen. Strem. Cal.*]

Enter Nun, she opens the Curtain to Calis.
Calis at the Oracle.

Nun. Peace to your Prayers Lady, will it please ye
To pass on to the Oracle?

Cal. Most humbly. [*Chilax and Priest. in the Oracle.*]

Chi. Do ye hear that?

Priest. Yes, lie close.

Chi. A wildfire take ye,
What shall become of me? I shall be hang'd now:
Is this a time to shake? a halter shake ye,
Come up and juggle, come.

Priest. I am monstrous fearful.

Chi. Up ye old gaping Oyster, up and answer;
A mouldy Mange upon your chops, ye told me
I was safe here till the Bell rung.

Priest. I was prevented,
And did not look these three hours for the Princess.

Chi. Shall we be taken?

Priest. Speak for loves sake, *Chilax*;
I cannot, nor I dare not.

Chi. I'll speak Treason, for I had as lieve be hang'd for that.

Priest. Good *Chilax*.

Chi. Must it be sung or said? what shall I tell 'em?
They are here; here now preparing.

Priest. O my Conscience!

Chi. Plague o' your spurgall'd Conscience, does it tire now?
Now when it should be tuffest? I could make thee—

Priest. Save us, we are both undone else.

Chi. Down ye Dog then,
Be quiet, and be stanch to no inundations.

Nun. Here kneel again, and *Venus* grant your wishes.

Calis. *O Divine Star of Heaven,*
Thou in power above the seven :
Thou sweet kindler of desires,
Till they grow to mutual fires :
Thou, O gentle Queen, that art
Curer of each wounded heart :
Thou the fuel, and the flame ;
Thou in Heaven, and here the same :
Thou the wooer, and the woo'd :
Thou the hunger, and the food :
Thou the prayer, and the pray'd ;
Thou what is, or shall be said :
Thou still young, and golden tressed,
Make me by thy Answer blessed.

Chi. When?

Priest. Now speak handsomly, and small by all means,
I have told ye what. [Thunder.]

Chi. But I'll tell you a new tale,
Now for my Neck-verse ; I have heard thy prayers,
And mark me well.

Musick.

Venus descends.

Nun. The Goddess is displeased much,
The temple shakes and totters ; she appears,
Bow, Lady, bow.

Venus. *Purge me the Temple round,*
And live by this example henceforth sound.
Virgin, I have seen thy tears,
Heard thy wishes, and thy fears ;
Thy holy Incense flew above,
Hark therefore to thy doom in Love ;
Had thy heart been soft at first,
Now thou had'st allay'd thy thirst,

*Had thy stubborn will but bended,
All thy sorrows here had ended;
Therefore to be just in Love,
A strange Fortune thou must prove,
And, for thou hast been stern and coy,
A dead Love thou shalt enjoy.*

Cal. O gentle goddess!

Ven. Rise, thy doom is said,

And fear not, I will please thee with the dead. [*Venus ascends.*]

Nun. Go up into the Temple and there end

Your holy Rites, the Goddess smiles upon ye.

[*Exeunt Cal. and Nun.*]

Enter Chilax in his Robe.

Chi. I'll no more Oracles, nor Miracles,
Nor no more Church work, I'll be drawn and hang'd first.
Am not I torn a pieces with the thunder?
Death, I can scarce believe I live yet,
It gave me on the buttocks, a cruel, a huge bang,
I had as lieve ha' had 'em scratcht with Dog-whips:
Be quiet henceforth, now ye feel the end on't,
I would advise ye my old friends, the good Gentlewoman
Is stricken dumb, and there her Grace sits mumping
Like an old Ape eating a Brawn; sure the good Goddess
Knew my intent was honest, to save the Princess,
And how we young men are entic'd to wickedness,
By these lewd Women, I had paid for't else too.
I am monstrous holy now, and cruel fearful,
O 'twas a plaguey thump, charg'd with a vengeance.

Enter Siphax, walks softly over the stage, and goes in.

Would I were well at home; the best is, 'tis not day:
Who's that? ha? *Siphax*! I'll be with you anon, Sir;
Ye shall be oracled I warrant ye,
And thunder'd too, as well as I; your Lordship

*Enter Memnon, Eumenes, Stremon, and two
carrying Torches.*

Must needs enjoy the Princess, yes: ha! Torches?
And *Memnon* coming this way? he's Dog-mad,
And ten to one appearing thus unto him,

He worries me, I must go by him.

Eum. Sir?

Mem. Ask me no further questions; what art thou?

How dost thou stare! stand off; nay look upon me,
I do not shake, nor fear thee— [Draws his Sword.

Chi. He will kill me,

This is for Church work.

Mem. Why dost thou appear now?

Thou wert fairly slain: I know thee, *Diocles*,
And know thine envy to mine honour: but—

Chi. Stay *Memnon*,

I am a Spirit, and thou canst not hurt me.

Eum. This is the voice of *Chilax*.

Strem. What makes him thus?

Chi. 'Tis true, that I was slain in field, but foully,
By multitudes, not manhood: therefore mark me,
I do appear again to quit mine honour,
And on thee single.

Mem. I accept the challenge.

Where?

Chi. On the Stygian Banks.

Mem. When?

Chi. Four days hence.

Mem. Go noble Ghost, I will attend.

Chi. I thank ye.

Stre. Ye have sav'd your throat, and handsomly:

Farewel, Sir. [Exit *Chilax*.

Mem. Sing me the Battles of *Pelusium*,

In which this Worthy dyed.

Eum. This will spoil all, and make him worse
Than e'r he was: sit down, Sir,
And give your self to rest.

SONG.

*Arm, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,
Keep your Ranks close, and now your honours win.
Behold from yonder Hill, the Foe appears,
Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, and Spears,
Like a dark Wood he comes, or tempest pouring;
O view the Wings of Horse the Meadows scowring,*

*The vant-guard marches bravely, hark, the Drums—dub, dub.
They meet, they meet, and now the Battel comes :*

See how the Arrows fly,

That darken all the Skye ;

Hark how the Trumpets sound,

Hark how the Hills rebound.—Tara, tara, tara.

Hark how the Horses charge : in Boys, Boys in—tara, tara.

The Battel totters ; now the wounds begin ;

O how they cry,

O how they dy !

Room for the valiant Memnon arm'd with thunder,

See how he breaks the Ranks asunder :

They flye, they flye, Eumenes has the Chace,

And brave Polybius makes good his place.

To the Plains, to the Woods,

To the Rocks, to the Floods,

They fie for succour : Follow, follow, follow, Hey, hey.

Hark how the Souldiers hollow

Brave Diocles is dead,

And all his Souldiers fled,

The Battel's won, and lost,

That many a life hath cost.

Mem. Now forward to the Temple.

[Exeunt.

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Are ye gone ?

How have I 'scap'd this morning ! by what miracle !

Sure I am ordain'd for some brave end.

Enter Cloe.

Clo. How is it ?

Chi. Come, 'tis as well as can be.

Clo. But is it possible

This should be true you tell me ?

Chi. 'Tis most certain.

Clo. Such a gross Ass to love the Princess ?

Chi. Peace,

Pull your Robe close about ye : you are perfect

In all I taught ye ?

Clo. Sure.

Chi. Gods give thee good luck.

'Tis strange my Brains should still be beating Knavery
For all these dangers, but they are needful mischiefs,
And such are Nuts to me; and I must do 'em.
You will remember me—

Clo. By this kiss, *Chilax*.

Chi. No more of that, I fear another thunder.

Clo. We are not i'th' Temple, man.

Enter Siphax.

Chi. Peace, here he comes, (and Cloe.
Now to our business handsomly; away now. [*Ex. Chilax,*

Si. 'Twas sure the Princess, for he kneel'd unto her,
And she lookt every way: I hope the Oracle
Has made me happy; me I hope she lookt for,

Enter Chilax, and Cloe at the other door.

Fortune, I will so honour thee, Love, so adore thee.
She is here again, looks round about her, again too,
'Tis done, I know 'tis done; 'tis *Chilax* with her,
And I shall know of him; who's that?

Chi. Speak softly,
The Princess from the Oracle.

Si. She views me,
By Heaven she beckons me.

Chi. Come near, she wou'd have ye.

Si. O royal Lady. [*Kisses her hand.*

Chi. She wills ye read that, for belike she's bound to silence
For such a time; she is wondrous gracious to ye.

Si. Heav'n make me thankful.

Chi. She would have ye read it. [*He reads.*

Si. *Siphax*, the will of Heaven hath cast me on thee
To be thy Wife, whose Will must be obey'd:
Use me with honour, I shall love thee dearly,
And make thee understand thy worths hereafter;
Convey me to a secret Ceremony,
That both our hearts and loves may be united,
And use no Language, till before my Brother
We both appear, where I will shew the Oracle,
For till that time I am bound, I must not answer.

Si. O happy I!

Chi. Ye are a made man.

Si. But *Chilax*,

Where are her Women?

Chi. None but your Graces Sister,
Because she would have it private to the World yet,
Knows of this business.

Si. I shall thank thee, *Chilax*,
Thou art a careful man.

Chi. Your Graces Servant.

Si. I'll find a fit place for thee.

Chi. If you will not,
There's a good Lady will, she points ye forward,
Away and take your fortune; not a word, Sir:
So, you are greas'd I hope. [*Ex. Si. and Cloe, manet Chilax.*]

Enter Stremon, Fool, and Boy.

Chi. *Stremon*, Fool, *Picus*,
Where have you left your Lord?

Strem. I' th' Temple, *Chilax*.

Chi. Why are ye from him?

Strem. Why, the King is with him,
And all the Lords.

Chi. Is not the Princess there too?

Strem. Yes.

And the strangest Coil amongst 'em; She weeps bitterly:
The King entreats, and frowns, my Lord like Autumn
Drops off his hopes by handfulls, all the Temple
Sweats with this Agony.

Chi. Where's young *Polydore*?

Strem. Dead, as they said, o' th' sudden.

Chi. Dead?

Strem. For certain,
But not yet known abroad.

Chi. There's a new trouble,
A brave young man he was; but we must all dye.

Strem. Did not the General meet you this morning
Like a tall Stallion Nun?

Chi. No more o' that, Boy.

Strem. You had been ferretting.

Chi. That's all one, Fool;

My Master Fool that taught my wits to traffick,
 What has your Wisdom done? how have you profited?
 Out with your Audit: come, you are not empty,
 Put out mine eye with twelve-pence? do you shaker?
 What think you of this shaking? here's wit, Coxcomb,
 Ha Boys? ha my fine Rascals, here's a Ring, { Pulls out
 How right they go! { a Purse.

Fool. O let me ring the fore Bell.

[*Chi.*] And here are thumpers, Chiqueens, golden rogues,
 Wit, wit, ye Rascals.

Fool. I have a Styre here, *Chilax*.

Chi. I have no Gold to cure it, not a penny,
 Not one cross, Cavalier; we are dull Souldiers,
 Gross heavy-headed fellows; fight for Victuals?

Fool. Why, ye are the Spirits of the time.

Chi. By no means.

Fool. The valiant firie.

Chi. Fie, fie, no.

Fool. Be-lee me, Sir.

Chi. I wou'd I cou'd, Sir.

Fool. I will satisfie ye.

Chi. But I will not content you; alas poor Boy,
 Thou shew'st an honest Nature, weepst for thy Master,
 There's a red Rogue to buy thee Handkerchiefs.

Fool. He was an honest Gentleman, I have lost too.

Chi. You have indeed your labour, Fool; but *Stremon*,
 Dost thou want money too? no Vertue living?
 No firking out at fingers ends?

Strem. It seems so.

Chi. Will ye all serve me?

Strem. Yes, when ye are Lord General,
 For less I will not go.

Chi. There's Gold for thee then,
 Thou hast a Souldiers mind. Fool—

Fool. Here, your first man.

Chi. I will give thee for thy Wit, for 'tis a fine wit,
 A dainty diving Wit, hold up, just nothing,
 Go graze i' th' Commons, yet I am merciful—
 There's six-pence: buy a Saucer, steal an old Gown,

And beg i' th' Temple for a Prophet, come away Boys,
Let's see how things are carried, Fool, up Sirrah,
You may chance get a dinner: Boy, your preferment
I'll undertake, for your brave Masters sake,
You shall not perish.

Fool. Chilax.

Chi. Please me well, Fool.

And you shall light my pipes: away to the Temple.
But stay, the King's here, sport upon sport, Boys.

Enter King, Lords, Siphax kneeling, Cloe with a Vail.

King. What would you have, Captain?

Speak suddenly, for I am wondrous busie.

Si. A pardon, Royal Sir.

King. For what?

Si. For that

Which was Heaven's Will, should not be mine alone, Sir;
My marrying with this Lady.

King. It needs no pardon,
For Marriage is no Sin.

Si. Not in it self, Sir;

But in presuming too much: yet Heaven knows,
So does the Oracle that cast it on me,
And—the Princess, royal Sir.

King. What Princess?

Si. O be not angry my dread King, your Sister.

King. My Sister; she's i' th' Temple, Man.

Si. She is here, Sir.

Lord. The Captain's mad, she's kneeling at the Altar.

King. I know she is; with all my heart good Captain,
I do forgive ye both: be unvail'd, Lady. [*Puts off her Vail.*]
Will ye have more forgiveness? the man's frantick,
Come let's go bring her out: God give ye joy, Sir.

Si. How, *Cloe*? my old *Cloe*? [*Ex. King, Lords.*]

Clo. Even the same, Sir.

Chi. Gods give your manhood much content.

Strem. The Princess

Looks something musty since her coming over.

Fool. 'Twere good you'd brush her over.

Si. Fools and Fidlers

Make sport at my abuse too?

Fool. O 'tis the Nature

Of us Fools to make bold with one another,
But you are wise, brave sirs.

Chi. Cheer up your Princess,
Believe it Sir, the King will not be angry,
Or say he were; why, 'twas the Oracle.
The Oracle, an't like your Grace, the Oracle.

Strem. And who, most mighty *Siphax*?

Siph. With mine own whore. (science,

Cloe. With whom else should ye marry, speak your con-
Will ye transgress the law of Arms, that ever
Rewards the Souldier with his own sins?

Siph. Devils.

Cloe. Ye had my maiden-head, my youth, my sweetness,
Is it not justice then?—

Siph. I see it must be,
But by this hand, I'll hang a lock upon thee.

Cloe. You shall not need, my honesty shall doe it.

Siph. If there be wars in all the world—

Cloe. I'll with ye,
For you know I have been a Souldier,
Come, curse on: when I need another Oracle.

Chi. Send for me *Siphax*, I'll fit ye with a Princess,
And so to both your honours.

Fool. And your graces.

Siph. The Devil grace ye all.

Cloe. God a mercy *Chilax*.

Chi. Shall we laugh half an hour now?

Strem. No the King comes,
And all the train.

Chi. Away then, our Act's ended. [Exeunt.

Enter King, Calis, Memnon, and Cleanthe, Lords.

King. You know he do's deserve ye, loves ye dearly,
You know what bloody violence had us'd
Upon himself, but that his Brother crost it,
You know the same thoughts still inhabit in him
And covet to take birth: Look on him Lady,
The wars have not so far consum'd him yet,

(The Hearse
ready, Poly-
dor, Eumenes
& Captains.

Cold age disabled him, or sickness sunk him
To be abhorr'd: look on his Honour Sister,
That bears no stamp of time, no wrinkles on it,
No sad demolishment, nor death can reach it:
Look with the eyes of Heaven that nightly waken,
To view the wonders of the glorious Maker,
And not the weakness: look with your vertuous eyes,
And then clad royaltie in all his conquests,
His matchless love hung with a thousand merits,
Eternal youth attending, Fame and Fortune,
Time and Oblivion vexing at his virtues,
He shall appear a miracle: look on our dangers,
Look on the publick ruin.

Calis. O, dear Brother.

King. Fie, let us not like proud and greedy waters
Gain to give off again: this is our Sea,
And you his *Cynthia*, govern him, take heed,
His flouds have been as high, and full as any,
And gloriously now is got up to the girdle,
The Kingdomes he hath purchas'd; noble Sister,
Take not your vertue from him, O take heed
We ebbe not now to nothing, take heed *Calis.*

Calis. The will of Heaven not mine, which must not alter,
And my eternal doom for ought I know
Is fixt upon me; alas, I must love nothing,
Nothing that loves again must I be blest with:
The gentle Vine climbs up the Oke and clips him,
And when the stroke comes, yet they fall together;
Death, death must I enjoy, and live to love him,
O noble Sir!

Mem. Those tears are some reward yet,
Pray let me wed your sorrows.

Calis. Take 'em Souldier,
They are fruitfull ones, lay but a sigh upon 'em,
And straight they will conceive to infinites;
I told ye what ye would find 'em.

Enter Funeral, Captains following, and Eumenes.

King. How now, what's this? more drops to th' Ocean?
Whose body's this?

Eum. The noble *Polydor*,
This speaks his death.

Mem. My Brother dead?

Calis. O Goddess!

O cruel, cruel *Venus*, here's my fortune.

King. Read Captain.

Mem. Read aloud: farewell my follies.

[*Eumen. reads to the Excellent Princess Calis.*]

Eum. Be wise, as you are beauteous, love with judgement,
And look with clear eyes on my noble Brother,
Value desert and vertue, they are Jewels,
Fit for your worth and wearing: take heed Lady,
The Gods reward ingratitude most grievous;
Remember me no more, or if you must,
Seek me in noble *Memnons* love, I dwell there:
I durst not live, because I durst not wrong him,
I can no more, make me eternal happy
With looking down upon your loves. *Farewel.*

Mem. And did'st thou die for me?

King. Excellent vertue!

What will ye now doe?

Calis. Dwell for ever here Sir.

Mem. For me dear *Polydor*? O worthy young man!

O love, love, love, love above recompence!

Infinite love, infinite honesty!

Good Lady leave, you must have no share here,
Take home your sorrows: here's enough to store me,
Brave glorious griefs! was ever such a Brother?
Turn all the stories over in the world yet,
And search through all the memories of mankind,
And find me such a friend; h'as out done all,
Outstript 'em sheerly, all, all, thou hast *Polydor*,
To die for me; why, as I hope for happiness,
'Twas one of the rarest thought on things,
The bravest, and carried beyond compass of our actions,
I wonder how he hit it, a young man too,
In all the blossomes of his youth and beautie,
In all the fulness of his veins and wishes
Woo'd by that Paradise, that would catch Heaven;
It starts me extreamply, thou blest Ashes,

Thou faithfull monument, where love and friendship
Shall while the world is, work new miracles.

Calis. O! let me speak too.

Mem. No not yet; thou man,
(For we are but mans shadows,) only man,
I have not words to utter him; speak Lady,
I'll think a while.

Calis. The Goddess grants me this yet,
I shall enjoy the dead: no tomb shall hold thee
But these two arms, no Trickments but my tears
Over thy Hearse, my sorrows like sad arms
Shall hang for ever: on the tuffest Marble
Mine eyes shall weep thee out an Epitaph,
Love at thy feet shall kneel, his smart bow broken;
Faith at thy head, youth and the Graces mourners;
O sweet young man!

King. Now I begin to melt too.

Mem. Have ye enough yet Lady? room for a gamester.
To my fond Love, and all those idle fancies
A long farewell, thou diedst for me dear *Polydor*,
To give me peace, thou hast eternal glory,
I stay and talk here; I will kiss thee first,
And now I'll follow thee.

[*Polydor rises.*]

Pol. Hold, for Heavens sake!

Mem. Ha!

Does he live?

Dost thou deceive me?

Pol. Thus far,
Yet for your good, and honour.

King. Now dear Sister.

Calis. The Oracle is ended, noble Sir,
Dispose me now as you please.

Pol. You are mine then?

Calis. With all the joyes that may be.

Pol. Your consent Sir?

King. Ye have it freely.

Pol. Walk along with me then,
And as you love me, love my will.

Calis. I will so.

Pol. Here worthy Brother, take this vertuous Princess,

Ye have deserv'd her nobly, she will love ye,
 And when my life shall bring ye peace, as she does,
 Command it, ye shall have it.

Mem. Sir, I thank ye.

King. I never found such goodness in such years.

Mem. Thou shalt not over-doe me, though I die for't,
 O how I love thy goodness, my best Brother,
 You have given me here a treasure to enrich me,
 Would make the worthiest King alive a begger,
 What may I give you back again?

Pol. Your love Sir.

Mem. And you shall have it, even my dearest love,
 My first, my noblest love, take her again, Sir,
 She is yours, your honesty has over-run me,
 She loves ye, lose her not: excellent Princess,
 Injoy thy wish, and now get Generals.

Pol. As ye love heaven, love him, she is only yours, Sir.

Mem. As ye love heaven, love him, she is only yours, Sir;
 My Lord, the King.

Pol. He will undoe himself Sir,
 And must without her perish; who shall fight then?
 Who shall protect your Kingdom?

Mem. Give me hearing,
 And after that, belief, were she my soul
 (As I do love her equal) all my victories,
 And all the living names I have gain'd by war,
 And loving him that good, that vertuous good man,
 That only worthy of the name of Brother,
 I would resign all freely, 'tis all love
 To me, all marriage rites, the joy of issues
 To know him fruitfull, that has been so faithfull. (Sister.

King. This is the noblest difference; take your choice

Calis. I see they are so brave, and noble both,
 I know not which to look on.

Pol. Chuse discreetly,
 And vertue guide ye, there all the world in one man
 Stands at the mark.

Mem. There all mans honestie,
 The sweetness of all youth—

Cal. O God's!

Mem. My Armour,

By all the God's she's yours; my Arms, I say,
And I beseech your Grace, give me imployment,
That shall be now my Mistress, there my Courtship.

King. Ye shall have any thing.

Mem. Vertuous Lady,

Remember me, your Servant now; Young man,
You cannot over-reach me in your goodness;
O love! how sweet thou look'st now! and how gentle!
I should have slubber'd thee, and stain'd thy beauty;
Your hand, your hand Sir!

King. Take her, and Heaven bless her.

Mem. So.

Pol. 'Tis your will Sir, nothing of my merit;
And as your royal gift, I take this blessing.

Cal. And I from heaven this gentleman: thanks Goddess.

Mem. So ye are pleas'd now Lady?

Calis. Now or never.

Mem. My cold stiffe carkass would have frozen ye,
Wars, wars.

King. Ye shall have wars.

Mem. My next brave battel

I dedicate to your bright honour, Sister,
Give me a favour, that the world may know
I am your Souldier.

Calis. This, and all fair Fortunes.

Mem. And he that bears this from me, must strike boldly.
[Cleanthe kneeling.]

Calis. I do forgive thee: be honest; no more wench.

King. Come now to Revels, this blest day shall prove
The happy crown of noble Faith and Love. [Exeunt.]

THE MAD LOVER

Prologue.

TO please all's impossible, and to despair
Ruins our selves, and damps the Writers care:
*Would we knew what to doe, or say, or when
To find the mindes here equal with the men:
But we must venture; now to Sea we goe,
Faire fortune with us, give us room, and blow;
Remember ye're all venturers; and in this Play
How many twelve-pences ye have 'stow'd this day:
Remember for return of your delight,
We launch, and plough through storms of fear, and spight:
Give us your fore-winds fairly, fill our wings,
And steer us right, and as the Saylor sings,
Loaden with Wealth, on wanton seas, so we
Shall make our home-bound-voyage chearfully;
And you our noble Merchants, for your treasure
Share equally the fraught, we run for pleasure.*

Epilogue.

HEre lyes the doubt now, let our Playes be good,
Our own care sailing equall in this Flood;
*Our preparations new, new our Attire,
Yet here we are becalm'd still, still i'th' mire,
Here we stick fast; Is there no way to clear
This passage of your judgement, and our fear,
No mitigation of that law? Brave friends,
Consider we are yours, made for your ends,
And every thing preserves it self, each will
If not perverse, and crooked, utter still
The best of that it ventures in: have care
Ev'n for your pleasures sake, of what we are,
And do not ruine all, You may frown still,
But 'tis the nobler way, to check the will.*

THE LOYAL SUBJECT, A TRAGI-COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Great Duke of Moscovia.
 Archas, *the Loyal Subject, General of the Moscovites.*
 Theodore, *Son to Archas; valorous, but impatient.*
 Putskie *alias* Briskie, *a Captain, Brother to Archas.*
 Alinda *alias* Archas, *Son to Archas.*
 Burris, *an honest Lord, the Dukes Favourite.*
 Boroskie, *a malicious seducing Counsellor to the Duke.*
 Ensign to Archas, *a stout merry Souldier.*

Souldiers.
 Gentlemen.
 Guard.
 Servants.

WOMEN.

Olympia, *Sister to the Duke.*
 Honora, } *Daughters of Archas.*
 Viola, }
 Potesca, } *Servants to Olympia.*
 Ladies, }
 Bawd, *a Court Lady.*

The Scene Mosco.

The principal Actors were,

Richard Burbadge.	}	{	Nathanael Feild.
Henry Condel.			John Underwood.
John Lowin.			Nicholas Toolie.
Richard Sharpe.			William Egglestone.

ACT I THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Theodor and Putskie.

The. **C**aptain, your friend's prefer'd, the Princess has her,
Who, I assure my self, will use her nobly;
A pretty sweet one 'tis indeed.

Put. Well bred, Sir,
I do deliver that upon my credit,
And of an honest stock.

The. It seems so, Captain,
And no doubt will do well.

Put. Thanks to your care, Sir;
But tell me Noble Colonel, why this habit
Of discontent is put on through the Army?
And why your valiant Father, our great General,
The hand that taught to strike, the Love that led all;
Why he, that was the Father of the War,
He that begot, and bred the Souldier,
Why he sits shaking of his Arms, like Autumn,
His Colours folded, and his Drums cas'd up,
The tongue of War for ever ty'd within us?

The. It must be so: Captain you are a stranger,
But of a small time here a Souldier,
Yet that time shews ye a right good, and great one,
Else I could tell ye hours are strangely alter'd:
The young Duke has too many eyes upon him,
Too many fears 'tis thought too, and to nourish those,
Maintains too many Instruments.

Put. Turn their hearts,
Or turn their heels up, Heaven: 'Tis strange it should be:
The old Duke lov'd him dearly.

The. He deserv'd it;
And were he not my Father, I durst tell ye,
The memorable hazards he has run through
Deserv'd of this man too; highly deserv'd too;
Had they been less, they had been safe *Putskie*,
And sooner reach'd regard.

Put. There you struck sure, Sir.

The. Did I never tell thee of a vow he made

Some years before the old Duke dyed?

Put. I have heard ye

Speak often of that vow; but how it was,
Or to what end, I never understood yet.

The. I'll tell thee then: and then thou wilt find the reason:

The last great Muster, ('twas before ye serv'd here,
Before the last Dukes death, whose honour'd bones
Now rest in peace) this young Prince had the ordering,
(To Crown his Fathers hopes) of all the Army:
Who (to be short) put all his power to practise;
Fashion'd, and drew 'em up: but alas, so poorly,
So raggedly and loosely, so unsouldier'd,
The good Duke blush'd, and call'd unto my Father,
Who then was General: Go, *Archas*, speedily,
And chide the Boy, before the Souldiers find him,
Stand thou between his ignorance and them,
Fashion their bodies new to thy direction;
Then draw thou up, and shew the Prince his errours.
My Sire obey'd, and did so; with all duty
Inform'd the Prince, and read him all directions:
This bred distaste, distaste grew up to anger,
And anger into wild words broke out thus:
Well, *Archas*, if I live but to command here,
To be but Duke once, I shall then remember.
I shall remember truly, trust me, I shall,
And by my Fathers hand—the rest his eyes spoke.
To which my Father answer'd (somewhat mov'd too)
And with a vow he seal'd it: Royal Sir,
Since for my faith and fights, your scorn and anger
Only pursue me; if I live to that day,
That day so long expected to reward me,
By his so ever noble hand you swore by,
And by the hand of Justice, never Arms more
Shall rib this body in, nor sword hang here, Sir:
The Conflicts I will do you service then in,
Shall be repentant prayers: So they parted.
The time is come; and now ye know the wonder.

Put. I find a fear too, which begins to tell me,
The Duke will have but poor and slight defences,
If his hot humour reign, and not his honour:

SC. II THE LOYAL SUBJECT

How stand you with him, Sir?

The. A perdue Captain,
Full of my Fathers danger.

P[ut]. He has rais'd a young man,
They say a slight young man, I know him not,
For what desert?

The. Believe it, a brave Gentleman,
Worth the Dukes respect, a clear sweet Gentleman,
And of a noble soul: Come let's retire us,
And wait upon my Father, who within this hour
You will find an alter'd man.

Put. I am sorry for't, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Olympia, and two Gentlewomen.

Olym. Is't not a handsome Wench?

2 Wom. She is well enough, Madam:
I have seen a better face, and a straighter body,
And yet she is a pretty Gentlewoman.

Olym. What thinkst thou *Petesca*?

Pet. Alas, Madam, I have no skill, she has a black eye,
Which is of the least too, and the dullest water:
And when her mouth was made, for certain Madam,
Nature intended her a right good stomach.

Olym. She has a good hand.

2 Wom. 'Tis good enough to hold fast,
And strong enough to strangle the neck of a Lute.

Olym. What think ye of her colour?

Pet. If it be her own
'Tis good black blood: right weather-proof
I warrant it.

2 Wom. What a strange pace she has got!

Olym. That's but her breeding.

Pet. And what a manly body! me thinks she looks
As though she would pitch the Bar, or go to Buffets.

2 Wom. Yet her behaviour's utterly against it,
For me thinks she is too bashful.

Olym. Is that hurtful?

2 Wom. Even equal to too bold: either of 'em, Madam,

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT I

May do her injury when time shall serve her.

Olym. You discourse learnedly, call in the wench. [*Ex. Gent.*
What envious fools are you? Is the rule general,
That Women can speak handsomly of none,
But those they are bred withal?

Pet. Scarce well of those, Madam,
If they believe they may out-shine 'em any way :
Our natures are like Oyl, compound us with any thing,
Yet still we strive to swim o' th' top :
Suppose there were here now,
Now in this Court of *Mosco*, a stranger Princess,
Of bloud and beauty equal to your excellence,
As many eyes and services stuck on her ;
What would you think ?

Olym. I would think she might deserve it.

Pet. Your Grace shall give me leave not to believe ye ;
I know you are a Woman, and so humour'd :
I'll tell ye Madam, I could then get more Gowns on ye,
More Caps and Feathers, more Scarfs, and more Silk-stockings
With rocking you asleep with nightly railings
Upon that Woman, than if I had nine lives
I could wear out : by this hand ye'would scratch her eyes out.

Olym. Thou art deceiv'd fool ;
Now let your own eye mock ye.

Enter Gentlewoman and Alinda.

Come hither Girl: hang me and she be not a handsom one.

Pet. I fear it will prove indeed so.

Olym. Did you ever serve yet
In any place of worth?

Alin. No, Royal Lady.

Pet. Hold up your head; fie.

Olym. Let her alone, stand from her.

Alin. It shall be now,
Of all the blessings my poor youth has pray'd for,
The greatest and the happiest to serve you;
And might my promise carry but that credit
To be believ'd, because I am yet a stranger,
Excellent Lady, when I fall from duty,
From all the service that my life can lend me,

SC. II THE LOYAL SUBJECT

May everlasting misery then find me.

Olym. What think ye now? I do believe, and thank ye;
And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,
To see that honest faith die unrewarded:

What must I call your name?

Alin. *Alinda*, Madam.

Olym. Can ye sing?

Alin. A little, when my grief will give me leave, Lady.

Olym. What grief canst thou have Wench?

Thou art not in love?

Alin. If I be Madam, 'tis only with your goodness;
For yet I never saw that man I sighed for.

Olym. Of what years are you?

Alin. My Mother oft has told me,
That very day and hour this land was blest
With your most happy birth, I first saluted
This worlds fair light: Nature was then so busie,
And all the Graces to adorn your goodness,
I stole into the world poor and neglected.

Olym. Something there was, when I first look'd upon thee,
Made me both like and love thee: now I know it;
And you shall find that knowledge shall not hurt you:
I hope ye are a Maid?

Alin. I hope so too, Madam;
I am sure for any man: and were I otherwise,
Of all the services my hopes could point at,
I durst not touch at yours.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, and Gent.

Pet. The great Duke, Madam.

Duk. Good morrow, Sister.

Olym. A good day to your highness.

Duk. I am come to pray you use no more perswasions
For this old stubborn man: nay to command ye:
His sail is swell'd too full: he is grown too insolent,
Too self-affected, proud: those poor slight services
He has done my Father, and my self, has blown him
To such a pitch, he flies to stoop our favours.

Olym. I am sorry Sir: I ever thought those services
Both great and noble.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT I

Bur. However, may it please ye
 But to consider 'em a true hearts Servants,
 Done out of faith to you, and not self-fame :
 Do but consider royal Sir, the dangers ;
 When you have slept secure, the mid-night tempests,
 That as he marcht sung through his aged locks ;
 When you have fed at full, the wants and famins ;
 The fires of Heaven, when you have found all temperate,
 Death with his thousand doors—

Duk. I have consider'd ;
 No more : and that I will have, shall be.

Olym. For the best,
 I hope all still.

Duk. What handsom wench is that there ?

Olym. My Servant, Sir.

Duk. Prethee observe her *Burris*,
 Is she not wondrous handsom ? speak thy freedom.

Bur. She appears no less to me Sir.

Duk. Of whence is she ?

Ol. Her Father I am told is a good Gentleman,
 But far off dwelling : her desire to serve me
 Brought her to th' Court, and here her friends have left her.

Du. She may find better friends :

Ye are welcom fair one,
 I have not seen a sweeter : By your Ladies leave :
 Nay stand up sweet, we'll have no superstition :
 You have got a Servant ; you may use him kindly,
 And he may honour ye : [*Ex. Duke and Burris.*]
 Good morrow Sister.

Ol. Good morrow to your Grace. How the wench blushes !
 How like an A[n]gel now she looks !

1 Wom. At first jump
 Jump into the Dukes arms ? we must look to you,
 Indeed we must, the next jump we are journeymen.

Pet. I see the ruine of our hopes already,
 Would she were at home again, milking her Fathers Cows.

1 Wom. I fear she'l milk all the great Courtiers first.

Olym. This has not made ye proud ?

Al. No certain, Madam.

Olym. It was the Duke that kist ye.

SC. III THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Al. 'Twas your Brother,
And therefore nothing can be meant but honour.

Ol. But say he love ye?

Al. That he may with safety :

A Princes love extends to all his subjects.

Ol. But say in more particular?

Al. Pray fear not :

For vertues sake deliver me from doubts, Lady :
'Tis not the name of King, nor all his promises,
His glories, and his greatness stuck about me,
Can make me prove a Traitor to your service :
You are my Mistris, and my noble Master,
Your vertues my ambition, and your favour
The end of all my love, and all my fortune :
And when I fail in that faith—

Ol. I believe thee,

Come wipe your eyes ; I do : take you example—

Pets. I would her eyes were out.

1 Wom. If the wind stand in this door,

We shall have but cold custome : some trick or other,
And speedily.

Pet. Let me alone to think on't.

Ol. Come, be you near me still.

Al. With all my duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA III.

Enter Archas, Theodor, Putskie, *Ancient, and Souldiers,*
carrying his armour piece-meale, his Colours wound up,
and his Drums in Cases.

Theod. This is the heaviest march we e're trod Captain.

Puts. This was not wont to be : these honour'd pieces
The fierie god of war himself would smile at,
Buckl'd upon that body, were not wont thus,
Like Reliques to be offer'd to long rust,
And heavy-ey'd oblivion brood upon 'em.

Arch. There set 'em down : and glorious war farewell ;
Thou child of honour and ambitious thoughts,
Begot in bloud, and nurs'd with Kingdomes ruines ;
Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers

Through fires and famins, for one title from thee—
 Prodigal man-kind spending all his fortunes;
 A long farewell I give thee: Noble Arms,
 You ribs for mighty minds, you Iron houses,
 Made to defie the thunder-claps of Fortune,
 Rust and consuming time must now dwell with ye:
 And thou good Sword that knewst the way to conquest,
 Upon whose fatal edge despair and death dwelt,
 That when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd destruction,
 Sleep now from blood, and grace my Monument:
 Farewel my Eagle; when thou flew'st, whole Armies
 Have stoopt below thee: At Passage I have seen thee,
 Ruffle the *Tartars*, as they fled thy furie;
 And bang 'em up together, as a Tassel,
 Upon the streach, a flock of fearfull Pigeons.
 I yet remember when the *Volga* curl'd,
 The aged *Volga*, when he heav'd his head up,
 And rais'd his waters high, to see the ruins;
 The ruines our Swords made, the bloody ruins,
 Then flew this Bird of honour bravely, Gentlemen;
 But these must be forgotten: so must these too,
 And all that tend to Arms, by me for ever.
 Take 'em you holy men; my Vow take with 'em,
 Never to wear 'em more: Trophies I give 'em,
 And sacred Rites of war to adorn the Temple:
 There let 'em hang, to tell the world their master
 Is now Devotions Souldier, fit for prayer.
 Why do ye hang your heads? why look you sad friends?
 I am not dying yet.

Theod. Ye are indeed to us Sir.

Puts. Dead to our fortunes, General.

Arch. You'l find a better,

A greater, and a stronger man to lead ye,
 And to a stronger fortune: I am old, friends,
 Time, and the wars together make me stoop, Gentle[men],
 Stoop to my grave: my mind unfurnish'd too,
 Emptie and weak as I am: my poor body,
 Able for nothing now but contemplation,
 And that will be a task too to a Souldier:
 Yet had they but encourag'd me, or thought well

SC. III THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Of what I have done, I think I should have ventur'd
For one knock more, I should have made a shift yet
To have broke one staff more handsomly, and have died
Like a good fellow, and an honest Souldier,
In the head of ye all, with my Sword in my hand,
And so have made an end of all with credit.

Theod. Well, there will come an hour, when all these
These secure slights— (injuries,

Ar. Ha! no more of that sirrah,
Not one word more of that I charge ye.

Theod. I must speak Sir.
And may that tongue forget to sound your service,
That's dumb to your abuses.

Ar. Understand fool,
That voluntary I sit down.

Theod. You are forced, Sir,
Forced for your safety: I too well remember
The time and cause, and I may live to curse 'em:
You made this Vow, and whose unnobleness,
Indeed forgetfulness of good—

Ar. No more,
As thou art mine no more.

The. Whose doubts and envies—
But the Devil will have his due.

Puts. Good gentle Colonel.

The. And though disgraces, and contempt of Honour
Reign now, the Wheel must turn again.

Ar. Peace Sirrah,
Your tongue's too saucy: do you stare upon me?
Down with that heart, down suddenly, down with it,
Down with that disobedience; tie that tongue up.

Theod. Tongue?

Ar. Do not provoke me to forget my Vow, Sirrah.
And draw that fatal Sword again in anger.

Puts. For Heavens sake, Colonel.

Ar. Do not let me doubt
Whose Son thou art, because thou canst not suffer:
Do not play with mine anger; if thou dost,
By all the Loyalty my heart holds—

Theod. I have done, Sir,

Pray pardon me.

Ar. I pray be worthy of it :
Beshrew your heart, you have vexed me.

The. I am sorry, Sir.

Ar. Go to, no more of this : be true and honest,
I know ye are man enough, mould it to just ends,
And let not my disgraces, then I am miserable,
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, Boroskie, Attend. and Gent.

Puts. And't please ye, Sir, the Duke.

Duk. Now, what's all this?
The meaning of this ceremonious Emblem?

Ar. Your Grace should first remember—

Boros. There's his Nature.

Duk. I do, and shall remember still that injury,
That at the Muster, where it pleas'd your Greatness
To laugh at my poor Souldiership, to scorn it;
And more to make me seem ridiculous,
Took from my hands my charge.

Bur. O think not so, Sir.

Duk. And in my Fathers sight.

Ar. Heaven be my witness,
I did no more, (and that with modesty,
With Love and Faith to you) than was my warrant,
And from your Father seal'd : nor durst that rudeness,
And impudence of scorn fall from my 'haviour,
I ever yet knew duty.

Du. We shall teach ye,
I well remember too, upon some words I told ye,
Then at that time, some angry words ye answer'd,
If ever I were Duke, you were no Souldier.
You have kept your word, and so it shall be to you,
From henceforth I dismiss you ; take your ease, Sir.

Ar. I humbly thank your Grace ; this wasted Body,
Beaten and bruised with Arms, dry'd up with troubles,
Is good for nothing else but quiet, now Sir,
And holy Prayers ; in which, when I forget
To thank Heaven for all your bounteous favours,

SC. III THE LOYAL SUBJECT

May that be deaf, and my Petitions perish. (pride in !

Boros. What a smooth humble Cloak he has cas'd his
And how he has pull'd his Claws in ! there's no trusting—

Bur. Speak for the best.

Bor. Believe I shall do ever.

Du. To make ye understand, we feel not yet
Such dearth of Valour, and Experience,
Such a declining Age of doing Spirits,
That all should be confin'd within your excellence,
And you, or none be honour'd, take *Boroskie*,
The place he has commanded, lead the Souldier;
A little time will bring thee to his honour,
Which has been nothing but the Worlds opinion,
The Souldiers fondness, and a little fortune,
Which I believe his Sword had the least share in.

Theod. O that I durst but answer now.

Puts. Good Colonel.

Theod. My heart will break else: Royal Sir, I know not
What you esteem mens lives, whose hourly labours,
And loss of Blood, consumptions in your service,
Whose Bodies are acquainted with more miseries,
And all to keep you safe, than Dogs or Slaves are.
His Sword the least share gain'd?

Du. You will not fight with me?

Theod. No Sir, I dare not,
You are my Prince, but I dare speak to ye,
And dare speak truth, which none of their ambitions
That be informers to you, dare once think of;
Yet truth will now but anger ye; I am sorry for't,
And so I take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Du. Ev'n when you please, Sir.

Ar. Sirrah, see me no more.

Du. And so may you too:

You have a house i'th' Country, keep you there, Sir,
And when you have rul'd your self, teach your Son manners,
For this time I forgive him.

Ar. Heaven forgive all;

And to your Grace a happy and long Rule here.
And you Lord General, may your fights be prosperous.
In all your Course may Fame and Fortune court you.

Fight for your Country, and your Princes safety;
 Boldly, and bravely face your Enemy,
 And when you strike, strike with that killing Vertue,
 As if a general Plague had seiz'd before ye;
 Danger, and doubt, and labour cast behind ye;
 And then come home an old and noble Story.

Bur. A little comfort, Sir.

Du. As little as may be:

Farewel, you know your limit. [*Ex. Duke, &c.*]

Dur. Alas, brave Gentleman.

Ar. I do, and will observe it suddenly,
 My Grave; I, that's my limit; 'tis no new thing,
 Nor that can make me start, or tremble at it,
 To buckle with that old grim Souldier now:
 I have seen him in his sowrest shapes, and dreadfull'st;
 I, and I thank my honesty, have stood him:
 That audit's cast; farewel my honest Souldiers,
 Give me your hands; farewel, farewel good *Ancient*,
 A stout man, and a true, thou art come in sorrow.
 Blessings upon your Swords, may they ne'r fail ye;
 You do but change a man; your fortune's constant;
 That by your ancient Valours is ty'd fast still;
 Be valiant still, and good: and when ye fight next,
 When flame and fury make but one face of horreur,
 When the great rest of all your honour's up,
 When you would think a Spell to shake the enemy,
 Remember me, my Prayers shall be with ye:
 So once again farewel.

Puts. Let's wait upon ye.

Ar. No, no, it must not be; I have now left me
 A single Fortune to my self, no more,
 Which needs no train, nor complement; good Captain,
 You are an honest and a sober Gentleman,
 And one I think has lov'd me.

Puts. I am sure on't.

Ar. Look to my Boy, he's grown too headstrong for me.
 And if they think him fit to carry Arms still,
 His life is theirs; I have a house i'th' Country,
 And when your better hours will give you liberty,
 See me: you shall be welcome. Fortune to ye. [*Exit.*]

SC. III THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Anc. I'll cry no more, that will do him no good,
 And 'twill but make me dry, and I have no money:
 I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm;
 And if I can do that, I care not for money: (too
 I could have curst reasonable well, and I have had the luck
 To have 'em hit sometimes. Whosoever thou art,
 That like a Devil didst possess the Duke
 With these malicious thoughts; mark what I say to thee,
 A Plague upon thee, that's but the Preamble.

Sold. O take the Pox too.

Anc. They'll cure one another;
 I must have none but kills, and those kill stinking:
 Or look ye, let the single Pox possess them,
 Or Pox upon Pox.

Puts. That's but ill i'th' arms, Sir.

Anc. 'Tis worse i'th' Legs, I would not wish it else:
 And may those grow to scabs as big as Mole-hills,
 And twice a day, the Devil with a Curry-Comb
 Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em: I warrant him he has 'em.

Sold. May he be ever lowzie.

Anc. That's a pleasure,
 The Beggar's Lechery; sometimes the Souldiers:
 May he be ever lazie, stink where he stands,
 And Maggots breed in's Brains.

2 Sold. I, marry Sir,
 May he fall mad in love with his Grand-mother,
 And kissing her, may her teeth drop into his mouth,
 And one fall cross his throat, then let him gargle.

Enter a Post.

Puts. Now, what's the matter?

Post. Where's the Duke, pray, Gentlemen?

Puts. Keep on your way, you cannot miss.

Post. I thank ye.

[*Exit.*

Anc. If he be married, may he dream he's cuckold,
 And when he wakes believe, and swear he saw it,
 Sue a Divorce, and after find her honest:
 Then in a pleasant Pigstye, with his own garters,
 And a fine running knot, ride to the Devil.

Puts. If these would do—

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT I

Anc. I'll never trust my mind more,
If all these fail.

1 Sold. What shall we do now, Captain?
For by this honest hand I'll be torn in pieces,
Unless my old General go, or some that love him,
And love us equal too, before I fight more:
I can make a Shooe yet, and draw it on too,
If I like the Leg well.

Anc. Fight? 'tis likely:
No, there will be the sport Boys, when there's need on's.
They think the other Crown will do, will carry us,
And the brave golden Coat of Captain *Cankro*

Boroskie. What a noise his very name carries!
'Tis Gun enough to fright a Nation,
He needs no Souldiers; if he do, for my part,
I promise ye he's like to seek 'em; so I think you think too,
And all the Army; No, honest, brave old *Archas*,
We cannot so soon leave thy memory,
So soon forget thy goodness: he that does,
The scandal and the scumm of Arms be counted.

Puts. You much rejoice me now you have hit my meaning.
I durst not press ye, till I found your spirits:
Continue thus.

Anc. I'll go and tell the Duke on't.

Enter 2 Post.

Puts. No, no, he'll find it soon enough, and fear it,
When once occasion comes: Another Packet!
From whence, Friend, come you?

2 Post. From the Borders, Sir.

Puts. What news, Sir, I beseech you?

2 Post. Fire and Sword, Gentlemen;
The *Tartar's* up, and with a mighty force,
Comes forward, like a tempest, all before him
Burning and killing.

Anc. Brave Boys, brave news, Boys.

2 Post. Either we must have present help—

Anc. Still braver.

2 Post. Where lies the Duke?

Sold. He's there.

SC. IV THE LOYAL SUBJECT

2 *Post.* 'Save ye, Gentlemen. [Exit.

Anc. We are safe enough, I warrant thee :

Now the time's come.

Puts. I, now 'tis come indeed, and now stand firm, Boys,
And let 'em burn on merrily.

Anc. This City would make a fine marvellous Bone-fire:
'Tis old dry timber, and such Wood has no fellow.

2 *Sold.* Here will be trim piping anon and whining,
Like so many Pigs in a storm,
When they hear the news once.

Enter Boroskie, and Servant.

Puts. Here's one has heard it already ;
Room for the General.

Boros. Say I am faln exceeding sick o'th' sudden,
And am not like to live.

Puts. If ye go on, Sir,
For they will kill ye certainly ; they look for ye.

Anc. I see your Lordship's bound, take a suppository,
'Tis I, Sir ; a poor cast Flag of yours. The foolish *Tartars*
They burn and kill, and't like your honour, kill us,
Kill with Guns, with Guns my Lord, with Guns, Sir.
What says your Lordship to a chick in sorrel sops ?

Puts. Go, go thy ways old true-penny ;
Thou hast but one fault : thou art ev'n too valiant. (ted.
Come, to'th' Army Gentlemen, and let's make them acquaint-

Sold. Away, we are for ye. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Alinda, and two Gentlewomen.

Alin. Why, whither run ye Fools ; will ye leave my Lady ?

Petes. The *Tartar* comes, the *Tartar* comes.

Alin. Why, let him,
I thought you had fear'd no men : upon my conscience
You have try'd their strengths already ; stay for shame.

Pet. Shift for thy self, *Alinda.* [Exit.

Alin. Beauty bless ye :
Into what Grooms Feather-Bed will you creep now ?
And there mistake the enemy ; sweet youths ye are,
And of a constant courage ; are you afraid of foining ?

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT I

Enter Olympia.

Olym. O my good Wench, what shall become of us?
The Posts come hourly in, and bring new danger;
The enemy is past the *Volga*, and bears hither
With all the blood and cruelty he carries,
My Brother now will find his fault.

Alin. I doubt me,
Somewhat too late, Madam. But pray fear not,
All will be well, I hope. Sweet Madam, shake not.

Olym. How cam'st thou by this Spirit? our Sex trembles.

Alin. I am not unacquainted with these dangers;
And you shall know my truth; for ere you perish,
A hundred Swords shall pass through me: 'tis but dying,
And Madam we must do it: the manner's all:
You have a Princely Birth, take Princely thoughts to you,
And take my counsel too; go presently,
With all the haste ye have, (I will attend ye)
With all the possible speed, to old Lord *Archas*,
He honours ye; with all your art perswade him,
(Twill be a dismal time else) woo him hither,
But hither Madam, make him see the danger;
For your new General looks like an Ass;
There's nothing in his face but loss.

Olym. I'll do it.
And thank thee, sweet *Alinda*: O my Jewel,
How much I'm bound to love thee! by this hand, Wench,
If thou wert a man—

Alin. I would I were to fight for you.
But haste dear Madam.

Olym. I need no Spurs *Alinda*.

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, 2 Posts, Attendants, Gentlemen.

Du. The Lord General sick now? is this a time
For men to creep into their Beds? What's become, Post,
Of my Lieutenant?

Post. Beaten, and't please your Grace,
And all his Forces sparkled.

Enter a Gentleman.

Du. That's but cold news:

How now, what good news? are the Souldiers ready?

Ge. Yes Sir, but fight they will not, nor stir from that place
They stand in now, unless they have Lord *Archas*
To lead 'em out; they rail upon this General,
And sing Songs of him, scurvy Songs, to worse tunes:
And much they spare not you, Sir: here they swear
They'll stand and see the City burnt, and dance about it,
Unless Lord *Archas* come before they fight for't:
It must be so, Sir.

Du. I could wish it so too;
And to that end I have sent Lord *Burris* to him;
But all I fear will fail; we must dye, Gentlemen,
And one stroke we'll have for't.

Enter Burris.

What bring'st thou, *Burris*?

Bur. That I am loth to tell; he will not come, Sir;
I found him at his Prayers, there he tells me,
The Enemy shall take him, fit for Heaven:
I urg'd to him all our dangers, his own worths,
The Countries ruine; nay I kneel'd and pray'd him;
He shook his head, let fall a tear, and pointed
Thus with his finger to the Ground; a Grave
I think he meant; and this was all he answer'd.
Your Grace was much to blame:
Where's the new General?

Du. He is sick, poor man.

Bur. He's a poor man indeed, Sir:
Your Grace must needs go to the Souldier.

Du. They have sent me word
They will not stir, they rail at me,
And all the spight they have—

[*Shout within.*]

What shout is that there?
Is the Enemy come so near?

Enter Archas, Olympia, and Alinda.

Olym. I have brought him, Sir,
At length I have woo'd him thus far.

Du. Happy Sister,
O blessed Woman!

Olym. Use him nobly, Brother;
You never had more need: And Gentlemen,
All the best powers ye have, to tongues turn presently,
To winning and perswading tongues: all my art,
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;
Let it be yours to arm him; And good my Lord,
Though I exceed the limit you allow'd me,
Which was the happiness to bring ye hither,
And not to urge ye farther; yet, see your Country,
Out of your own sweet Spirit now behold it:
Turn round, and look upon the miseries,
On every side the fears; O see the dangers;
We find 'em soonest, therefore hear me first, Sir.

Du. Next hear your Prince:
You have said you lov'd him, *Archas*,
And thought your life too little for his service;
Think not your vow too great now, now the time is,
And now you are brought to th' test, touch right now Souldier,
Now shew the manly pureness of thy mettle;
Now if thou beest that valued man, that vertue,
That great obedience teaching all, now stand it.
What I have said forget, my youth was hasty,
And what you said your self forgive, you were angry.
If men could live without their faults, they were gods, *Archas*.
He weeps, and holds his hands up: to him, *Burris*.

Bur. You have shew'd the Prince his faults;
And like a good Surgeon you have laid
That to 'em makes 'em smart; he feels it,
Let 'em not fester now, Sir; your own honour,
The bounty of that mind, and your allegiance,
'Gainst which I take it, Heaven gives no Command, Sir,
Nor seals no Vow, can better teach ye now
What ye have to do, than I, or this necessity;
Only this little's left; would ye do nobly,
And in the Eye of Honour truly triumph?
Conquer that mind first, and then men are nothing.

Alin. Last, a poor Virgin kneels; for loves sake General,
If ever you have lov'd; for her sake, Sir,

ACT II THE LOYAL SUBJECT

For your own honesty, which is a Virgin,
Look up, and pity us, be bold and fortunate,
You are a Knight, a good and noble Souldier,
And when your Spurs were given ye, your Sword buckl'd,
Then were you sworn for Vertues Cause, for Beauties,
For Chastity to strike; strike now, they suffer;
Now draw your Sword, or else you are recreant,
Only a Knight i'th' Heels, i'th' Heart a Coward;
Your first Vow honour made, your last but anger. (too?

Ar. How like my vertuous Wife this thing looks, speaks
So would she chide my dulness: fair one, I thank ye.
My gracious Sir, your pardon, next your hand:
Madam, your favour, and your prayers: Gentlemen,
Your wishes, and your loves: and pretty sweet one,
A favour for your Souldier.

Olymp. Give him this, Wench.

Alin. Thus do I tye on Victory.

Arc. My Armour,
My Horse, my Sword, my tough Staff, and my Fortune,
And *Olin* now I come to shake thy glory.

Du. Go, brave and prosperous, our loves go with thee.

Olymp. Full of thy virtue, and our Prayers attend thee.

Bur. &c. Loaden with Victory, and we to honour thee.

Alin. Come home the Son of Honour,
And I'll serve ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Secundus. Scenā Prima.

Enter Duke, Burris, and two Gentlemen.

Duke. NO news of *Archas* yet?

Bur. But now, and't please ye,
A Post came in, Letters he brought none with him,
But this deliver'd: He saw the Armies join,
The game of Blood begun, and by our General,
Who never was acquainted but with Conquest,
So bravely fought, he saw the *Tartars* shaken,
And there he said he left 'em.

Du. Where's *Boroskie*?

1 Gent. He's up again, and't please ye.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT II

Bur. Sir, methinks
This News should make ye lightsome, bring joy to ye,
It strikes our hearts with general Comfort. [*Exit Duke.*
Gone? What should this mean, so suddenly?
He's well?

2 *Gent.* We see no other.

1 *Gent.* Would the rest were well too,
That put these starts into him.

Bur. I'll go after him.

2 *Gent.* 'Twill not be fit, Sir: h'as some secret in him
He would not be disturb'd in: know you any thing
Has crost him since the General went?

Bur. Not any:
If there had been, I am sure I should have found it:
Only I have heard him oft complain for money:
Money he says he wants.

1 *Gent.* It may be that then.

Bur. To him that has so ma[n]y wayes to raise it,
And those so honest, it cannot be.

Enter Duke and Boroskie.

1 *Gent.* He comes back,
And Lord *Boroskie* with him.

Bur. There the game goes,
I fear some new thing hatching.

Duke. Come hither *Burris*.
Go see my Sister, and commend me to her,
And to my little Mistriss give this Token;
Tell her I'll see her shortly.

Bur. Yes, I shall, Sir. [*Ex. Bur. and Gent.*

Duke. Wait you without: I would yet try him further.

Bor. 'Twill not be much amiss: has your Grace heard yet
Of what he has done i'th' Field?

Duke. A Post but now
Came in, who saw 'em joyn, and has delivered,
The Enemy gave ground before he parted.

Bor. 'Tis well.

Duke. Come, speak thy mind man: 'tis not for fighting,
A noise of War, I keep thee in my bosom;
Thy ends are nearer to me; from my Childhood

SC. I THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Thou brought'st me up: and like another nature,
Made good all my necessities: speak boldly.

Bor. Sir, what I utter, will be thought but envy
Though I intend, high heaven knows, but your honour,
When vain and empty people shall proclaim me—
Good Sir excuse me.

Duke. Do you fear me for your Enemy?
Speak on your duty.

Bor. Then I must, and dare, Sir:
When he comes home, take heed the Court receive him not,
Take heed he meet not with their loves and praises,
That Glass will shew him ten times greater, Sir,
(And make him strive to make good that proportion,)
Than ere his fortune bred him, he is honourable,
At least I strive to understand him so,
And of a nature, if not this way poyson'd, (Sir;
Perfect enough, easie, and sweet, but those are soon seduc'd,
He's a great man, and what that Pill may work,
Prepar'd by general voices of the people,
Is the end of all my Counsel, only this, Sir,
Let him retire a while, there's more hangs by it
Than you know yet: there if he stand a while well,
But till the Souldier cool, whom, for their service
You must pay now most liberally, most freely,
And showre your self into 'em; 'tis the bounty
They follow with their loves, and not the bravery.

Enter two Gent.

Duke. But where's the Money? how now?

2 Gent. Sir, the Colonel,
Son to the Lord *Archas*, with most happy news
Of the *Tartars* overthrow, without here
Attends your Graces pleasure.

Bor. Be not seen, Sir,
He's a bold fellow, let me stand his Thunders,
To th' Court he must not come: no blessing here, Sir,
No face of favour, if you love your honour.

Enter Theodore.

Duke. Do what you think is meetest; I'll retire, Sir. [*Ex.*

Bor. Conduct him in, Sir—welcome noble Colonel.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT II

The. That's much from your Lordship : pray where's the

Bor. We hear you have beat the *Tartar*. (Duke ?)

The. Is he busie, Sir ?

Bor. Have ye taken *Olin* yet ?

The. I would fain speak with him.

Bor. How many men have ye lost ?

The. Do's he lye this way ?

Bor. I am sure you fought it bravely.

The. I must see him.

Bor. You cannot yet, ye must not, what's your Commission ?

The. No Gentleman o'th' Chamber here ?

Bor. Why, pray ye, Sir ?

Am not I fit to entertain your business ?

The. I think you are not, Sir ; I am sure ye shall not.

I bring no tales, nor flatteries : in my tongue, Sir,

I carry no fork'd stings.

Bor. You keep your bluntness.

The. You are deceiv'd : it keeps me : I had felt else
Some of your plagues ere this : but good Sir trifle not,
I have business to the Duke.

Bor. He's not well, Sir,
And cannot now be spoke withal.

The. Not well, Sir ?
How would he ha' been, if we had lost ? not well, Sir ?
I bring him news to make him well : his enemy
That would have burnt his City here, and your House too,
Your brave gilt house, my Lord, your honours hangings,
Where all your Ancestors, and all their Battels,
Their silk and golden Battels are decipher'd :
That would not only have abus'd your buildings,
Your goodly buildings, Sir, and have drunk dry your butteries,
Purloin'd your Lordships Plate, the Duke bestow'd on you,
For turning handsomly o'th' toe, and trim'd your Virgins,
Trim'd 'em of a new cut, and't like your Lordship,
'Tis ten to one, your Wife too, and the curse is
You had had no remedy against these Rascals,
No Law, and't like your Honour ; would have kill'd you too
And roasted ye, and eaten ye, ere this time :
Notable Knaves my Lord, unruly Rascals :
These youths have we ty'd up, put muzzels on 'em,

And par'd their Nails, that honest civil Gentlemen,
And such most noble persons as your self is,
May live in peace, and rule the land with a twine thread.
These news I bring.

Bor. And were they thus deliver'd ye?

The. My Lord, I am no pen-man, nor no Orator,
My tongue was never Oyl'd with Here and't like ye,
There I beseech ye, weigh, I am a Souldier,
And truth I covet only, no fine terms, Sir;
I come not to stand treating here; my business
Is with the Duke, and of such general blessing—

Bor. You have overthrown the enemy, we know it,
And we rejoyce in't; ye have done like honest Subjects,
You have done handsomely and well.

Theo. But well, Sir?

But handsomely and well? what are we juglers?
I'll do all that in cutting up a Capon.
But handsomely and well? does your Lordship take us
For the Dukes Tumblers? we have done bravely, Sir,
Ventur'd our lives like men.

Bor. Then bravely be it.

Theo. And for as brave rewards we look, and graces,
We have sweat and bled for't, Sir.

Bor. And ye may have it,
If you will stay the giving. Men that thank themselves first
For any good they do, take off the lustre,
And blot the benefit.

Theo. Are these the welcomes,
The Bells that ring out our rewards? pray heartily,
Early and late, there may be no more Enemies:
Do my good Lord, pray seriously, and sigh too,
For if there be—

Bor. They must be met, and fought with.

Theo. By whom? by you? they must be met and flatter'd.
Why, what a Devil ail'd ye to do these things?
With what assurance dare ye mock men thus?
You have but single lives, and those I take it
A Sword may find too: why do ye dam the Duke up?
And choak that course of love, that like a River
Should fill our empty veins again with comforts?

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT II

But if ye use these knick knacks,
This fast and loose, with faithful men and honest,
You'll be the first will find it.

Enter Archas, Souldiers, Putskey, Ancient, and others.

Boros. You are too untemperate.

Theo. Better be so, and thief too, than unthankful :
Pray use this old man so, and then we are paid all.
The Duke thanks ye for your service, and the Court thanks ye,
And wonderful desirous they are to see ye ;
Pray Heaven we have room enough to march for May-games,
Pageants, and Bone-fires for your welcome home, Sir.
Here your most noble friend the Lord *Boroskie*,
A Gentleman too tender of your credit,
And ever in the Dukes ear, for your good, Sir,
Crazie and sickly, yet to be your servant,
Has leapt into the open air to meet ye. (home, Sir ;

Bor. The best is, your words wound not, you are welcome
Heartily welcome home, and for your service,
The noble overthrow you gave the Enemy,
The Duke salutes ye too with all his thanks, Sir.

Anc. Sure they will now regard us.

Puts. There's a reason :

But by the changing of the Colonels countenance,
The rolling of his eyes like angry Billows ;
I fear the wind's not down yet, *Ancient*.

Arch. Is the Duke well, Sir ?

Boros. Not much unhealthy,
Only a little grudging of an Ague,
Which cannot last : he has heard, which makes him fearful,
And loth as yet to give your worth due welcome,
The sickness hath been somewhat hot i'th' Army,
Which happily may prove more doubt than danger,
And more his fear than fate ; yet howsoever,
An honest care—

Arch. Ye say right, and it shall be ;
For though upon my life 'tis but a rumor,
A meer opinion, without faith or fear in't ;
For Sir, I thank Heaven, we never stood more healthy,
Never more high and lusty ; yet to satisfie,

SC. I THE LOYAL SUBJECT

We cannot be too curious, or too careful
Of what concerns his state, we'll draw away, Sir,
And lodge at further distance, and less danger.

Boros. It will be well.

Anc. It will be very scurvy :

I smell it out, it stinks abominably,
Stir it no more.

Boros. The Duke, Sir, would have you too,
For a short day or two, retire to your own house,
Whither himself will come to visit ye,
And give ye thanks.

Arch. I shall attend his pleasure.

Anc. A trick, a lousie trick : so ho, a trick Boys.

Arch. How now, what's that ?

Anc. I thought I had found a Hare, Sir,
But 'tis a Fox, an old Fox, shall we hunt him ?

Arch. No more such words.

Boros. The Souldier's grown too sawcy,
You must tie him straiter up.

Arch. I do my best, Sir ;
But men of free-born minds sometimes will flie out.

Anc. May not we see the Duke ?

Boros. Not at this time, Gentlemen,
Your General knows the cause.

Anc. We have no Plague, Sir,
Unless it be in our pay, nor no Pox neither ;
Or if we had, I hope that good old Courtier
Will not deny us place there.

Puts. Certain my Lord,
Considering what we are, and what we have done ;
If not, what need ye may have, 'twould be better,
A great deal nobler ; and taste honester
To use us with more sweetness ; men that dig
And lash away their lives at the Carts tail,
Double our comforts ; meat, and their Masters thanks too,
When they work well, they have ; Men of our quality,
When they do well, and venture for't with valour,
Fight hard, lye hard, feed hard, when they come home, Sir,
And know these are deserving things, things worthy,
Can you then blame 'em if their minds a little

Be stir'd with glory? 'tis a pride becomes 'em,
 A little season'd with ambition,
 To be respected, reckon'd well, and honour'd
 For what they have done: when to come home thus poorly,
 And met with such unjointed joy, so looked on,
 As if we had done no more but drest a Horse well;
 So entertain'd, as if, I thank ye Gentlemen,
 Take that to drink, had pow'r to please a Souldier?
 Where be the shouts, the Bells rung out, the people?
 The Prince himself?

Arch. Peace: I perceive your eye, Sir,
 Is fixt upon this Captain for his freedom,
 And happily you find his tongue too forward;
 As I am Master of the place I carry,
 'Tis fit I think so too; but were I this man,
 No stronger tie upon me, than the truth
 And tongue to tell it, I should speak as he do's,
 And think with modesty enough, such Saints
 That daily thrust their loves and lives through hazards,
 And fearless for their Countries peace, march hourly
 Through all the doors of death, and know the darkest,
 Should better be canoniz'd for their service:
 What labour would these men neglect, what danger
 Where honour is, though seated in a Billow,
 Rising as high as Heaven, would not these Souldiers,
 Like to so many Sea-gods charge up to it?
 Do you see these swords? times Sythe was ne'er so sharp, Sir;
 Nor ever at one harvest mow'd such handfuls:
 Thoughts ne'er so sudden, nor belief so sure
 When they are drawn, and were it not sometimes
 I swim upon their angers to allay 'em,
 And like a calm depress their fell intentions;
 They are so deadly sure, nature would suffer—
 And whose are all these glories? why, their Princes,
 Their Countries, and their Friends? Alas, of all these,
 And all the happy ends they bring, the blessings,
 They only share the labours: A little joy then,
 And outside of a welcome, at an upshot
 Would not have done amiss, Sir; but howsoever
 Between me and my duty, no crack, Sir,

Sc. I THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Shall dare appear: I hope by my example
 No discontent in them: without doubt Gentlemen,
 The Duke will both look suddenly and truly
 On your deserts: Methinks 'twere good they were paid, Sir.

Bor. They shall be immediately; I stay for money;
 And any favour else—

Arch. We are all bound to ye;
 And so I take my leave, Sir; when the Duke pleases
 To make me worthy of his eyes—

Bor. Which will be suddenly,
 I know his good thoughts to ye.

Arch. With all duty,
 And all humility, I shall attend, Sir. (satisfied.)

Bor. Once more you are welcome home: these shall be

The. Be sure we be: and handsomly.

Arch. Wait you on me, Sir.

The. And honestly: no juggling.

Arch. Will ye come, Sir? [Exit.]

Bor. Pray do not doubt.

The. We are no Boys. [Exit.]

Enter a Gent. and 2 or 3 with Money

Bor. Well Sir. (Lordship.)

Gent. Here's mony from the Duke, and't please your

Bor. 'Tis well.

Gent. How sowre the Souldiers look?

Bor. Is't told?

Gent. Yes, and for every company a double pay,
 And the Dukes love to all.

Anc. That's worth a Duckett.

Bor. You that be Officers, see it discharg'd then,
 Why do not you take it up?

Anc. 'Tis too heavy:

'Body o'me, I have strain'd mine arm.

Bor. Do ye scorn it?

Anc. Has your Lor[d]ship any dice about ye? sit round
 And come on seven for my share. (Gentlemen,

Put. Do you think Sir,

This is the end we fight? can this durt draw us
 To such a stupid tameness, that our service

Neglected, and look'd lamely on, and skew'd at
 With a few honourable words, and this, is righted?
 Have not we eyes and ears, to hear and see Sir,
 And minds to understand the slights we carry?
 I come home old, and full of hurts, men look on me
 As if I had got 'em from a whore, and shun me;
 I tell my griefs, and fear my wants, I am answer'd,
 Alas 'tis pity! pray dine with me on Sunday:
 These are the sores we are sick of, the minds maladies,
 And can this cure 'em? you should have us'd us nobly,
 And for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us
 To the worlds eye, have shew'd and sainted us,
 Then ye had paid us bravely: then we had shin'd Sir,
 Not in this gilded stuff but in our glory:
 You may take back your mony.

Gent. This I fear'd still.

Bor. Consider better Gentlemen.

Anc. Thank your Lordship:

And now I'll put on my considering cap:
 My Lord, that I am no Courtier, you may guess it
 By having no sute to you for this mony:
 For though I want, I want not this, nor shall not,
 Whilst you want that civility to rank it
 With those rights we expected; mony grows Sir,
 And men must gather it, all is not put in one purse.
 And that I am no Carter, I could never whistle yet:
 But that I am a Souldier, and a Gentleman,
 And a fine Gentleman, and't like your honour,
 And a most pleasant companion: all you that are witty,
 Come list to my ditty: come set in boyes,
 With your Lordships patience.

How do you like my Song, my Lord? [Song. (better,

Bor. Even as I like your self, but 'twould be a great deal
 You would prove a great deal wiser, and take this mony,
 In your own phrase I speak now Sir, and 'tis very well
 You have learn'd to sing; for since you prove so liberal,
 To refuse such means as this, maintain your voice still,
 'Twill prove your best friend.

Anc. 'Tis a singing age Sir,
 A merry moon here now: I'll follow it:

SC. I THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Fidling, and fooling now, gains more than fighting.

Bor. What is't you blench at? what would you ask? speak

Sol. And so we dare: a triumph for the General. (freely.

Put. And then an honour special to his virtue.

Anc. That we may be prefer'd that have serv'd for it,
And cram'd up into favour like the worshipful,
At least upon the Cities charge made drunk
For one whole year; we have done 'em ten years service;
That we may enjoy our lechery without grudging,
And mine, or thine be nothing, all things equal,
And catch as catch may, be proclaim'd: that when we borrow,
And have no will to pay again, no Law
Lay hold upon us, nor no Court controule us.

Bor. Some of these may come to pass; the Duke may
And no doubt will: the General will find too, (do 'em,
And so will you, if you but stay with patience: I have no

Put. Nor will: come fellow Souldiers. (power.

Bor. Pray be not so distrustfull.

Put. There are waies yet,
And honest waies; we are not brought up Statues.

Anc. If your Lordship
Have any silk stockings, that have holes i'th' heels,
Or ever an honourable Cassock that wants buttons,
I could have cur'd such maladies: your Lordships custome
And my good Ladies, if the bones want setting
In her old bodies—

Bor. This is disobedience.

Anc. Eight pence a day, and hard Eggs.

Put. Troop off Gentlemen,
Some Coin we have, whilst this lasts, or our credits,
We'll never sell our Generals worth for six-pence.
Ye are beholding to us.

Anc. Fare ye well Sir,
And buy a pipe with that: do ye see this skarf Sir?
By this hand I'll cry Brooms in't, birchen Brooms Sir,
Before I eat one bit from your benevolence.
Now to our old occupations again.

By your leave Lord. [Exeunt.

Bor. You will bite when ye are sharper; take up the
This love I must remove, this fondness to him, (mony.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT II

This tenderness of heart ; I have lost my way else.
 There is no sending man, they will not take it,
 They are yet too full of pillage,
 They'l dance for't ere't be long :
 Come, bring it after.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, refus'd their mony ?

Bor. Very bravely,
 And stand upon such terms 'tis terrible.

Duke. Where's *Archas* ?

Bor. He's retir'd Sir, to his house,
 According to your pleasure, full of dutie
 To outward shew : but what within—

Duke. Refuse it ?

Bor. Most confidently : 'tis not your revenues
 Can feed the[m] Sir, and yet they have found a General
 That knows no ebbe of bountie : there they eat Sir,
 And loath your invitations.

Duke. 'Tis not possible,
 He's poor as they.

Bor. You'l find it otherwise.
 Pray make your journey thither presently,
 And as ye goe I'll open ye a wonder.
 Good Sir this morning.

Duke. Follow me, I'll doe it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA II.

Enter Olympia, Alinda, Burris, and Gentlewomen.

Olym. But do you think my Brother loves her ?

Bur. Certain Madam,
 He speaks much of her, and sometimes with wonder,
 Oft wishes she were nobler born.

Olym. Do you think him honest ?

Bur. Your Grace is nearer to his heart, than I am,
 Upon my life I hold him so.

Olym. 'Tis a poor wench,
 I would not have her wrong'd : methinks my Brother—
 But I must not give rules to his affections ;

SC. II THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Yet if he weigh her worth—

Bur. You need not fear Madam.

Olym. I hope I shall not: Lord *Burris*

I love her well; I know not, there is something

Makes me bestow more than a care upon her:

I do not like that ring from him to her;

I mean to women of her way, such tokens

Rather appear as baits, than royal bounties:

I would not have it so.

Bur. You will not find it,

Upon my troth I think his most ambition

Is but to let the world know h'as a handsom Mistris:

Will your grace command me any service to him?

Olym. Remember all my duty.

Bur. Blessings crown ye:

What's your will Lady?

Al. Any thing that's honest;

And if you think it fit, so poor a service,

Clad in a ragged vertue, may reach him,

I do beseech your Lordship speak it humbly.

Bur. Fair one I will: in the best phrase I have too,

And so I kiss your hand. *[Exit.]*

Al. Your Lordships Servant.

Olym. Come hither wench, what art thou doing with that

Al. I am looking on the posie, Madam. (Ring?)

Olym. What is't?

Al. The Jewel's set within.

Olym. But where the joy wench,

When that invisible Jewel's lost? why dost thou smile so?

What unhappy meaning hast thou?

Al. Nothing Madam,

But only thinking what strange spells these Rings have,

And how they work with some.

Pet. I fear with you too.

Al. This could not cost above a Crown.

Pet. 'Twill cost you

The shaving of your crown, if not the washing.

Olym. But he that sent it, makes the vertue greater.

Al. I and the vice too Madam: goodness bless me:

How fit 'tis for my finger!

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT II

2 *W.* No doubt you'l find too
A finger fit for you.

Al. Sirrah, *Petesca*,
What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this?
But thou hast Rings enough, thou art provided :
Heigh ho, what must I doe now?

Pet. You'l be taught that,
The easiest part that e're you learn't, I warrant you.

Al. Ay me, ay me.

Pet. You will divide too, shortly,
Your voice comes finely forward.

Olym. Come hither wanton,
Thou art not surely as thou saist.

Al. I would not :
But sure there is a witchcraft in this Ring, Lady,
Lord how my heart leaps !

Pet. 'Twill goe pit a pat shortly.

Al. And now methinks a thousand of the Dukes shapes.

2 *W.* Will no less serve ye?

Al. In ten thousand smiles.

Olym. Heaven bless the wench.

Al. With eyes that will not be deni'd to enter ;
And such soft sweet embraces ; take it from me,
I am undone else Madam : I 'm lost else.

Olym. What ailes the girle?

Al. How suddenly I 'm alter'd !
And grown my self again ! do not you feel it ?

Olym. Wear that, and I'll wear this :
I'll try the strength on't.

Al. How cold my bloud grows now !
Here's sacred vertue :

When I leave to honour this,
Every hour to pay a kiss,
When each morning I arise,
Or I forget a sacrifice :
When this figure in my faith,
And the pureness that it hath,
I pursue not with my will,
Nearer to arrive at still :
When I lose, or change this Jewel,

SC. III THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Flie me faith, and heaven be cruel.

Olym. You have half confirm'd me,
Keep but that way sure,
And what this charm can doe, let me endure. [Exeunt.

SCENA III.

Enter Archas, Theodore, 2 Daughters Honora and Viola.

Ar. Carry your self discreetly, it concerns me,
The Duke's come in, none of your froward passions,
Nor no distasts to any: Prethee *Theodor*,
By my life, boy, 'twill ruine me.

The. I have done Sir,
So there be no foul play he brings along with him.

Ar. What's that to you?
Let him bring what please him,
And whom, and how.

The. So they mean well—

Ar. Is't fit you be a Judge sirrah?

The. 'Tis fit I feel Sir.

Ar. Get a banquet ready,
And trim your selves up handsomly.

The. To what end?
Do you mean to make 'em whores?
Hang up a sign then,
And set 'em out to Livery.

Ar. Whose son art thou?

The. Yours Sir, I hope: but not of your disgraces.

Ar. Full twenty thousand men I have commanded,
And all their minds, with this calm'd all their angers;
And shall a boy of mine own breed too, of mine own blood,
One crooked stick—

The. Pray take your way, and thrive in't,
I'll quit your house; if taint or black dishonour
Light on ye, 'tis your own, I have no share in't.
Yet if it do fall out so, as I fear it,
And partly find it too—

Ar. Hast thou no reverence?
No dutie in thee?

The. This shall shew I obey ye:

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT II

I dare not stay : I would have shew'd my love too,
 And that you ask as duty, with my life Sir,
 Had you but thought me worthy of your hazards,
 Which heaven preserve ye from, and keep the Duke too :
 And there's an end of my wishes, God be with ye. [*Exit.*
Ar. Stubborn, yet full of that we all love, honesty.

Enter Burris.

Lord *Burris*, where's the Duke ?

Bur. In the great chamber Sir,
 And there staves till he see you, ye 'have a fine house here.

Ar. A poor contented lodge, unfit for his presence,
 Yet all the joy it hath.

Bur. I hope a great one, and for your good, brave Sir.

Ar. I thank ye Lord :
 And now my service to the Duke.

Bur. I'll wait on ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Boroskey, Gent. and Attendants.

Duke. May this be credited ?

Bor. Disgrace me else,
 And never more with favour look upon me.

Duke. It seems impossible.

Bor. It cannot chuse Sir,
 Till your own eyes behold it ; but that it is so,
 And that by this means the too haughtie Souldier
 Has been so cramm'd and fed, he cares not for ye ;
 Believe, or let me perish : Let your eyes
 As you observe the house, but where I point it,
 Make stay, and take a view, and then you have found it.

Enter Archas, Burris, 2 Daughters, and Servant.

Du. I'll follow your direction : welcome *Archas*,
 You are welcome home brave Lord, we are come to visit ye,
 And thank ye for your service.

Ar. 'Twas so poor Sir,
 In true respect of what I owe your Highness,
 It merits nothing.

Du. Are these fair ones yours, Lord ?

Ar. Their Mother made me think so Sir.

SC. IV THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Du. Stand up Ladies :

Beshrew my heart they are fair ones ; methinks fitter
The lustre of the Court, than thus live darken'd :
I would see your house Lord *Archas*, it appears to me
A handsom pile.

Ar. 'Tis neat but no great structure ;
I'll be your Graces guide, give me the keyes there.

Du. Lead on, we'll follow ye : begin with the Gallery,
I think that's one.

Ar. 'Tis so, and't please ye, Sir,
The rest above are lodgings all.

Du. Go on, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Theodore, Putskey, and Ancient.

Puts. The Duke gone thither, do you say ?

The. Yes marry do I,
And all the Ducklings too ; but what they'll do there—

Puts. I hope they'll crown his service.

The. With a Custard ;
This is no weather for rewards : they crown his service ?
Rather they go to shave his Crown : I was rated
As if I had been a Dog had worried Sheep, out of doors,
For making but a doubt.

Puts. They must now grace him.

The. Mark but the end. (him.

Anc. I am sure they should reward him, they cannot want

The. They that want honesty, want any thing.

Puts. The Duke is so noble in his own thoughts.

The. That I grant ye,
If those might only sway him : but 'tis most certain,
So many new born Flies his light gave life to,
Buzze in his beams, Flesh-flies, and Butterflies,
Hornets, and humming Scarabs, that not one honey Bee
That's loaden with true labour, and brings home
Encrease and Credit, can 'scape rifling,
And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to bitterness. ('em ?

Anc. Shall we go see what they do, and talk our mind to

Puts. That we have done too much, and to no purpose.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT II

Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him?
 I have a great mind to be hang'd now
 For doing some brave thing for him; a worse end will take me,
 And for an action of no worth; not honour him?
 Upon my Conscience, even the Devil, the very Devil
 (Not to belie him) thinks him an honest man,
 I am sure he has sent him souls any time these twenty years,
 Able to furnish all his Fish-markets.

The. Leave thy talking,
 And come, let's go to dinner and drink to him,
 We shall hear more ere supper time: if he be honour'd,
 He has deserv'd it well, and we shall fight for't:
 If he be ruin'd, so, we know the worst then,
 And for my self, I'll meet it.

Puts. I ne'r fear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, Archas, Boroskey, Burris, Gentlemen, and Attendants.

Du. They are handsome rooms all, well contriv'd and
 Full of convenience, the prospect's excellent. (fitted,

Arc. Now will your Grace pass down, and do me but
 To taste a Countrey Banquet? (the honour

Du. What room's that?
 I would see all now; what conveyance has it?

I see you have kept the best part yet; pray open it.

Arc. Ha! I misdoubted this: 'tis of no receipt, Sir,
 For your eyes most unfit—

Du. I long to see it, (painting,
 Because I would judge of the whole piece: some excellent
 Or some rare spoils you would keep to entertain me
 Another time, I know.

A[r]c. In troth there is not,
 Nor any thing worth your sight; below I have
 Some Fountains, and some Ponds.

Du. I would see this now.

Ar. *Boroskie*, thou art a Knave; it contains nothing
 But rubbish from the other rooms and unnecessaries:
 Will't please you see a strange Clock?

SC. V THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Du. This or nothing : [*Little Trunk ready.*]
 Why should you bar it up thus with defences
 Above the rest, unless it contain'd something
 More excellent, and curious of keeping?
 Open't, for I will see it.

Arc. The Keys are lost, Sir :
 Does your Grace think if it were fit for you,
 I could be so unmannerly?

Du. I will see it, and either shew it—

Arc. Good Sir—

Du. Thank ye, *Archas*,
 You shew your love abundantly,
 Do I use to entreat thus? force it open.

Bur. That were inhospitable; you are his Guest, Sir,
 And with his greatest joy, to entertain ye.

Du. Hold thy peace, Fool; will ye open it?

Arc. Sir, I cannot.
 I must not if I could.

Du. Go, break it open. (men.)

Arc. I must withstand that force: Be not too rash, Gentle-

Du. Unarm him first, then if he be not obstinate
 Preserve his life.

Arc. I thank your Grace, I take it;
 And now take you the Keys, go in, and see, Sir;
 There feed your eyes with wonder, and thank that Traytor,
 That thing that sells his faith for favour. [*Exit Duke.*]

Bur. Sir, what moves ye?

Arc. I have kept mine pure: Lord *Burris*, there's a *Judas*,
 That for a smile will sell ye all: a Gentleman?
 The Devil has more truth, and has maintain'd it;
 A Whores heart more belief in't.

Enter Duke.

Du. What's all this, *Archas*?
 I cannot blame you to conceal it so,
 This most inestimable Treasure.

Ar. Yours Sir.

Du. Nor do I wonder now the Souldier sleights me.

Arc. Be not deceiv'd; he has had no favour here, Sir,
 Nor had you known this now, but for that Pick-thank,

The lost man in his faith, he has reveal'd it,
 To suck a little honey from ye has betray'd it.
 I swear he smiles upon me, and forsworn too,
 Thou crackt, uncurrant Lord: I'll tell ye all, Sir:
 Your Sire, before his death, knowing your temper,
 To be as bounteous as the air, and open,
 As flowing in the Sea to all that follow'd ye,
 Your gr at mind fit for War and Glory, thriftily
 Like a great Husband to preserve your actions,
 Collected all this treasure; to our trusts,
 To mine I mean, and to that long-tongu'd Lord's there,
 He gave the knowledg and the charge of all this,
 Upon his death-Bed too: And on the Sacrament
 He swore us thus, never to let this Treasure
 Part from our secret keepings, till no hope
 Of Subject could relieve ye, all your own wasted,
 No help of those that lov'd ye could supply ye,
 And then some great exploit a foot; my honesty
 I would have kept till I had made this useful;
 I shew'd it, and I stood it to the tempest,
 And useful to the end 'twas left: I am cozen'd,
 And so are you too, if you spend this vainly;
 This Worm that crept into ye has abus'd ye,
 Abus'd your fathers care, abus'd his Faith too:
 Nor can this mass of money make him man more,
 A flea'd Dog has more soul, an Ape more honesty;
 All mine ye have amongst it, farewell that,
 I cannot part with't nobler; my heart's clear,
 My Conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't:
 But O thy Hell!

Bor. I seek no Heaven from you, Sir.

Arc. Thy gnawing Hell, *Boroskey*, it will find thee:
 Would ye heap Coals upon his head has wrong'd ye,
 Has ruin'd your estate? give him this money,
 Melt it into his mouth.

Du. What little Trunk's that?
 That there o'th' top, that's lockt?

Bor. You'll find it rich, Sir,
 Richer I think than all.

Arc. You were not covetous,

Sc. v THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Nor wont to weave your thoughts with such a courseness ;
Pray rack not Honesty.

Bor. Be sure you see it.

Du. Bring out the Trunk.

Enter with the Trunk.

Arc. You'll find that treasure too,
All I have left me now.

Du. What's this, a poor Gown ?
And this a piece of *Seneca* ?

Arc. Yes sure, Sir,
More worth than all your Gold, yet ye have enough on't,
And of a Mine far purer, and more precious ;
This sells no friends, nor searches into counsels,
And yet all counsel, and all friends live here, Sir ;
Betrays no Faith, yet handles all that's trusty :
Will't please you leave me this ?

Du. With all my heart, Sir.

Ar. What says your Lordship to't ?

Bor. I dare not rob ye.

Arc. Poor miserable men, you have rob'd your selves both ;
This Gown, and this unvalu'd Treasure, your brave Father,
Found me a Child at School with, in his progress.
Where such a love he took to some few answers,
Unhappy Boyish toys hit in my head then,
That suddenly I made him, thus as I was,
(For here was all the Wealth I brought his Highness)
He carried me to Court, there bred me up,
Bestow'd his favours on me, taught me the Arms first,
With those an honest mind ; I serv'd him truly,
And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd not ;
Let the World speak : I humbly thank your Highness,
You have done more, and nobler, eas'd mine age, Sir ;
And to this care a fair *Quietus* given,
Now to my Book again.

Du. You have your wish, Sir,
Let some bring off the treasure.

Bor. Some is his, Sir.

Arc. None, none, a poor unworthy reaper,
The Harvest is his Graces.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT III

Du. Thank you, *Archas*.

Arc. But will not you repent, Lord? when this is gone
Where will your Lordship?—

Bor. Pray take you no care, Sir.

Arc. Does your Grace like my House?

Du. Wondrous well, *Archas*,
You have made me richly welcome.

Arc. I did my best, Sir.

Is there any thing else may please your Grace?

Du. Your Daughters

I had forgot, send them to Court.

Arc. How's that, Sir?

Du. I said your Daughters; see it done: I'll have 'em
Attend my Sister, *Archas*.

Arc. Thank your Highness.

Du. And suddenly.

[*Exit.*

Arc. Through all the ways I dare,
I'll serve your temper, though you try me far.

[*Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Theodore, Putskey, Ancient and Servant.

The. I wonder we hear no news.

Puts. Here's your fathers servant,
He comes in haste too, now we shall know all, Sir.

The. How now?

Ser. I am glad I have met you, Sir; your father
Intreats you presently make haste unto him.

The. What news?

Ser. None of the best, Sir, I am asham'd to tell it,
Pray ask no more.

The. Did not I tell ye, Gentlemen?

Did not I prophesie? he's undone then.

Ser. Not so, Sir, but as near it—

Puts. There's no help now;
The Army's scatter'd all, through discontent,
Not to be rallied up in haste to help this.

Anc. Plague of the Devil; have ye watch'd your seasons?
We shall watch you ere long.

Sc. II THE LOYAL SUBJECT

The. Farewel, there's no cure,
We must endure all now : I know what I'll do.

[*Exeunt Theodore and Servant.*]

Puts. Nay, there's no striving, they have a hand upon us,
A heavy and a hard one.

Anc. Now I have it,
We have yet some Gentlemen, some Boys of mettle,
(What, are we bob'd thus still, colted, and carted ?)
And one mad trick we'll have to shame these Vipers ;
Shall I bless 'em ?

Puts. Farewel ; I have thought my way too. [*Exit.*]

Anc. Were never such rare Cries in Christendome,
As *Mosco* shall afford : we'll live by fooling
Now fighting's gone, and they shall find and feel it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Archas, Honora, and Viola.

Ar. No more, it must be so ; do you think I would send ye,
Your father and your friend—

Viol. Pray Sir, be good to us,
Alas, we know no Court, nor seek that knowledge ;
We are content with harmless things at home,
Children of your content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know our selves, to seek a Wisedome
From that we understand, easie and honest ;
To make our actions worthy of your Honour,
Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em ;
What shall we look for Sir, what shall we learn there,
That this more private sweetness cannot teach us ?
Vertue was never built upon ambition,
Nor the Souls Beauties bred out of Bravery :
What a terrible Father would you seem to us,
Now you have moulded us, and wrought our tempers
To easie and obedient ways, uncrooked,
Where the fair mind can never lose nor loiter,
Now to divert our Natures, now to stem us
Roughly against the tide of all this treasure ?
Would ye have us proud ? 'tis sooner bred than buried ;

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT III

Wickedly proud? for such things dwell at Court, Sir. (father,

Hon. Would ye have your Children learn to forget their
And when he dies dance on his Monument?

Shall we seek Vertue in a Sattin Gown;

Embroider'd Vertue? Faith in a well-curl'd Feather?

And set our Credits to the tune of green sleeves?

This may be done; and if you like, it shall be.

You should have sent us thither when we were younger,

Our maiden-heads at a higher rate; our Innocence

Able to make a Mart indeed: we are now too old, Sir,

Perhaps they'll think too cunning too, and slight us;

Besides, we are altogether unprovided,

Unfurnisht utterly of the rules should guide us:

This Lord comes, licks his hand, and protests to me;

Compares my Beauty to a thousand fine things;

Mountains, and Fountains, Trees, and Stars, and Goblins;

Now have not I the faith for to believe him;

He offers me the honourable courtesie,

To lye with me all night, what a misery is this?

I am bred up so foolishly, alas, I dare not,

And how madly these things will shew there.

Arc. I send ye not,

Like parts infected, to draw more corruption;

Like Spiders to grow great, with growing evil:

With your own Vertues season'd, and my prayers,

The Card of goodness in your minds, that shows ye

When ye sail false; the needle toucht with honour,

That through the blackest storms, still points at happiness;

Your Bodies the tall barks, rib'd round with goodness,

Your Heavenly Souls the Pilots, thus I send you;

Thus I prepare your Voyage; sound before ye,

And ever as you sail through this Worlds Vanity,

Discover Sholes, Rocks, Quicksands, cry out to ye,

Like a good Master tack about for Honour:

The Court is Vertue's School, at least it should be;

Nearer the Sun the Mine lies, the metal's purer:

Be it granted, if the spring be once infected,

Those Branches that flow from him must run muddy;

Say you find some Sins there, and those no small ones,

And they like lazie fits begin to shake ye:

Say they affect your strengths, my happy Children,
Great things through greatest hazards are atchiev'd still,
And then they shine, then goodness has his glory,
His Crown fast rivetted, then time moves under,
Where, through the mist of errors, like the Sun,
Through thick and pitchy Clouds, he breaks out nobly.

Hon. I thank you Sir, you have made me half a Souldier,
I will to Court most willingly, most fondly.
And if there be such stirring things amongst 'em,
Such Travellers into *Virginia*

As Fame reports, if they can win me, take me;
I think I have a close Ward, and a sure one;
An honest mind I hope, 'tis petticoat-proof,
Chain-proof, and Jewel-proof; I know 'tis Gold-proof,
A Coach and four Horses cannot draw me from it:
As for your handsome Faces, and filed Tongues,
Curl'd Millers heads, I have another word for them,
And yet I'll flatter too, as fast as they do,
And lye, but not as lewdly; Come, be valiant, Sister,
She that dares not stand the push o'th' Court, dares nothing,
And yet come off ungraced: Sir, like you,
We both affect great dangers now, and the World shall see
All glory lies not in Mans Victorie.

Arc. Mine own *Honora*.

Viol. I am very fearful,
Would I were stronger built: you would have me honest?

Arc. Or not at all my *Viola*.

Viol. I'll think on't,
For 'tis no easie promise, and live there:
Do you think we shall do well?

Hon. Why, what should aile us?

Viol. Certain they'll tempt us strongly; beside the glory
Which Women may affect, they are handsom Gentlemen,
Every part speaks: nor is it one denial,
Nor two, nor ten; from every look we give 'em,
They'll frame a hope; even from our prayers, promises.

Hon. Let 'em feed so, and be fat; there is no fear, wench,
I[f] thou beest fast to thy self.

Viol. I hope I shall be;
And your example will work more.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT III

Enter Theodore.

Hon. Thou shalt not want it.

The. How do you, Sir? can you lend a man an Angel?
I hear you let out money.

Arc. Very well, Sir,
You are pleasantly dispos'd: I am glad to see it.
Can you lend me your patience, and be rul'd by me?

The. Is't come to patience now?

Arc. Is't not a Vertue?

The. I know not: I ne'r found it so.

Arc. That's because

Thy anger ever knows, and not thy judgment.

The. I know you have been rifl'd.

Arc. Nothing less, Boy;

Lord, what opinions these vain People publish!
Rifl'd of what?

The. Study your Vertue, Patience,
It may get Mustard to your Meat. Why in such haste, Sir,
Sent ye for me?

Arc. For this end only, *Theodore*,
To wait upon your Sisters to the Court;
I am commanded they live there.

The. To th' Court, Sir?

Arc. To th' Court I say.

The. And must I wait upon 'em?

Arc. Yes, 'tis most fit you should, you are their Brother.

The. Is this the business? I had thought your mind, Sir,
Had been set forward on some noble action,
Something had truly stir'd ye. To th' Court with these?
Why, they are your Daughters, Sir.

Arc. All this I know, Sir.

The. The good old Woman on a Bed he threw:
To th' Court?

Arc. Thou art mad.

The. Nor drunk as you are:

Drunk with your duty, Sir: do you call it duty?

A pox of duty, what can these do there?

What should they do? Can ye look Babies, Sisters,
In the young Gallants eyes, and twirl their Band-strings?

SC. II THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Can ye ride out to air your selves? Pray Sir,
Be serious with me, do you speak this truly?

Arc. Why, didst thou never hear of Women
Yet at Court, Boy?

The. Yes, and good Women too, very good Women,
Excellent honest Women: but are you sure, Sir,
That these will prove so?

Hon. There's the danger, Brother.

The. God-a-mercy Wench, thou hast a grudging of it.

Arc. Now be you serious, Sir, and observe what I say,
Do it, and do it handsomly; go with 'em.

The. With all my heart, Sir; I am in no fault now;
If they be thought Whores for being in my Company;
Pray write upon their Backs, they are my Sisters,
And where I shall deliver 'em.

Arc. Ye are wondrous jocund,
But prithee tell me, art thou so lewd a Fellow?
I never knew thee fail a truth.

The. I am a Souldier,
And spell you what that means.

Arc. A Souldier?
What dost thou make of me?

The. Your Palate's down, Sir.

Arc. I thank ye, Sir.

The. Come, shall we to this matter?
You will to Court?

Hon. If you will please to honour us.

The. I'll honour ye, I warrant; I'll set ye off
With such a lustre, Wenches; alas poor *Viola*,
Thou art a fool, thou criest for eating white bread:
Be a good Huswife of thy tears, and save 'em,
Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em, Sister.
Do you weep too? nay, then I'll fool no more.
Come worthy Sisters, since it must be so,
And since he thinks it fit to try your Vertues,
Be you as strong to truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old Gentleman shall have joy of ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT III

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, and Burris.

Du. *Burris* take you ten thousand of those Crowns,
And those two Chains of Pearl they hold the richest,
I give 'em ye.

Bur. I humbly thank your Grace;
And may your great example work in me
That noble Charity to men more worthy,
And of more wants.

Du. You bear a good mind, *Burris*;
Take twenty thousand now : be not so modest,
It shall be so, I give 'em : go, there's my ring for't.

Bur. Heaven bless your Highness ever. [*Exit.*

Du. You are honest.

Enter Alinda, and Putskey at door.

Put. They're coming now to Court, as fair as vertue :
Two brighter Stars ne'er rose here.

Alin. Peace, I have it,
And what my Art can do ; the Duke—

Put. I am gone,
Remember. [*Exit.*

Alin. I am counsell'd to the full, Sir.

Duke. My pretty Mistris, whither lyes your business?
How kindly I should take this, were it to me now?

Alin. I must confess immediately to your Grace,
At this time.

Duke. You have no address, I do believe ye,
I would ye had.

Alin. 'Twere too much boldness, Sir,
Upon so little knowledge, less deserving.

Duke. You'll make a perfect Courtier.

Alin. A very poor one.

Duke. A very fair one, sweet ; come hither to me.
What killing eyes this Wench has ! in his glory
Not the bright Sun, when the *Sirian* Star reigns,
Shines half so fiery.

Alin. Why does your Grace so view me?
Nothing but common handsomness dwells here, Sir,

SC. III THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Scarce that : your Grace is pleas'd to mock my meanness.

Duke. Thou shalt not go : I do not lie unto thee,
In my eye thou appear'st—

Alin. Dim not the sight, Sir,
I am too dull an object.

Duke. Canst thou love me?
Canst thou love him will honour thee?

Alin. I can love,
And love as you do too : but 'twill not shew well :
Or if it do shew here where all light lustres,
Tinsel affections make a glorious glistening,
'Twill halt i'th' handsom way.

Duke. Are ye so cunning?
Dost think I love not truly?

Alin. No, ye cannot,
You never travel'd that way yet : pray pardon me,
I prate so boldly to you.

Duke. There's no harm done :
But what's your reason, sweet?

Alin. I would tell your Grace,
But happily—

Duke. It shall be pleasing to me.
Alin. I should love you again, and then you would hate me.
With all my service I should follow ye,
And through all dangers.

Duke. This would more provoke me,
More make me see thy worths,
More make me meet 'em.

Alin. You should do so, if ye did well and truly :
But though ye be a Prince, and have power in ye,
Power of example too, ye have fail'd and falter'd.

Duke. Give me example where?
Alin. You had a Mistris,
Oh Heaven, so bright, so brave a dame, so lovely,
In all her life so true!

Duke. A Mistris?
Alin. That serv'd you with that constancy, that care,
That lov'd your will, and woo'd it too.

Duke. What Mistris?
Alin. That nurs'd your honour up, held fast your vertue,

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT III

And when she kist encreas'd, not stole your goodness.

Duke. And I neglected her?

Alin. Lost her, forsook her,

Wantonly flung her off.

Duke. What was her name?

Alin. Her name as lovely as her self, as noble,
And in it all that's excellent.

Duke. What was it?

Alin. Her name was *Beau-desert* :

Do you know her now, Sir?

Duke. *Beau-desert*? I do not remember—

Alin. I know you do not;

Yet she has a plainer name; Lord *Archas* service;
Do you yet remember her? there was a Mistris
Fairer than Woman, far fonder to you, Sir,
Than Mothers to their first-born joyes: Can you love?
Dare you profess that truth to me a stranger,
A thing of no regard, no name, no lustre,
When your most noble love you have neglected,
A beauty all the world would woo and honour?
Would you have me credit this? think you can love me,
And hold ye constant, when I have read this story?
Is't possible you should ever favour me,
To a slight pleasure prove a friend, and fast too,
When, where you were most ty'd, most bound to benefit,
Bound by the chains of honesty and honour,
You have broke and boldly too? I am a weak one,
Arm'd only with my fears: I beseech your Grace
Tempt me no further.

Du. Who taught you this Lesson?

Alin. Woful experience, Sir: if you seek a fair one,
Worthy your love, if yet you have that perfect,
Two Daughters of his ruin'd virtue now
Arrive at Court, excellent fair indeed, Sir,
But this will be the Plague on't, they're excellent honest.

Enter Olympia and Petesca privately.

Du. I love thy face.

Alin. Upon my life ye cannot:
I do not love it my self, Sir, 'tis a lewd one,

SC. III THE LOYAL SUBJECT

So truly ill Art cannot mend it; but if 'twere handsome,
At least if I thought so, you should hear me talk, Sir,
In a new strain; and though ye are a Prince,
Make ye Petition to me too, and wait my answers;
Yet o' my Conscience I should pity ye,
After some ten years siege.

Du. Prethee do now.

Alin. What would ye do?

Du. Why I would lye with ye.

Alin. I do not think ye would.

Du. In troth I would Wench.

Here, take this Jewel.

Alin. Out upon't, that's scurvy.

Nay, if we do, sure we'll do for good fellowship,
For pure love, or nothing: thus you shall be sure, Sir,
You shall not pay too dear for't.

Du. Sure I cannot.

Alin. By'r Lady but ye may: when ye have found me able
To do your work well, ye may pay my wages.

Pet. Why does your Grace start back?

Olym. I ha' seen that shakes me:

Chills all my bloud: O where is faith or goodness?

Alinda thou art false, false, false thou fair one,
Wickedness false; and (wo is me) I see it.

For ever false.

Pet. I am glad 't has taken thus right. [*Exeunt.*]

Alin. I'll go ask my Lady, Sir.

Du. What? (willing—

Alin. Whether I shall lye with ye, or no: If I find her
For look ye Sir, I have sworn, while I am in her service—
('Twas a rash Oath I must confess.)

Du. Thou mockst me.

Alin. Why, would ye lye with me, if I were willing?
Would you abuse my weakness?

Du. I would piece it,
And make it stronger.

Alin. I humbly thank your highness,
When you piece me, you must piece me to my Coffin:
When you have got my Maiden-head, I take it,
'Tis not an inch of an Apes tail will restore it,

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT III

I love ye, and I honour ye, but this way
I'll neither love nor serve ye.

Heaven change your mind, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. And thine too:

For it must be chang'd, it shall be.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Boroskie, Burris, Theodore, Viola and Honora.

Bor. They are goodly Gentlewomen.

Bur. They are,

Wondrous sweet Women both.

Theo. Does your Lordship like 'em?

They are my Sisters, Sir; good lusty Lasses,

They'll do their labour well, I warrant ye,

You'll find no Bed-straw here, Sir.

Hon. Thank ye Brother.

The. This is not so strongly built: but she is good mettle,
Of a good stirring strain too: she goes tith, Sir.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Here they be, Gentlemen, must make ye merry,

The toys you wot of: do you like their complexions?

They be no Moors: what think ye of this hand, Gentlemen?

Here's a white Altar for your sacrifice:

A thousand kisses here. Nay, keep off yet Gentlemen,

Let's start first, and have fair play: what would ye give now

To turn the Globe up, and find the rich *Moluccas*?

To pass the straights? here (do ye itch) by *S^t Nicholas*,

Here's that will make ye scratch and claw,

Claw my fine Gentlemen, move ye in divers sorts:

Pray ye let me request ye, to forget

To say your prayers, whilst these are Courtiers;

Or if ye needs will think of Heaven, let it be no higher

Than their eyes.

Bor. How will ye have 'em bestow'd, Sir?

Theo. Even how your Lordship please,

So you do not bake 'em.

Bor. Bake 'em?

Theo. They are too high a meat that way, they run to gelly.

SC. IV THE LOYAL SUBJECT

But if you'll have 'em for your own diet, take my counsel,
Stew 'em between two Feather-beds.

Bur. Please you Colonel

To let 'em wait upon the Princess?

Theo. Yes, Sir,

And thank your honour too: but then happily,
These noble Gentlemen shall have no access to 'em,
And to have 'em buy new Cloaths, study new faces,
And keep a stinking stir with themselves for nothing,
'Twill not be well i'faith: they have kept their bodies,
And been at charge for Bathes: do you see that shirt there?
Weigh but the moral meaning, 'twill be grievous:
Alas, I brought 'em to delight these Gentlemen,
I weigh their wants by mine: I brought 'em wholesome,
Wholesome, and young my Lord, and two such blessings
They will not light upon again in ten years.

Bor. 'Tis fit they wait upon her.

Theo. They are fit for any thing:

They'll wait upon a man, they are not bashful,
Carry his Cloak, or unty his points, or any thing,
Drink drunk, and take Tobacco; the familiar'st fools—
This wench will leap over Stools too, and sound a Trumpet,
Wrestle, and pitch the Bar; they are finely brought up.

Bor. Ladies, ye are bound to your Brother,
And have much cause to thank him:
I'll ease ye of this charge, and to the Princess,
So please you, I'll attend 'em.

Theo. Thank your Lordship:

If there be e're a private corner as ye go, Sir,
A foolish lobbie out o'th' way, make danger,
Try what they are, try—

Bor. Ye are a merry Gentleman.

The. I would fain be your honours kinsman.

Bor. Ye are too curst, Sir.

(else.

The. Farewel wenches, keep close your ports, y'are washt

Hon. Brother, bestow your fears where they are needful.

[Exit Boros. Honor. Viol.

The. Honor thy name is, and I hope thy Nature.
Go after, Gentlemen, go, get a snatch if you can,
Yond' old *Erra Pater* will never please 'em.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT III

Alas I brought 'em for you, but see the luck on't,
 I swear I meant as honestly toward ye—
 Nay do not cry good Gentlemen: a little counsel
 Will do no harm: they'll walk abroad i'th' Evenings,
 Ye may surprize 'em easily, they wear no Pistols.
 Set down your minds in Metre, flowing Metre,
 And get some good old linnen Woman to deliver it,
 That has the trick on't: you cannot fail:
 Farewel Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Gent.*]

Bur. You have frighted off these flesh-flies.

The. Flesh-flies indeed my Lord.

Enter a Servant.

And it must be very stinking flesh they will not seize on.

Serv. Your Lordship bid me bring this Casket.

Bur. Yes, Good Colonel

Commend me to your worthy Father, and as a pledge

He ever holds my love, and service to him,

Deliver him this poor, but hearty token,

And where I may be his—

The. Ye are too noble;

A wonder here my Lord, that dare be honest,

When all men hold it vitious: I shall deliver it,

And with it your most noble love. Your servant. [*Ex. Bur.*]

Were there but two more such at Court, 'twere Sainted,

This will buy Brawn this Christmas yet, and Muscadine. [*Ex.*]

SCENE V.

*Enter Ancient, crying Brooms, and after him severally,
 four Souldiers, crying other things. Boroskie
 and Gent. over the Stage observing them.*

I. SONG.

Anc. *Broom, Broom, the bonnie Broom,
 Come buy my Birchen Broom,
 I'th' Wars we have no more room,
 Buy all my bonnie Broom,
 For a kiss take two;
 If those will not do,*

*For a little, little pleasure,
Take all my whole treasure :
If all these will not do't,
Take the Broom-man to boot.
Broom, Broom, the bonnie Broom.*

II. SONG.

- 1 Soul. *The Wars are done and gone,
And Souldiers now neglected, Pedlers are,
Come Maidens, come alone,
For I can show you handsome, handsome ware;
Powders for, for the head,
And drinks for your bed,
To make ye blith and bonney.
As well in the night we Souldiers can fight,
And please a young wench as any.*
- 2 Soul. *I have fine Potato's,
Ripe Potato's.*

III. SONG.

- 3 Soul. *Will ye buy any Honesty, come away,
I sell it openly by day,
I bring no forced light, nor no Candle
To cozen ye; come buy and handle:
This will shew the great man good,
The Tradesman where he swears and lyes,
Each Lady of a noble bloud,
The City dame to rule her eyes:
Ye are rich men now: come buy, and then
I'll make ye richer, honest men.*

IV. SONG.

- 4 Sol. *Have ye any crackt maiden-heads, to new leach or mend?
Have ye any old maiden-heads to sell or to change?
Bring 'em to me with a little pretty gin,
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a pin,
Shall make 'em as good maids agen,
As ever they have been.*

Bor. What means all this, why do y'sell Brooms *Ancient*?
Is it in wantonness, or want?

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT III

An. The only reason is,
To sweep your Lordships conscience: here's one for the nonce.
Gape Sir, you have swallowed many a goodlier matter—
The only casting for a crazie conscience.

3 *Sol.* Will your Lordship buy any honestie? 'twill be
B[o]r. How is this? (worth your mony.

3 *Sol.* Honestie my Lord, 'tis here in a quill.

An. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so subtle,
The least puffe of wind will blow it out o'th' Kingdom.

2 *Sol.* Will your Lordship please to taste a fine Potato?
'Twill advance your wither'd state.

Anc. Fill your honour full of most noble itches,
And make Jack dance in your Lordships breeches.

1 *Sol.* *If your Daughters on their beds,
Have bow'd, or crackt their maiden-heads;
If in a Coach with two much tumbling,
They chance to crie, fie, fo, what fumbling;
If her foot slip, and down fall she,
And break her leg 'bove the knee,
The one and thirtieth of Februarie let this be ta'ne,
And they shall be arrant maids again.*

Bor. Ye are brave Souldiers; keep your wantonness,
A winter will come on to shake this wilfulness.

Disport your selves, and when you want your mony—

[*Exit.*

Anc. Broom, Broom, &c.

[*Exeunt Singing.*

SCENA VI.

Enter Alinda, Honora, Viola.

Al. You must not be so fearfull, little one,
Nor Lady you so sad, you will ne're make Courtiers
With these dull sullen thoughts; this place is pleasure,
Preserv'd to that use, so inhabited;
And those that live here, live delightfull, joyfull:
These are the Gardens of *Adonis*, Ladies,
Where all sweets to their free and noble uses,
Grow ever young and courted.

Sc. vi THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Hon. Bless me Heaven,
Can things of her years arrive at these rudiments?
By your leave fair Gentlewoman, how long have you been
Al. Faith much about a week. (here?

Hon. You have studied hard,
And by my faith arriv'd at a great knowledge.

Viol. Were not you bashfull at first?

Al. I, I, for an hour or two:
But when I saw people laugh'd at me for it,
And thought it a dull breeding—

Hon. You are govern'd here then
Much after the mens opinions.

Al. Ever Lady.

Hon. And what they think is honourable.—

Al. Most precisely.

We follow with all faith.

Hon. A goodly Catechisme.

Viol. But bashfull for an hour or two?

Al. Faith to say true,

I do not think I was so long: for look ye,
'Tis to no end here, put on what shape ye will,
And soure your self with ne're so much austeritie,
You shall be courted in the same, and won too,
'Tis but some two hours more; and so much time lost,
Which we hold pretious here: In so much time now
As I have told you this, you may lose a Servant,
Your age, nor all your Art can e're recover.
Catch me occasion as she comes, hold fast there,
Till what you do affect is ripn'd to ye.
Has the Duke seen ye yet?

Hon. What if he have not?

Al. You do your beauties too much wrong, appearing
So full of sweetness, newness; set so richly,
As if a Counsel beyond nature fram'd ye.

Hon. If we were thus, say heaven had given these bles-
Must we turn these to sin-oblations? (sings,

Al. How foolishly this Countrey way shews in ye?
How full of flegm? do you come here to pray, Ladies?
You had best cry, stand away, let me alone Gentlemen,
I'll tell my Father else.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT III

Viol. This woman's naught sure,
A very naughtie woman.

Hon. Come, say on friend,
I'll be instructed by ye.

Al. You'll thank me for't. (speaking of.

Hon. Either I or the devil shall: The Duke you were

Al. 'Tis well remembered: yes, let him first see you,
Appear not openly till he has view'd ye.

Hon. He's a very noble Prince they say.

Al. O wondrous gracious;
And as you may deliver your self at the first viewing.
For look ye, you must bear your self; yet take heed
It be so season'd with a sweet humilitie,
And grac'd with such a bountie in your beautie—

Hon. But I hope he will offer me no ill?

Al. No, no:
'Tis like he will kiss ye, and play with ye.

Hon. Play with me, how?

Al. Why, good Lord, that you are such a fool now!
No harm assure your self.

Viol. Will he play with me too?

Al. Look babies in your eyes, my prettie sweet one:
There's a fine sport: do you know your lodgings yet?

Hon. I hear of none.

Al. I do then, they are handsom,
Convenient for access.

Viol. Access?

Al. Yes little one,
For visitation of those friends and Servants,
Your beauties shall make choice of: friends and visits:
Do not you know those uses? Alas poor novice;
There's a close Cowch or two, handsomely placed too.

Viol. What are those I pray you? (are to lie upon,

Al. Who would be troubled with such raw things? they
And your love by ye; and discourse, and toy in.

Viol. Alas I have no love.

Al. You must by any means:
You'll have a hundred, fear not.

Viol. Honestie keep me:
What shall I doe with all those?

SC. VI THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Al. You'l find uses :

Ye are ignorant yet, let time work ; you must learn too,
To lie handsomly in your bed a mornings, neatly drest
In a most curious Wastcoat, to set ye off well,
Play with your Bracelets, sing : you must learn to rhyme too,
And riddle neatly ; studie the hardest language,
And 'tis no matter whether it be sense, or no,
So it go seemlie off. Be sure ye profit
In kissing, kissing sweetly : there lies a main point,
A key that opens to all practick pleasure ;
I'le help ye to a friend of mine shall teach ye,
And suddenlie : your Country way is fulsome.

Hon. Have ye schools for all these mysteries ?

Al. O yes,

And several hours prefix'd to studie in :
Ye may have Kalenders to know the good hour,
And when to take a jewel : for the ill too,
When to refuse, with observations on 'em ;
Under what Sign 'tis best meeting in an Arbor,
And in what Bower, and hour it works ; a thousand,
When in a Coach, when in a private lodging,
With all their vertues.

Hon. Have ye studied these ?

How beastly they become your youth ? how bawdily ?
A woman of your tenderness, a teacher,
Teacher of these lewd Arts ? of your full beauty ?
A man made up in lust would loath this in ye :
The rankest Leacher, hate such impudence.
They say the Devil can assume heavens brightness,
And so appear to tempt us : sure thou art no woman.

Al. I joy to find ye thus.

Hon. Thou hast no tenderness,

No reluctance in thy heart : 'tis mischief.

Al. All's one for that ; read these and then be satisf'd,
A few more private rules I have gather'd for ye,
Read 'em, and well observe 'em : so I leave ye. [*Exit.*]

Viol. A wond[ro]us wicked woman : shame go with thee.

Hon. What new *Pandoras* box is this ? I'le see it,
Though presently I tear it. Read Thine *Viola*,
'Tis in our own wills to believe and follow.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT IV

*Worthy Honora, as you have begun
In vertues spotless school, so forward run:
Pursue that nobleness, and chaste desire
You ever had, burn in that holy fire;
And a white Martyr to fair memorie
Give up your name, unsoil'd of infamy.*

How's this? Read yours out Sister: this amazes me.

*Vio. Fear not thou yet unblasted Violet,
Nor let my wanton words a doubt beget,
Live in that peace and sweetness of thy bud,
Remember whose thou art, and grow still good.
Remember what thou art, and stand a storie
Fit for thy noble Sex, and thine own glorie.*

Hon. I know not what to think.

*Viol. Sure a good woman,
An excellent woman, Sister.*

*Hon. It confounds me;
Let 'em use all their arts, if these be their ends,
The Court I say breeds the best foes and friends.
Come, let's be honest wench, and doe our best service.*

Viol. A most excellent woman, I will love her. [Exeunt.]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Olympia with a Casket, and Alinda.

Al. M Adam, the Duke has sent for the two Ladies.

*Olym. I prethee go: I know thy thoughts are with
Go, go Alinda, do not mock me more. (him.
I have found thy heart wench, do not wrong thy Mistris,
Thy too much loving Mistris: do not abuse her.*

Al. By your own fair hands I understand ye not.

*Olym. By thy own fair eyes I understand thee too much,
Too far, and built a faith there thou hast ruin'd.
Goe, and enjoy thy wish, thy youth, thy pleasure,
Enjoy the greatness no doubt he has promised,
Enjoy the service of all eyes that see thee,
The glory thou hast aim'd at, and the triumph:*

Only this last love I ask, forget thy Mistris.

Al. Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has ruin'd me?
Poor wretched Girle, what poyson is flung on thee?
Excellent vertue, from whence flows this anger?

Ol. Go, ask my Brother, ask the faith thou gav'st me,
Ask all my favours to thee, ask my love,
Last, thy forgetfulness of good: then flye me,
For we must part *Alinda*.

Al. You are weary of me;
I must confess, I was never worth your service,
Your bounteous favours less; but that my duty,
My ready will, and all I had to serve ye—
O Heaven thou know'st my honestie.

Olym. No more:
Take heed, heaven has a justice: take this ring with ye,
This doting spell you gave me: too well *Alinda*,
Thou knew'st the vertue in't; too well I feel it:
Nay keep that too, it may sometimes remember ye,
When you are willing to forget who gave it,
And to what vertuous end.

Al. Must I goe from ye?
Of all the sorrows sorrow has—must I part with ye?
Part with my noble Mistris?

Olym. Or I with thee wench.

Al. And part stain'd with opinion? Farewel Lady,
Happy and blessed Lady, goodness keep ye:
Thus your poor Servant full of grief turns from ye,
For ever full of grief, for ever from ye.
I have no being now, no friends, no Country,
I wander heaven knows whither, heaven knows how.
No life, now you are lost: only mine innocence,
That little left me of my self, goes with me,
That's all my bread and comfort. I confess Madam,
Truely confess, the Duke has often courted me.

Olym. And pour'd his Soul into thee, won thee.

Al. Do you think so?
Well, time that told this tale, will tell my truth too,
And say ye had a faithfull, honest Servant:
The business of my life is now to pray for ye,
Pray for your vertuous loves; Pray for your children,

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT IV

When Heaven shall make ye happy.

Olym. How she wounds me!

Either I am undone, or she must go: take these with ye,
Some toys may doe ye service; and this mony;
And when ye want, I love ye not so poorly,
Not yet *Alinda*, that I would see ye perish.
Prethee be good, and let me hear: look on me,
I love those eyes yet dearly; I have kiss'd thee,
And now I'll doe't again: Farewel *Alinda*,
I am too full to speak more, and too wretched. [*Exit.*

Al. You have my faith,
And all the world my fortune. [*Exit.*

SCENA II.

Enter Theodor.

The. I would fain hear
What becomes of these two Wenches:
And if I can, I will doe 'em good.

Enter Gentleman, passing over the Stage.

Do you hear my honest friend?
He knows no such name:
What a world of business,
Which by interpretation are meer nothings,
These things have here! 'Mass now I think on't better,
I wish he be not sent for one of them
To some of these by-lodgings: me thought I saw
A kind of reference in his face to Bawderie.

*Enter Gentleman, with a Gentlewoman, passing
over the Stage.*

He has her, but 'tis none of them: hold fast thief:
An excellent touzing knave. Mistris
You are to suffer your penance some half hour hence now.
How far a fine Court Custard with Plums in it
Will prevail with one of these waiting Gentlewomen,
They are taken with these soluble things exceedingly;
This is some yeoman o'th' bottles now that has sent for her,

SC. II THE LOYAL SUBJECT

That she calls Father: now woe to this Ale incense.
By your leave Sir.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Well Sir; what's your pleasure with me?

The. You do not know the way to the maids lodgings?

Ser. Yes indeed do I Sir.

The. But you will not tell me?

Ser. No indeed will not I, because you doubt it. [*Exit.*]

Enter 2 Servant.

The. These are fine gim-cracks: hey, here comes another,
A Flagon full of wine in's hand, I take it.

Well met my friend, is that wine?

2 Ser. Yes indeed is it.

The. Faith I'll drink on't then.

2 Ser. Ye may, because ye have sworn Sir.

The. 'Tis very good, I'll drink a great deal now Sir.

2 Ser. I cannot help it Sir.

The. I'll drink more yet.

2 Ser. 'Tis in your own hands.

The. There's your pot, I thank ye.

Pray let me drink again.

2 Ser. Faith but ye shall not.

Now have I sworn I take it. Fare ye well Sir. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lady.

The. This is the fin'st place to live in I e're enter'd.
Here comes a Gentlewoman, and alone; I'll to her.
Madam, my Lord my Master.

Lady. Who's your Lord Sir?

The. The Lord *Boroskey*, Lady.

Lady. Pray excuse me:

Here's something for your pains: within this hour Sir,
One of the choice young Ladies shall attend him:
Pray let it be in that Chamber juts out to the water;
'Tis private and convenient: doe my humble service
To my honourable good Lord, I beseech ye Sir;
If it please you to visit a poor Lady—
You carrie the 'haviour of a noble Gentleman.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT IV

The. I shall be bold.

Lady. 'Tis a good aptness in ye.

I lye here in the Wood-yard, the blue lodgings Sir;
They call me merrily the Lady of the —— Sir;
A little I know what belongs to a Gentleman,
And if it please you take the pains.

[*Exit.*

The. Dear Lady, take the pains?

Why a horse would not take the pains that thou requir'st now,
To cleave old crab-tree: one of the choice young Ladies?
I would I had let this Bawd goe, she has frighted me;
I am cruelly afraid of one of my Tribe now;
But if they will doe, the Devil cannot stop 'em.
Why should he have a young Lady? are women now
O'th' nature of Bottles, to be stopt with Corks?
O the thousand little furies that flye here now!
How now Captain?

Enter Putsky.

Puts. I come to seek you out Sir,
And all the Town I have travell'd.

The. What's the news man?

Puts. That that concerns us all, and very nearly:
The Duke this night holds a great feast at Court,
To which he bids for guests all his old Counsellors,
And all his favourites: your Father's sent for.

The. Why he is neither in council, nor in favour.

Pu. That's it: have an eye now, or never, and a quick one,
An eye that must not wink from good intelligence.
I heard a Bird sing, they mean him no good office.

Enter Ancient.

The. Art sure he sups here?

Puts. Sure as 'tis day.

The. 'Tis like then:

How now, where hast thou been *Ancient*?

Anc. Measuring the City:

I have left my Brooms at gate here;

By this time the Porter has stole 'em to sweep out Rascals.

Theod. Bro[o]ms?

Anc. I have been crying Brooms all the town over,

SC. III THE LOYAL SUBJECT

And such a Mart I have made, there's no tread near it.
O the young handsom wenches, how they twitter'd,
When they but saw me shake my ware, and sing too;
Come hither Master Broom-man I beseech ye:
Good Master Broom-man hither, cries another.

The. Thou art a mad fellow.

Anc. They are all as mad as I: they all have tra[de]s now,
And roar about the streets like Bull-beggars.

The. What company of Souldiers are they?

Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thousand tall and hardy Souldiers,
If need be Colonel.

The. That need's come *Ancient*,
And 'twas discreetly done: goe, draw 'em presently,
But without suspicion: this night we shall need 'em;
Let 'em be near the Court, let *Putskie* guide 'em;
And wait me for occasion: here I'll stay still.

Puts. If it fall out we are ready; if not we are scatter'd:
I'll wait ye at an inch.

The. Doe, Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

Enter Duke, Borosky.

Duke. Are the Souldiers still so mutinous?

Bor. More than ever,

No Law nor Justice frights 'em: all the Town over
They play new pranks and gambols: no mans person,
Of what degree soever, free from abuses:
And durst they doe this, (let your grace consider)
These monstrous, most offensive things, these villanies,
If not set on, and fed? if not by one
They honour more than you? and more aw'd by him?

Duke. Happily their own wants.

Boros. I offer to supply 'em,
And every hour make tender of their moneys:
They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it:
I fear the next device will be my life Sir;
And willingly I'll give it, so they stay there.

Duke. Do you think Lord *Archas* privie?

Bor. More than thought,
I know it Sir, I know they durst not doe
These violent rude things, abuse the State thus,
But that they have a hope by his ambitions—

Duke. No more: he's sent for?

Boros. Yes, and will be here sure.

Duke. Let me talk further with you anon.

Boros. I'll wait Sir.

Duke. Did you speak to the Ladies?

Boros. They'l attend your grace presently.

Duke. How do you like 'em?

Boros. My eyes are too dull Judges.

They wait here Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Honora, and Viola.

Duke. Be you gone then: Come in Ladies,
Welcom to th' court sweet beauties; now the court shines,
When such true beams of beauty strike amongst us:
Welcom, welcom, even as your own joyes welcom.
How do you like the Court? how seems it to you?
Is't not a place created for all sweetness?
Why were you made such strangers to this happiness?
Barr'd the delights this holds? the richest jewels
Set ne're so well, if then not worn to wonder,
By judging eyes not set off, lose their lustre:
Your Country shades are faint; blasters of beauty;
The manners like the place, obscure and heavie;
The Rose buds of the beauties turn to cankers,
Eaten with inward thoughts: whilst there ye wander.
Here Ladies, here, you were not made for Cloisters,
Here is the Sphere you move in: here shine nobly,
And by your powerfull influence command all:
What a sweet modestie dwells round about 'em,
And like a nipping morn pulls in their blossoms?

Hon. Your grace speaks cunningly, you doe not this,
I hope Sir, to betray us; we are poor triumphs;
Nor can our loss of honour adde to you Sir:
Great men, and great thoughts, seek things great and worthy,
Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em;
Conquests so nobly won, can never perish;

Sc. III THE LOYAL SUBJECT

We are two simple maids, untutor'd here Sir;
Two honest maids, is that a sin at Court Sir?
Our breeding is obedience, but to good things,
To vertuous and to fair: what wou'd you win on us?
Why do I ask that question, when I have found ye?
Your Preamble has pour'd your heart out to us;
You would dishonour us; which in your translation
Here at the Court reads thus, your grace would love us,
Most dearly love us: stick us up for mistresses:
Most certain, there are thousands of our sex Sir
That would be glad of this, and handsom women,
And crowd into this favour, fair young women,
Excellent beauties Sir: when ye have enjoy'd 'em,
And suckt those sweets they have, what Saints are these then?
What worship have they won? what name you gness Sir,
What storie added to their time, a sweet one?

Duke. A brave spirited wench.

Hon. I'll tell your grace,
And tell ye true: ye are deceiv'd in us two,
Extreamly cozen'd Sir: And yet in my eye
You are the handsomst man I ever lookt on,
The goodliest Gentleman; take that hope with ye;
And were I fit to be your wife (so much I honour ye)
Trust me I would scratch for ye but I would have ye.
I would wooe you then.

Duke. She amazes me:

But how am I deceiv'd?

Hon. O we are too honest,
Believe it Sir, too honest, far too honest,
The way that you propound too ignorant,
And there is no meddling with us; for we are fools too,
Obstinate, peevish fools: if I would be ill,
And had a wantons itch, to kick my heels up,
I would not leap into th' Sun, and doe't there,
That all the world might see me: an obscure shade Sir,
Dark as the deed, there is no trusting light with it,
Nor that that's lighter far, vain-glorious greatness.

Duke. You will love me as your friend?

Ho[n]. I will honour ye,
As your poor humble handmaid serve, and pray for ye.

Du. What sayes my little one ; you are not so obstinate ?
 Lord how she blushes : here are truly fair souls :
 Come you will be my love ?

Viol. Good Sir be good to me,
 Indeed I'll doe the best I can to please ye ;
 I do beseech your grace : Alas I fear ye.

Duke. What shouldst thou fear ?

Hon. Fie Sir, this is not noble.

Duke. Why do I stand entreating, where my power—

Hon. You have no power, at least you ought to have none
 In bad and beastly things : arm'd thus, I'll dye here,
 Before she suffer wrong.

Duke. Another *Archbas* ?

Hon. His child Sir, and his spirit.

Duke. I'll deal with you then,
 For here's the honour to be won : sit down sweet,
 Prethee *Honora* sit.

Hon. Now ye intreat I will Sir.

Duke. I doe, and will deserve it.

Hon. That's too much kindness.

Duke. Prethee look on me.

Hon. Yes : I love to see ye,
 And could look on an age thus, and admire ye :
 Whilst ye are good and temperate I dare touch ye,
 Kiss your white hand.

Duke. Why not my lips ?

Hon. I dare Sir.

Duke. I do not think ye dare.

Hon. I am no coward.

D[o] you believe me now ? or now ? or now Sir ?
 You make me blush : but sure I mean no ill Sir :
 It had been fitter you had kiss'd me.

Du. That I'll doe too.
 What hast thou wrought into me ?

Hon. I hope all goodness :
 Whilst ye are thus, thus honest, I dare do any thing,
 Thus hang about your neck, and thus doat on ye ;
 Bless those fair lights : hell take me if I durst not—
 But good Sir pardon me. Sister come hither,
 Come hither, fear not wench : come hither, blush not,

SC. III THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Come kiss the Prince, the vertuous Prince, the good Prince:
Certain he is excellent honest.

Du. Thou wilt make me—

Hon. Sit down, and hug him softly.

Du. Fie *Honora*,

Wanton *Honora*; is this the modesty,
The noble chastity your on-set shew'd me,
At first charge beaten back? Away.

Hon. Thank ye:

Upon my knees I pray, heaven too may thank ye;
Ye have deceiv'd me cunningly, yet nobly
Ye have cozen'd me: In all your hopefull life yet,
A Scene of greater honour you ne're acted:
I knew fame was a liar, too long, and loud tongu'd,
And now I have found it: O my vertuous Master.

Viol. My vertuous Master too.

Hon. Now you are thus,

What shall become of me let fortune cast for't.

Enter Alinda.

Du. I'll be that fortune, if I live *Honora*,
Thou hast done a cure upon me, counsel could not.

Al. Here take your ring Sir, and whom ye mean to ruine,
Give it to her next; I have paid for't dearly.

Hon. A Ring to her?

Du. Why frowns my fair *Alinda*?
I have forgot both these again.

Al. Stand still Sir,
Ye have that violent killing fire upon ye,
Consumes all honour, credit, faith.

Hon. How's this?

Al. My Royal Mistris favour towards me,
Woe-worth ye Sir, ye have poyson'd, blasted.

Duke. I sweet?

Al. You have taken that unmanly liberty,
Which in a worse man, is vain glorious feigning,
And kill'd my truth.

Du. Upon my life 'tis false wench.

Al. Ladies,
Take heed, ye have a cunning gamester,

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT IV

A handsom, and a high; come stor'd with Antidotes,
He has infections else will fire your blouds.

Du. Prethee *Alinda* hear me.

Al. Words steep in hony,
That will so melt into your minds, buy Chastity,
A thousand wayes, a thousand knots to tie ye;
And when he has bound ye his, a thousand ruines.
A poor lost woman ye have made me.

Du. I'll maintain thee,
And nobly too.

Al. That Gin's too weak to take me:
Take heed, take heed young Ladies: still take heed,
Take heed of promises, take heed of gifts,
Of forced feigned sorrows, sighs, take heed.

Du. By all that's mine, *Alinda*—

Al. Swear
By your mischiefs:
O whither shall I goe?

Duke. Go back again,
I'll force her take thee, love thee.

Alin. Fare ye well, Sir,
I will not curse ye; only this dwell with ye,
When ever ye love, a false belief light on ye.

[*Exit.*

Hon. We'll take our leaves too, Sir.

Duke. Part all the world now,
Since she is gone.

Hon. You are crooked yet, dear Master,
And still I fear—

[*Exeunt.*

Duke. I am vext,
And some shall find it.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Archas and a Servant.

Ar. 'Tis strange
To me to see the Court, and welcome:
O Royal place, how have I lov'd and serv'd thee?
Who lies on this side, know'st thou?

Ser. The Lord *Burris*.

Ar. Thou hast nam'd a Gentleman

Sc. IV THE LOYAL SUBJECT

I stand much bound to:

I think he sent the Casket, Sir?

Ser. The same, Sir.

Ar. An honest minded man, a noble Courtier:
The Duke made perfect choice when he took him.
Go you home, I shall hit the way
Without a guide now.

Ser. You may want something, Sir.

Ar. Only my Horses,
Which after Supper let the Groom wait with:
I'll have no more attendance here.

Ser. Your will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter Theodore.

Theo. You are well met here, Sir.

Ar. How now boy,
How dost thou?

The. I should ask
You that question: how do you, Sir?
How do you feel your self?

Ar. Why well, and lusty.

The. What do you here then?

Ar. Why I am sent for
To Supper with the Duke.

The. Have you no meat at home?
Or do you long to feed as hunted Deer do,
In doubt and fear?

Ar. I have an excellent stomach,
And can I use it better
Than among my friends, Boy?
How do the Wenches?

The. They do well enough, Sir,
They know the worst by this time: pray be rul'd, Sir,
Go home again, and if ye have a Supper,
Eat it in quiet there: this is no place for ye,
Especially at this time,
Take my word for't.

Ar. May be they'll drink hard;
I could have drunk my share, Boy.
Though I am old, I will not out.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT IV

The. I hope you will.
Hark in your ear: the Court's
Too quick of hearing.

Ar. Not mean me well?
Thou art abus'd and cozen'd.
Away, away.

The. To that end Sir, I tell ye.
Away, if you love your self.

Ar. Who dare do these things,
That ever heard of honesty?

The. Old Gentleman,
Take a fools counsel.

Ar. 'Tis a fools indeed;
A very fools: thou hast more of
These flams in thee, these musty doubts:
Is't fit the Duke send for me,
And honour me to eat within his presence,
And I, like a tale fellow, play at bo-peep
With his pleasure?

The. Take heed
Of bo-peep with your pate, your pate, Sir,
I speak plain language now.

Ar. If 'twere not here,
Where reverence bids me hold,
I would so swinge thee, thou rude,
Unmanner'd Knave; take from his bounty,
His honour that he gives me, to beget
Sawcy, and sullen fears?

The. You are not mad sure:
By this fair light, I speak
But what is whisper'd,
And whisper'd for a truth.

Ar. A Dog: drunken people,
That in their Pot see visions,
And turn states, mad-men and Children:
Prethee do not follow me;
I tell thee I am angry:
Do not follow me.

The. I am as angry
As you for your heart,

Sc. v THE LOYAL SUBJECT

I and as wilful too: go, like a Wood-cock,
And thrust your neck i'th' noose.

Ar. I'll kill thee,
And thou speakst but three words more.
Do not follow me.

[*Exit.*

The. A strange old foolish fellow: I shall hear yet,
And if I do not my part, hiss at me. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Enter two Servants preparing a Banquet.

1 Serv. Believe me fellow here will be lusty drinking.
Many a washt pate in Wine I warrant thee. (science)

2 Ser. I am glad the old General's come: upon my Con-
That joy will make half the Court drunk. Hark the Trumpets,
They are coming on; away.

1 Ser. We'll have a rowse too. [Exeunt.]

Enter Duke, Archas, Burris, Boroskie, Attend. Gent.

Duke. Come seat your selves: Lord *Archas* sit you there.

Ar. 'Tis far above my worth.

Duke. I'll have it so:

Are all things ready?

Bor. All the Guards are set,
The Court Gates are shut.

Duke. Then do as I prescrib'd ye.
Be sure no further.

Bor. I shall well observe ye. (men;

Du. Come bring some wine: here's to my Sister, Gentle-
A health, and mirth to all.

Ar. Pray fill it full, Sir.

'Tis a high health to vertue: here Lord *Burris*,
A maiden health: you are most fit to pledge it,
You have a maiden soul and much I honour it.
Passion o' me, ye are sad man.

Duke. How now, *Burris*?
Go to, no more of this.

Ar. Take the rowse freely,
'Twill warm your blood, and make ye fit for jollity.
Your Graces pardon: when we get a cup, Sir,

We old men prate a pace.

Du. Mirth makes a Banquet;

As you love me no more.

Bur. I thank your Grace.

Give me it; Lord *Boroskie*.

Boros. I have ill brains, Sir.

Bur. Damnable ill, I know it.

Boros. But I'll pledge, Sir,

This vertuous health.

Bur. The more unfit for thy mouth.

Enter two Servants with Cloaks.

Du. Come, bring out Robes, and let my guests look nobly,
Fit for my love and presence: begin downward.
Off with your Cloaks, take new.

Ar. Your grace deals truly,
Like a munificent Prince, with your poor subjects,
Who would not fight for you? what cold dull coward
Durst seek to save his life when you would ask it?
Begin a new health in your new adornments,
The Dukes, the Royal Dukes: ha! what have I got
Sir? ha! the Robe of death?

Du. You have deserv'd it.

Ar. The Livery of the Grave? do you start all from me?
Do I smell of earth already? Sir, look on me,
And like a man; is this your entertainment?
Do you bid your worthiest guests to bloudy Banquets?

Enter a Guard.

A Guard upon me too? this is too foul play
Boy to thy good, thine honour: thou wretched Ruler,
Thou Son of fools and flatterers, Heir of hypocrites,
Am I serv'd in a Hearse that sav'd ye all?
Are ye men or Devils? Do ye gape upon me,
Wider, and swallow all my services?
Entomb them first, my faith next, then my integrity,
And let these struggle with your mangy minds,
Your sear'd, and seal'd up Consciences, till they burst.

Boros. These words are death.

Ar. No those deeds that want rewards, Sirrah,
Those Battels I have fought, those horrid dangers,

Sc. v THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Leaner than death, and wilder than destruction,
 I have march'd upon, these honour'd wounds, times story,
 The blood I have lost, the youth, the sorrows suffer'd,
 These are my death, these that can ne're be recompenced,
 These that ye sit a brooding on like Toads,
 Sucking from my deserts the sweets and favours,
 And render me no pay again but poysons.

Bor. The proud vain Souldier thou hast set—

Ar. Thou lvest.

Now by my little time of life lvest basely,
 Malitiously and loudly : how I scorn thee !
 If I had swel'd the Souldier, or intended
 An act in person, leaning to dishonour,
 As ye would fain have forced me, witness Heaven,
 Where clearest understanding of all truth is,
 (For these are spiteful men, and know no piety)
 When *Olin* came, grim *Olin*, when his marches,
 His last Incursions made the City sweat,
 And drove before him, as a storm drives Hail,
 Such showrs of frosted fears, shook all your heart-strings ;
 Then when the *Volga* trembled at his terrour,
 And hid his seven curl'd heads, afraid of bruising,
 By his arm'd Horses hoofs ; had I been false then,
 Or blown a treacherous fire into the Souldier,
 Had but one spark of villany liv'd within me,
 Ye'ad had some shadow for this black about me.
 Where was your Souldiership ? why went not you out ?
 And all your right honourable valour with ye ?
 Why met ye not the *Tartar*, and defi'd him ?
 Drew your dead-doing sword, and buckl'd with him ?
 Shot through his Squadrons like a fiery Meteor ?
 And as we see a dreadful clap of Thunder
 Rend the stiffhearted Oaks, and toss their roots up :
 Why did not you so charge him ? you were sick then,
 You that dare taint my credit slipt to bed then,
 Stewing and fainting with the fears ye had,
 A whorson shaking fit opprest your Lordship :
 Blush Coward, Knave, and all the world hiss at thee.

Du. Exceed not my command.

[*Exit.*

Bor. I shall observe it.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT IV

Ar. Are you gone too? Come weep not honest *Burris*,
 Good loving Lord, no more tears: 'tis not his malice,
 This fellows malice, nor the Dukes displeasure,
 By bold bad men crowded into his nature,
 Can startle me: fortune ne're raz'd this Fort yet:
 I am the same, the same man, living, dying;
 The same mind to 'em both, I poize thus equal;
 Only the juggling way that toll'd me to it,
 The *Judas* way, to kiss me, bid me welcome,
 And cut my throat, a little sticks upon me.
 Farewel, commend me to his Grace, and tell him,
 The world is full of servants, he may have many:
 And some I wish him honest: he's undone else:
 But such another doating *Archas* never,
 So try'd and touch'd a faith: farewell for ever.

Bur. Be strong my Lord: you must not go thus lightly.

Ar. Now, what's to do? what says the Law unto me?
 Give me my great offence that speaks me guilt[y].

Bor. Laying aside a thousand petty matters,
 As scorns, and insolencies both from your self and followers,
 Which you put first fire to, and these are deadly,
 I come to one main cause, which though it carries
 A strangeness in the circumstance, it carries death too,
 Not to be pardon'd neither: ye have done a sacrilege.

Ar. High Heaven defend me man: how, how *Boroskie*?

Bor. Ye have took from the Temple those vow'd Arms,
 The holy Ornament you hung up there,
 No absolution of your vow, no order
 From holy Church to give 'em back unto you
 After they were purified from War, and rested
 From blood, made clean by ceremony: from the Altar
 You snatch'd 'em up again, again ye wore 'em,
 Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your vow, the Church too,
 And rob'd it of that right was none of yours, Sir,
 For which the Law requires your head, ye know it.

Ar. Those arms I fought in last?

Bor. The same.

Ar. God a mercy,
 Thou hast hunted out a notable cause to kill me:
 A subtle one: I dye, for saving all you;

SC. VI THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Good Sir, remember if you can, the necessity,
The suddenness of time, the state all stood in;
I was entreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,
The Duke himself, the Princes, all the Nobles,
The cries of Infants, Bed-rid Fathers, Virgins;
Prethee find out a better cause, a handsomer,
This will undo thee too: people will spit at thee,
The Devil himself would be asham'd of this cause;
Because my haste made me forget the ceremony,
The present danger every where, must my life satisfie?

Bor. It must, and shall.

Ar. O base ungrateful people,
Have ye no other Swords to cut my throat with
But mine own nobleness? I confess, I took 'em,
The vow not yet absolv'd I hung 'em up with:
Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again
In the fierce *Tartars* blouds; for you I took 'em,
For your peculiar safety, Lord, for all,
I wore 'em for my Countries health, that groan'd then:
Took from the Temple, to preserve the Temple;
That holy place, and all the sacred monuments,
The reverent shrines of Saints, ador'd and honour'd,
Had been consum'd to ashes, their own sacrifice;
Had I been slack, or staid that absolution,
No Priest had liv'd to give it; my own honour,
Cure of my Country murder me?

Bor. No, no Sir,

I shall force that from ye, will make this cause light too,
Away with him: I shall pluck down that heart, Sir.

Ar. Break it thou mayest; but if it bend, for pity,
Dogs, and Kites eat it: come I am honours Martyr. [*Ex.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Duke, and Burris.

Du. Exceed my Warrant?

Bur. You know he loves him not.

Du. He dares as well eat death, as do it, eat wild-fire,
Through a few fears I mean to try his goodness,
That I may find him fit, to wear here, *Burris*;

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT IV

I know *Boroskie* hates him, to death hates him,
 I know he's a Serpent too, a swoln one, [*Noise within.*
 But I have pull'd his sting out: what noise is that?

The. within. Down with 'em, down with 'em, down

Sold. within. Stand, stand, stand. (with the gates.

Puts. within. Fire the Palace before ye.

Bur. Upon my life the Souldier, Sir, the Souldier,
 A miserable time is come.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Oh save him,
 Upon my knees, my hearts knees, save Lord *Archas*,
 We are undone else.

Du. Dares he touch his Body?

Gent. He racks him fearfully, most fearfully.

Du. Away *Burris*,

Take men, and take him from him; clap him up,
 And if I live, I'll find a strange death for him. [*Ex. Bur.*
 Are the Souldiers broke in?

Gent. By this time sure they are, Sir,
 They beat the Gates extreemly, beat the people.

Du. Get me a guard about me; make sure the lodgings,
 And speak the Souldiers fair.

Gent. Pray Heaven that take, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Putskie, Ancient, Souldiers, with Torches.

Puts. Give us the General, we'll fire the Court else,
 Render him safe and well.

Anc. Do not fire the Cellar, (weather,
 There's excellent Wine in't, Captain, and though it be cold
 I do not love it mull'd; bring out the General,
 We'll light ye such a Bone-fire else: where are ye?
 Speak, or we'll toss your Turrets, peep out of your Hives,
 We'll smoak ye else: Is not that a Nose there?
 Put out that Nose again, and if thou dar'st
 But blow it before us: now he creeps out on's Burrough.

Enter Gentleman.

Puts. Give us the General.

Gent. Yes, Gentlemen;

Sc. VI THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Or any thing ye can desire.

Anc. You musk-cat,

Cordevant-skin we will not take your answer. (hither.

Puts. Where is the Duke? speak suddenly, and send him

Anc. Or we'll so frye your Buttocks.

Gent. Good sweet Gentlemen—

Anc. We are neither good nor sweet, we are Souldiers,
And you miscreants that abuse the General.

Give fire my Boys, 'tis a dark Evening,

Let's light 'em to their lodgings.

Enter Olympia, Honora, Viola, Theodore, *Women.*

Hon. Good Brother be not fierce.

The. I will not hurt her,

Fear not sweet Lady.

Olym. Nay, do what you please, Sir,
I have a sorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more, contemns all danger.

Enter Duke, above.

The. Where is the Duke?

Du. He's here; what would ye Souldiers? wherefore
Like mutinous mad-men thus? (troop ye

The. Give me my Father.

Puts. Anc. Give us our General.

The. Set him here before us,

Ye see the pledge we have got; ye see the Torches;
All shall to ashes, as I live, immediately,
A thousand lives for one.

Du. But hear me?

Puts. No, we come not to dispute.

Enter Archas, and Burris.

The. By Heaven I swear he's rackt and whipt.

Hon. Oh my poor Father!

Puts. Burn, kill and burn.

Arc. Hold, hold, I say: hold Souldiers,
On your allegiance hold.

The. We must not.

Arc. Hold:

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT IV

I swear by Heaven he is a barbarous Traitor stirs first,
A Villain, and a stranger to Obedience,
Never my Souldier more, nor Friend to Honour :
Why did you use your old Man thus? thus cruelly
Torture his poor weak Body? I ever lov'd ye.

Du. Forget me in these wrongs, most noble *Archas*.

Arc. I have balm enough for all my hurts : weep no more
A satisfaction for a thousand sorrows ; (Sir,
I do believe you innocent, a good man,
And Heaven forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me :
Why look ye wild, my friends ? why stare ye on me ?
I charge ye, as ye are men, my men, my lovers,
As ye are honest faithful men, fair Souldiers,
Let down your anger : Is not this our Sovereign ?
The head of mercy, and of Law ? who dares then,
But Rebels, scorning Law, appear thus violent ?
Is this a place for Swords ? for threatning fires ?
The Reverence of this House dares any touch,
But with obedient knees, and pious duties ?
Are we not all his Subjects ? all sworn to him ?
Has not he power to punish our offences ?
And do we not daily fall into 'em ? assure your selves
I did offend, and highly, grievously,
This good, sweet Prince I offended, my life forfeited,
Which yet his mercy and his old love met with,
And only let me feel his light rod this way :
Ye are to thank him for your General,
Pray for his life and fortune ; swear your bloods for him.
Ye are offenders too, daily offenders,
Proud insolencies dwell in your hearts, and ye do 'em,
Do 'em against his Peace, his Law, his Person ;
Ye see he only sorrows for your sins,
And where his power might persecute, forgives ye :
For shame put up your Swords, for honesty,
For orders sake, and whose ye are, my Souldiers,
Be not so rude.

The. They have drawn blood from you, Sir.

Arc. That was the blood rebell'd, the naughty blood,
The proud provoking blood; 'tis well 'tis out, Boy;
Give you example first; draw out, and orderly.

ACT V THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Hon. Good Brother, do.

Arc. Honest and high example,
As thou wilt have my Blessing follow thee,
Inherit all mine honours: thank ye *Theodore*,
My worthy Son.

The. If harm come, thank your self, Sir,
I must obey ye.

[*Exit.*

Arc. Captain, you know the way now:
A good man, and a valiant, you were ever,
Inclin'd to honest things; I thank ye, Captain. [*Ex. Soul.*
Souldiers, I thank ye all: and love me still,
But do not love me so you lose Allegiance,
Love that above your lives: once more I thank ye.

Du. Bring him to rest, and let our cares wait on him;
Thou excellent old man, thou top of honour,
Where Justice, and Obedience only build,
Thou stock of Vertue, how am I bound to love thee!
In all thy noble ways to follow thee!

Bur. Remember him that vext him, Sir.

Du. Remember?

When I forget that Villain, and to pay him
For all his mischiefs, may all good thoughts forget me.

Arc. I am very sore.

Du. Bring him to Bed with ease, Gentlemen,
For every stripe I'll drop a tear to wash 'em,
And in my sad Repentance—

Arc. 'Tis too much,

I have a life yet left to gain that love, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentlemen.

Duke. **H**OW does Lord *Archas*?

Bur. But weak, and't please ye;
Yet all the helps that art can, are applied to him;
His heart's untoucht, and whole yet; and no doubt, Sir,
His mind being sound, his body soon will follow. (too;

Du. O that base Knave that wrong'd him, without leave
But I shall find an hour to give him thanks for't;

THE LOYAL SUBJECT ACT V

He's fast, I hope.

Bur. As fast as irons can keep him:
But the most fearful Wretch—

Du. He has a Conscience,
A cruel stinging one I warrant him,
A loaden one: But what news of the Souldier?
I did not like their parting, 'twas too sullen.

Bur. That they keep still, and I fear a worse clap;
They are drawn out of the Town, and stand in counsels,
Hatching unquiet thoughts, and cruel purposes:
I went my self unto 'em, talkt with the Captains,
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud murmurs,
And desperate curses, sounding these words often
Like Trumpets to their angers: we are ruin'd,
Our services turn'd to disgraces, mischiefs;
Our brave old General, like one had pilfer'd,
Tortur'd, and whipt: the Colonels eyes, like torches,
Blaze every where and fright fair peace.

Gent. Yet worse, Sir;
The news is currant now, they mean to leave ye,
Leave their Allegiance; and under *Olins* Charge
The bloody Enemy march straight against ye.

Bur. I have heard this too, Sir.

Du. This must be prevented,
And suddenly, and warily.

Bur. 'Tis time, Sir,
But what to minister, or how?

Du. Go in with me,
And there we'll think upon't: such blows as these,
Equal defences ask, else they displease. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Petesca, and Gentlewoman.

Pet. Lord, what a coil has here been with these Souldiers!
They are cruel fellows.

Wom. And yet methought we found 'em
Handsome enough; I'll tell thee true, *Petesca*,
I lookt for other manner of dealings from 'em,
And had prepar'd my self; but where's my Lady?

SC. II THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Pet. In her old dumps within: monstrous melancholy;
Sure she was mad of this Wench.

Wom. And she had been a man, (shifted.
She would have been a great deal madder, I am glad she is

Pet. 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her,
And yet I must confess she stood in our lights.

Enter Alinda.

What young thing's this?

Alin. Good morrow beauteous Gentlewomen:
'Pray ye is the Princess stirring yet?

Wom. He has her face.

Pet. Her very tongue, and tone too: her youth upon him.

Alin. I guess ye to be the Princess Women.

Pet. Yes, we are, Sir. (Grace,

Alin. Pray is there not a Gentlewoman waiting on her
Ye call *Alinda*?

Pet. The Devil sure in her shape.

Wom. I have heard her tell my Lady of a Brother,
An only Brother that she had: in travel—

Pet. 'Mass, I remember that: this may be he too:
I would this thing would serve her.

Enter Olympia.

Wom. So would I Wench,
We should love him better sure: Sir, here's the Princess,
She best can satisfy ye.

Alin. How I love that presence!
O blessed Eyes, how nobly shine your comforts!

Olym. What Gentleman is that?

Wom. We know not, Madam:
He ask'd us for your Grace: and as we guess it,
He is *Alinda*'s Brother.

Olym. Ha! let me mark him:
My grief has almost blinded me: her Brother?
By *Venus*, he has all her sweetness upon him:
Two silver drops of dew were never liker.

Alin. Gracious Lady—

Olym. That pleasant pipe he has too.

Alin. Being my happiness to pass by this way,

And having as I understand by Letters,
A Sister in your vertuous service, Madam—

Olym. O now my heart, my heart akes.

Alin. All the comfort

My poor youth has, all that my hopes have built me,
I thought it my first duty, my best service,
Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your Grace
For my poor Sister, humbly to thank your Nobleness,
That bounteous Goodness in ye.

Olym. 'Tis he certainly.

Alin. That spring of favour to her; with my life, Madam,
If any such most happy means might meet me,
To shew my thankfulness.

Olym. What have I done, Fool!

Alin. She came a stranger to your Grace, no Courtier;
Nor of that curious breed befits your service,
Yet one I dare assure my Soul, that lov'd ye
Before she saw ye; doted on your Vertues;
Before she knew those fair eyes, long'd to read 'em,
You only had her prayers, you her wishes;
And that one hope to be yours once, preserv'd her.

Olym. I have done wickedly.

Alin. A little Beauty,
Such as a Cottage breeds, she brought along with her;
And yet our Country-eyes esteem'd it much too:
But for her beauteous mind, forget great Lady,
I am her Brother, and let me speak a stranger,
Since she was able to beget a thought, 'twas honest.
The daily study how to fit your services,
Truly to tread that vertuous path you walk in,
So fir'd her honest Soul, we thought her Sainted;
I presume she is still the same: I would fain see her,
For Madam, 'tis no little love I owe her.

Olym. Sir, such a maid there was, I had—

Alin. There was, Madam?

Olym. O my poor Wench: eyes, I will ever curse ye
For your Credulity, *Alinda*.

Alin. That's her name, Madam.

Olym. Give me a little leave, Sir, to lament her.

Alin. Is she dead, Lady?

SC. II THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Olym. Dead, Sir, to my service.
She is gone, pray ye ask no further.

Alin. I obey Madam:
Gone? now must I lament too: said ye gone Madam?

Olym. Gone, gone for ever.

Alin. That's a cruel saying:
Her honour too?

Olym. Prithee look angry on me,
And if thou ever lovedst her, spit upon me;
Do something like a Brother, like a friend,
And do not only say thou lov'st her—

Al. Ye amaze me.

Oly. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd her;
Poor innocent soul, I flung her; sweet *Alinda*,
Thou vertuous maid, my soul now calls thee vertuous.
Why do ye not rail now at me?

Al. For what Lady?

Oly. Call me base treacherous woman.

Al. Heaven defend me.

Oly. Rashly I thought her false, and put her from me,
Rashly, and madly I betrai'd her modesty,
Put her to wander, heaven knows where: nay, more Sir,
Stuck a black brand upon her.

Al. 'Twas not well Lady.

Oly. 'Twas damnable: she loving me so dearly,
Never poor wench lov'd so: Sir believe me,
'Twas the most dutious wench, the best companion,
When I was pleas'd, the happiest, and the gladdest,
The modestest sweet nature dwelt within her:
I saw all this, I knew all this, I lov'd it,
I doated on it too, and yet I kill'd it:
O what have I forsaken? what have I lost?

Al. Madam, I'll take my leave, since she is wandring,
'Tis fit I know no rest.

Oly. Will you go too Sir?
I have not wrong'd you yet, if you dare trust me,
For yet I love *Alinda* there, I honour her,
I love to look upon those eyes that speak her,
To read that face again, (modesty keep me,)
Alinda, in that shape: but why should you trust me,

THE LOYAL SUBJECT Act v

'Twas I betray'd your Sister, I undid her;
 And believe me, gentle youth, 'tis I weep for her:
 Appoint what penance you please: but stay then,
 And see me perform it: ask what honour this place
 Is able to heap on ye, or what wealth:
 If following me will like ye, my care of ye,
 Which for your sisters sake, for your own goodness—

Al. Not all the honour earth has, now she's gone Lady,
 Not all the favour; yet if I sought preferment,
 Under your bounteous Grace I would only take it.
 Peace rest upon ye: one sad tear every day
 For poor *Alindas* sake, 'tis fit ye pay. [Exit.]

Oly. A thousand noble youth, and when I sleep,
 Even in my silver slumbers still I'll weep. [Exit.]

SCENA III.

Enter Duke, and Gentlemen.

Duke. Have ye been with 'em?

Gent. Yes, and't please your Grace,
 But no perswasion serves 'em, nor no promise,
 They are fearfull angry, and by this time Sir,
 Upon their march to the Enemy.

Du. They must be stopt.

Enter Burris.

Gent. I, but what force is able? and what leader—

Du. How now, have you been with *Archas*?

Bur. Yes, and't please ye,
 And told him all: he frets like a chaf'd Lyon,
 And calls for his Arms: and all those honest Courtiers
 That dare draw Swords.

Du. Is he able to do any thing?

Bur. His mind is well enough; and where his charge is,
 Let him be ne're so sore, 'tis a full Army.

Du. Who commands the Rebels?

Bur. The young Colonel,
 That makes the old man almost mad: he swears Sir,
 He will not spare his Sons head for the Dukedom.

Du. Is the Court in Arms?

Sc. IV THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Bur. As fast as they can bustle,
Every man mad to goe now: inspir'd strangely,
As if they were to force the Enemy,
I beseech your Grace to give me leave.

Du. Pray go Sir,
And look to the old man well; take up all fairly,
And let no bloud be spilt; take general pardons,
And quench this fury with fair peace.

Bur. I shall Sir,
Or seal it with my service; they are villains:
The Court is up: good Sir, go strengthen 'em,
Your Royal sight will make 'em scorn all dangers;
The General needs no proof.

Duke. Come let's go view 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENA IV.

*Enter Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, Souldiers, Drums,
and Colours.*

The. 'Tis known we are up, and marching: no submission,
No promise of base peace can cure our maladies,
We have suffer'd beyond all repair of honour:
Your valiant old man's whipt; whipt Gentlemen,
Whipt like a slave: that flesh that never trembled,
Nor shrunk one sinew at a thousand charges,
That noble body rib'd in arms, the Enemy
So often shook at, and then shun'd like thunder,
That body's torn with lashes.

Anc. Let's turn head.

Put. Turn nothing Gentlemen, let's march on fairly,
Unless they charge us.

The. Think still of his abuses,
And keep your angers.

Anc. He was whipt like a top,
I never saw a whore so lac'd: Court school-butter?
Is this their diet? I'll dress 'em one running banquet:
What Oracle can alter us? did not we see him?
See him we lov'd?

The. And though we did obey him,
Forc'd by his reverence for that time; is't fit Gentlemen?

My noble friends, is't fit we men, and Souldiers,
Live to endure this, and look on too?

Put. Forward:

They may call back the Sun as soon, stay time,
Prescribe a Law to death, as we endure this.

The. They will make ye all fair promises.

Anc. We care not.

The. Use all their arts upon ye.

Anc. Hang all their arts.

Put. And happily they'l bring him with 'em.

Anc. March apace then,

He is old and cannot overtake us.

Put. Say he doe.

(more:

Anc. We'l run away with him: they shall never see him

The truth is, we'l hear nothing, stop at nothing,

Consider nothing but our way; believe nothing,

Not though they say their prayers: be content with nothing,

But the knocking out their brains: and last, do nothing

But ban 'em and curse 'em, till we come to kill 'em.

The. Remove then forwards bravely; keep your minds
And the next time we face 'em, shall be fatal.

(whole,
[*Exeunt.*

SCENA V.

Enter Archas, Duke, Burris, Gent. and Sould.

Ar. Peace to your Grace; take rest Sir, they are before us.

Gent. They are Sir, and upon the march. [*Exit Duke.*

Ar. Lord *Burris*,

Take you those horse and coast 'em: upon the first advantage,
If they will not slake their march, charge 'em up roundly,
By that time I'll come in.

Bur. I'll do it truly.

[*Exit.*

Gent. How do you feel your self Sir?

Ar. Well, I thank ye;

A little weak, but anger shall supply that;

You will all stand bravely to it?

All. Whilst we have lives Sir.

Ar. Ye speak like Gentlemen; I'll make the knaves know,
The proudest, and the strongest hearted Rebel,

Sc. v THE LOYAL SUBJECT

They have a law to live in, and they shall have;
Beat up a pace, by this time he is upon 'em, [*Drum within.*]
And sword, but hold me now, thou shalt play ever. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Drums beating, Theodore, Putskie, Ancient,
and their Souldiers.*

The. Stand, stand, stand close, and sure;

Enter Burris, and 1 or 2 Souldiers.

The horse will charge us.

Anc. Let 'em come on, we have provender fit for 'em.

Put. Here comes Lord *Burris* Sir, I think to parly.

The. You are welcom noble Sir, I hope to our part.

Bur. No, valiant Colonel, I am come to chide ye,

To pity ye; to kill ye, if these fail me;

Fie, what dishonour seek ye! what black infamy!

Why do ye draw out thus? draw all shame with ye?

Are these fit cares in subjects? I command ye

Lay down your arms again, move in that peace,

That fair obedience you were bred in.

Put. Charge us:

We come not here to argue.

The. Charge up bravely,

And hotly too, we have hot spleens to meet ye,

Hot as the shames are offer'd us.

Enter Archas, Gent. and Souldiers.

Bur. Look behind ye.

Do you see that old man? do you know him Souldiers?

Put. Your Father Sir, believe me—

Bur. You know his marches,

You have seen his executions: is it yet peace?

The. We'l dye here first.

Bur. Farewel: you'l hear on's presently.

Ar. Stay *Burris*: this is too poor, too beggerly a body
To bear the honour of a charge from me,

A sort of tatter'd Rebels; go provide Gallowses;

Ye are troubled with hot heads, I'll cool ye presently:

These look like men that were my Souldiers

Now I behold 'em nearly, and more narrowly,

My honest friends: where got they these fair figures?
Where did they steal these shapes?

Bur. They are struck already.

Ar. Do you see that fellow there, that goodly Rebel?
He looks as like a Captain I lov'd tenderly:
A fellow of a faith indeed.

Bur. He has sham'd him.

Ar. And that that bears the Colours there, most certain
So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave fellow,
A loving and obedient, that believe me *Burris*,
I am amaz'd and troubled: and were it not
I know the general goodness of my people,
The duty, and the truth, the stedfast honestie,
And am assur'd they would as soon turn Devils
As rebels to allegiance, for mine honour.

Bur. Here needs no wars.

Put. I pray forgive us Sir.

Anc. Good General forgive us, or use your sword,
Your words are double death.

All. Good noble General.

Bur. Pray Sir be mercifull.

Ar. Weep out your shames first,
Ye make me fool for companie: fie Souldiers,
My Souldiers too, and play these tricks? what's he there?
Sure I have seen his face too; yes, most certain
I have a son, but I hope he is not here now,
'Would much resemble this man, wondrous near him,
Just of his height and making too, you seem a Leader.

The. Good Sir, do not shame me more: I know your
And less than death I look not for. (anger,

Ar. You shall be my charge Sir, it seems you want foes,
When you would make your friends your Enemies.
A running bloud ye have, but I shall cure ye.

Bur. Good Sir—

An. No more good Lord: beat forward Souldiers:
And you, march in the rear, you have lost your places.

[*Exeunt.*

Sc. VI THE LOYAL SUBJECT

SCENA VI.

Enter Duke, Olympia, Honora, Viola.

Du. You shall not be thus sullen still with me Sister,
You do the most unnobly to be angry,
For as I have a soul, I never touch'd her,
I never yet knew one unchast thought in her:
I must confess, I lov'd her: as who would not?
I must confess I doated on her strangely,
I offer'd all, yet so strong was her honour,
So fortifi'd as fair, no hope could reach her,
And whilst the world beheld this, and confirm'd it,
Why would you be so jealous?

Oly. Good Sir pardon me,
I feel sufficiently my follies penance,
And am asham'd, that shame a thousand sorrows
Feed on continually, would I had never seen her,
Or with a clearer judgement look'd upon her,
She was too good for me, so heavenly good Sir,
Nothing but Heaven can love that soul sufficiently,
Where I shall see her once again.

Enter Burris.

Du. No more tears,
If she be within the Dukedom, we'll recover her:
Welcom Lord *Burris*, fair news I hope.

Bur. Most fair Sir,
Without one drop of bloud these wars are ended,
The Souldier cool'd again, indeed asham'd Sir,
And all his anger ended.

Du. Where's Lord *Archas*?

Bur. Not far off Sir: with him his valiant son,
Head of this fire, but now a prisoner,
And if by your sweet mercy not prevented,
I fear some fatal stroke.

[*Drums.*

Enter Archas, Theodore, Gentlemen, Souldiers.

Du. I hear the Drums beat,
Welcom, my worthy friend.

Ar. Stand where ye are Sir,

Even as you love your country, move not forward,
Nor plead for peace till I have done a justice,
A justice on this villain; none of mine now,
A justice on this Rebel.

Hon. O my Brother.

Ar. This fatal firebrand—

Du. Forget not old man,
He is thy son, of thine own blood.

Ar. In these veins

No treacherie e're harbour'd yet, no mutinie,
I ne're gave life to lewd and headstrong Rebels.

Du. 'Tis his first fault.

Ar. Not of a thousand Sir,
Or were it so, it is a fault so mightie,
So strong against the nature of all mercy,
His Mother were she living, would not weep for him,
He dare not say he would live.

The. I must not Sir,
Whilst you say 'tis not fit: your Graces mercy
Not to my life appli'd, but to my fault Sir,
The worlds forgiveness next, last, on my knees Sir,
I humbly beg,
Do not take from me yet the name of Father,
Strike me a thousand blows, but let me dye yours.

Ar. He moves my heart: I must be suddain with him,
I shall grow faint else in my execution;
Come, come Sir, you have seen death; now meet him bravely.

Du. Hold, hold I say, a little hold, consider
Thou hast no more sons *Archas* to inherit thee.

Ar. Yes Sir, I have another, and a nobler:
No treason shall inherit me: young *Archas*
A boy, as sweet as young, my Brother breeds him,
My noble Brother *Briskie* breeds him nobly,
Him let your favour find: give him your honour.

Enter Putskie (alias Briskie) and Alinda, (alias Archas.)

Pu. Thou hast no child left *Archas*, none to inherit thee
If thou strikst that stroke now: behold young *Archas*;
Behold thy Brother here, thou bloody Brother,
As bloody to this sacrifice as thou art:

SC. VI THE LOYAL SUBJECT

Heave up thy sword, and mine's heav'd up: strike *Archas*,
 And I'll strike too as suddenly, as deadly:
 Have mercy, and I'll have mercy: the Duke gives it.
 Look upon all these, how they weep it from thee,
 Choose quickly, and begin.

Du. On your obedience,
 On your allegiance save him.

Ar. Take him to ye, [*Soul. shout.*]
 And sirrah, be an honest man, ye have reason:
 I thank ye worthy Brother: welcom child,
 Mine own sweet child.

Du. Why was this boy conceal'd thus?

Put. Your graces pardon:
 Fearing the vow you made against my Brother,
 And that your anger would not only light
 On him, but find out all his familie,
 This young boy, to preserve from after danger,
 Like a young wench, hither I brought; my self
 In the habit of an ordinarie Captain
 Disguis'd, got entertainment, and serv'd here
 That I might still be ready to all fortunes:
 That boy your Grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
 But thought a Girle, *Alinda*, Madam.

Ol. Stand away,
 And let me look upon him.

Du. My young Mistris?
 This is a strange metamorphosis, *Alinda*?

Al. Your graces humble servant.

Du. Come hither Sister:
 I dare yet scarce believe mine eyes: how they view one
 Dost thou not love this boy well? (another?)

Oly. I should lye else,
 Trust me, extreemly lye Sir.

Du. Didst thou never wish *Olympia*,
 It might be thus?

Oly. A thousand times.

Du. Here take him:
 Nay, do not blush: I do not jest; kiss sweetly:
 Boy, ye kiss faintly boy; Heaven give ye comfort;
 Teach him, he'll quickly learn: there's two hearts eas'd now.

Ar. You do me too much honour Sir.

Du. No *Archas*,

But all I can, I will; can you love me? speak truly.

Hon. Yes Sir, dearly.

Du. Come hither *Viola*, can you love this man?

Vio. I'll do the best I can Sir.

Du. Seal it *Burris*,

We'll all to Church together instantly:

And then a vie for boyes; stay, bring *Boroskie*.

Enter Boroskie.

I had almost forgot that lump of mischief.

There *Archas*, take theemie to honour,

The knave to worth: do with him what thou wilt.

Ar. Then to my sword again; you to your prayers;
Wash off your villanies, you feel the burthen.

Bor. Forgive me e're I die, most honest *Archas*;
'Tis too much honour that I perish thus;
O strike my faults to kill them, that no memorie,
No black and blasted infamy hereafter—

Ar. Come, are ye ready?

Bor. Yes.

Ar. And truly penitent, to make your way straight?

Bor. Thus I wash off my sins.

Ar. Stand up, and live then,

And live an honest man; I scorn mens ruines:

Take him again, Sir, trie him: and believe

This thing will be a perfect man.

Du. I take him.

Bor. And when I fail those hopes, heavens hopes fail me.

Du. You are old: no more wars Father:

Theodore take you the charge, be General.

The. All good bless ye.

Du. And my good Father, you dwell in my bosom,
From you rise all my good thoughts: when I would think
And examine time for one that's fairly noble,
And the same man through all the streights of vertue,
Upon this Silver book I'll look, and read him.
Now forward merrily to *Hymens* rites,

SC. VI THE LOYAL SUBJECT

To joyes, and revels, sports, and he that can
Most honour *Archas*, is the noblest man.

[*Exeunt.*]

Prologue.

WE need not noble Gentlemen to invite
Attention, preinstruct you who did write
This worthy Story, being confident
The mirth join'd with grave matter, and Intent
To yield the hearers profit, with delight,
Will speak the maker : and to do him right,
Would ask a Genius like to his ; the age
Mourning his loss, and our now widdowed stage
In vain lamenting. I could adde, so far
Behind him the most modern writers are,
That when they would commend him, their best praise
Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise
To his best memory, so much a friend
Presumes to write, secure 'twill not offend
The living that are modest, with the rest
That may repine he cares not to contest.
This debt to Fletcher paid ; it is profest
By us the *Actors*, we will do our best
To send such favouring friends, as hither come
To grace the Scene, pleas'd, and contented home.

Epilogue.

THough something well assur'd, few here repent
Three hours of pretious time, or money spent
On our endeavours, Yet not to relye
Too much upon our care, and industrie,
'Tis fit we should ask, but a modest way
How you approve our action in the play.
If you vouchsafe to crown it with applause,
It is your bountie, and you give us cause
Hereafter with a general consent
To study, as becomes us, your content.

Rule a Wife, and have a Wife.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Juan de Castro, and Michael Perez.

Mich. ARE your Companies full, Colonel?

Juan. No, not yet, Sir:
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon;
How rises your Command?

Mich. We pick up still, and as our monies hold out,
We have men come, about that time I think
We shall be full too, many young Gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienced,
The Wars are dainty dreams to young hot spirits,
Time and Experience will allay those Visions,
We have strange things to fill our numbers,
There's one *Don Leon*, a strange goodly fellow,
Recommended to me from some noble Friends,
For my *Alferes*, had you but seen his Person,
And what a Giants promise it protesteth. (too.

Mich. I have heard of him, and that he hath serv'd before

Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant, *Don Michael*,
That came to my ears yet, ask him a question,
He blushes like a Girl, and answers little,
To the point less, he wears a Sword, a good one,
And good Cloaths too, he is whole skin'd, has no hurt yet,
Good promising hopes, I never yet heard certainly
Of any Gentleman that saw him angry.

Mich. Preserve him, he'll conclude a peace if need be,
Many as strong as he will go along with us,
That swear as valiantly as heart can wish, (ones,
Their mouths charg'd with six oaths at once, and whole
That make the drunken Dutch creep into Mole-hills.

ACT I RULE A WIFE, AND HAVE A WIFE

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for : but *Mich. Perez*,
When heard you of *Donna Margarita*, the great Heiress ?

Mich. I hear every hour of her, though I never saw her,
She is the main discourse : noble *Don Juan de Castro*,
How happy were that man could catch this Wench up,
And live at ease ! she is fair, and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
In all her entertainments, as men report.

Juan. But she is proud, Sir, that I know for certain,
And that comes seldome without wantonness,
He that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.

Mich. Would I were married, I would find that Wisdom,
With a light rein to rule my Wife : if ever Woman
Of the most subtile mould went beyond me,
I would give the Boys leave to whoot me out o'th' Parish.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, there be two Gentlewomen attend to speak
With you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Mich. Are they two handsome Women ?

Ser. They seem so, very handsom, but they are vail'd, Sir.

Mich. Thou put'st sugar in my mouth, how it melts with
I love a sweet young Wench. (me !)

Juan. Wait on them in I say. [*Exit Servant.*]

Mich. *Don Juan.*

Juan. How you itch, *Michael* ! how you burnish !
Will not this Souldiers heat out of your bones yet,
Do your Eyes glow now ?

Mich. There be two.

Juan. Say honest, what shame have you then ?

Mich. I would fain see that,
I have been in the *Indies* twice, and have seen strange things,
But two honest Women ;—one I read of once.

Juan. Prithee be modest.

Mich. I'll be any thing.

Enter Servant, Donna Clara, and Estifania vail'd.

Juan. You are welcome Ladies.

Mich. Both hooded, I like 'em well though,

They come not for advice in Law sure hither;
May be they would learn to raise the Pike,
I am for 'em: they are very modest, 'tis a fine Preludium.

Juan. With me, or with this Gentleman,
Would you speak, Lady?

Clara. With you, Sir, as I guess, *Juan de Castro.*

Mich. Her Curtain opens, she is a pretty Gentlewoman.

Juan. I am the Man, and shall be bound to Fortune,
I may do any service to your Beauties. *(Flanders,*

Clara. Captain, I hear you are marching down to
To serve the Catholick King.

Juan. I am sweet Lady.

Clara. I have a Kinsman, and a noble Friend,
Imploy'd in those Wars, may be, Sir, you know him,
Don Campusano Captain of *Carbines*,
To whom I would request your Nobleness,
To give this poor Remembrance. *[A Letter.*

Juan. I shall do it,
I know the Gentleman, a most worthy Captain.

Clara. Something in private.

Juan. Step aside: I'll serve thee. *[Ex. Juan, and Clara.*

Mich. Prithee let me see thy face.

Estif. Sir, you must pardon me,
Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories,
And keep suspect off from their Chastities,
Had need wear thicker Vails.

Mich. I am no blaster of a Ladies Beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her special favours,
I know how tender Reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preserv'd, Lady,
You may to me.

Estif. You must excuse me, Seignior, I come
Not here to sell my self.

Mich. As I am a Gentleman, by the honour of a Souldier.

Estif. I believe you,
I pray you be civil; I believe you would see me,
And when you have seen me I believe you will like me,
But in a strange place, to a stranger too,
As if I came on purpose to betray you,
Indeed I will not.

Mich. I shall love you dearly,
 And 'tis a sin to fling away affection,
 I have no Mistress, no desire to honour
 Any but you, will not this Oyster open?
 I know not, you have struck me with your modesty;
 She will draw sure; so deep, and taken from me
 All the desire I might bestow on others,
 Quickly before they come.

Estif. Indeed I dare not:
 But since I see you are so desirous, Sir,
 To view a poor face that can merit nothing
 But your Repentance.

Mich. It must needs be excellent.

Estif. And with what honesty you ask it of me,
 When I am gone let your man follow me,
 And view what house I enter, thither come,
 For there I dare be bold to appear open:
 And as I like your vertuous carriage then,

Enter Juan, Clara, a Servant.

I shall be able to give welcome to you;
 She hath done her business, I must take my leave, Sir.

Mich. I'll kiss your fair white hand and thank you, Lady.
 My man shall wait, and I shall be your Servant;
 Sirrah, come near, hark.

Serv. I shall do it faithfully. [Exit.

Juan. You will command me no more services?

Gla. To be careful of your noble health, dear Sir,
 That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,
 And kiss your hands, wait on the Ladies down there.

[Exeunt Ladies, and Servants.]

Mi. You had the honour to see the face that came to you?

Juan. And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, *Don Michael*?

Mi. Mine was i'th'clipse, and had a Cloud drawn over it.

But I believe well, and I hope 'tis handsome,
 She had a hand would stir a holy Hermite.

Juan. You know none of 'em?

Mich. No.

Juan. Then I do, Captain,

But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't,
Sit close *Don Perez*, or your Worship's caught.
I fear a Flye.

Mich. Were those she brought Love-Letters?

Juan. A Packet to a Kinsman now in *Flanders*,
Yours was very modest methought.

Mich. Some young unmanag'd thing,
But I may live to see—

Juan. 'Tis worth experience,
Let's walk abroad and view our Companies.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sanchio, and Alonzo.

Sanch. What, are you for the Wars, *Alonzo*?

Alon. It may be I,
It may be no, e'n as the humour takes me.
If I find peace amongst the female Creatures,
And easie entertainment, I'll stay at home,
I am not so far obliged yet to long Marches
And mouldy Biskets, to run mad for Honour,
When you are all gone I have my choice before me.

Sanch. Of which Hospital thou wilt sweat in; wilt thou
Never leave whoring?

Alon. There is less danger in't than gunning, *Sanchio*,
Though we be shot sometimes, the shot's not mortal,
Besides, it breaks no limbs.

Sanch. But it disables 'em,
Dost thou see how thou pull'st thy legs after thee, as they
Hung by points.

Alon. Better to pull 'em thus than walk on wooden ones,
Serve bravely for a Billet to support me.

Sanch. Fye, fye, 'tis base.

Alon. Dost thou count it base to suffer?
Suffer abundantly? 'tis the Crown of Honour;
You think it nothing to lie twenty days
Under a Surgeons hands that has no mercy.

Sanch. As thou hast done I am sure, but I perceive now
Why you desire to stay, the orient Heiress,
The *Margarita*, Sir,

Alonz. I would I had her.

Sanch. They say she will marry.

Alonz. I think she will.

Sanch. And marry suddenly, as report goes too,
She fears her Youth will not hold out, *Alonzo.*

Alonz. I would I had the sheathing on't.

Sanch. They say too

She has a greedy eye that must be fed
With more than one mans meat.

Alonz. Would she were mine,
I would cater for her well enough; but *Sanchio*,
There be too many great men that adore her,
Princes, and Princes fellows, that claim priviledge.

Sanch. Yet those stand off i'th' way of marriage,
To be tyed to a man's pleasure is a second labour.

Alon. She has bought a brave house here in town.

Sanch. I have heard so.

Alonz. If she convert it now to pious uses,
And bid poor Gentlemen welcome.

Sanch. When comes she to it?

Alonz. Within these two days, she is in the Country yet,
And keeps the noblest House.

Sanch. Then there's some hope of her,
Wilt thou go my way?

Alonz. No, no, I must leave you,
And repair to an old Gentlewoman
That has credit with her, that can speak a good word. (first.

Sanch. Send thee good fortune, but make thy Body sound

Alonz. I am a Souldier,
And too sound a Body becomes me not;
Farewel, *Sanchio*.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Servant of Michael Perez.

Serv. 'Tis this or that house, or I have lost my aim,
They are both fair buildings, she walked plaguy fast,

Enter Estifania.

And hereabouts I lost her; stay, that's she,
'Tis very she,—she makes me a low court'sie,
Let me note the place, the street I well remember. [*Exit.*
She is in again, certain some noble Lady.
How happy should I be if she love my master :

A wondrous goodly house, here are brave lodgings,
And I shall sleep now like an Emperour,
And eat abundantly: I thank my fortune,
I'll back with speed, and bring him happy tidings. [Exit.

Enter three old Ladies.

1 *Lady.* What should it mean, that in such haste
We are sent for?

2 *Lady.* Belike the Lady *Margaret* has some business
She would break to us in private.

3 *Lady.* It should seem so.
'Tis a good Lady, and a wise young Lady.

2 *Lady.* And vertuous enough too I warrant ye
For a young Woman of her years; 'tis pity
To load her tender Age with too much Vertue. (with.

3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away

Enter Altea.

Alt. Good morrow, Ladies.

All. 'Morrow, my good Madam.

1 *Lad.* How does the sweet young Beauty, Lady *Margaret*?

2 *Lady.* Has she slept well after her walk last night?

1 *Lady.* Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

Alt. All's well,

She's very well, she sent for you thus suddenly
To give her counsel in a business
That much concerns her.

2 *Lady.* She does well and wisely,
To ask the counsel of the ancientst, Madam,
Our years have run through many things she knows not.

Alt. She would fain marry.

1 *Lady.* 'Tis a proper calling,
And well beseems her years, who would she yoke with?

Alt. That's left to argue on, I pray come in
And break your fast, drink a good cup or two,
To strengthen your understandings, then she'll tell ye.

2. And good wine breeds good counsel.
We'll yield to ye.

[Exeunt.

Enter Juan de Castro, and Leon.

Juan. Have you seen any service?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where?

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What office bore ye?

Leon. None, I was not worthy.

Juan. What Captains know you?

Leon. None, they were above me.

Juan. Were you never hurt?

Leon. Not that I well remember,

But once I stole a Hen, and then they beat me;

Pray ask me no long questions, I have an ill memory.

Juan. This is an Asse, did you never draw your sword

Leon. Not to do any harm I thank Heaven for't. (yet?

Juan. Nor ne'r ta'ne prisoner?

Leon. No, I ran away,

For I had ne'r no mony to redeem me.

Juan. Can you endure a Drum?

Leon. It makes my head ake.

Juan. Are you not valiant when you are drunk?

Leon. I think not, but I am loving Sir.

Juan. What a lump is this man,

Was your Father wise?

Leon. Too wise for me I'm sure,

For he gave all he had to my younger Brother.

Juan. That was no foolish part I'll bear you witness.

Canst thou lye with a woman?

Leon. I think I could make shift Sir,

But I am bashfull.

Juan. In the night?

Leon. I know not,

Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.

Juan. Why art thou sent to me to be my officer,
I, and commended too, when thou darst not fight?

Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,

Or I am cozen'd Sir, men that talk more too.

Juan. How wilt thou scape a bullet?

Leon. Why by chance,

They aim at honourable men, alas I am none Sir.

Juan. This fellow has some doubts in's talk that strike me,

Enter Alonzo.

He cannot be all fool: welcom *Alonzo*. (company?)

Alon. What have you got there, temperance into your
The spirit of peace? we shall have wars

Enter Cacafogo.

By th'ounce then. O here's another pumpion,
Let him loose for luck sake, the cram'd son
Of a stav'd Usurer, *Cacafogo*, both their brains butter'd,
Cannot make two spoonfulls.

Caca. My Father's dead: I am a man of war too,
Monyes, demesns; I have ships at sea too,
Captains. (else.

Juan. Take heed o'th' Hollanders, your ships may leak

Caca. I scorn the Hollanders, they are my drunkards.

Alon. Put up your gold Sir, I'll borrow it else.

Caca. I am satisfied, you shall not,
Come out, I know thee, meet mine anger instantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Caca. Thou hast wrong'd mine honor,
Thou look'dst upon my Mistris thrice lasciviously,
I'll make it good.

Juan. Do not hea[t] your self, you will surfeit.

Caca. Thou wan'st my mony too, with a pair of base bones,
In whom there was no truth, for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much, now I will hurt thee dangerously.
This shall provoke thee. [*He strikes.*

Alon. You struck too low by a foot Sir.

Juan. You must get a ladder when you would beat
This fellow.

Leon. I cannot chuse but kick again, pray pardon me.

Caca. Had'st thou not ask'd my pardon, I had kill'd thee,
I leave thee as a thing despis'd, *assoles manus a vostra siniare*
a Maistre. [*Exit Cac.*

Alon. You have scap'd by miracle, there is not in all *Spain*,
A spirit of more fury than this fire drake.

Leon. I see he is hasty, and I would give him leave

SC. I AND HAVE A WIFE

To beat me soundly if he would take my bond.

Juan. What shall I do with this fellow?

Alon. Turn him off,

He will infect the camp with cowardise,
If he goe with thee.

Juan. About some week hence Sir,
If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You shall hear from me.

Leon. I desire no better.

[*Exit.*

Enter Estifania, and Perez.

Per. You have made me now too bountifull amends, Lady
For your strict carriage when you saw me first,
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd,
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object,
I cou'd now chide ye, but it shall be thus,
No other anger ever touch your sweetness.

Estif. You appear to me so honest, and so civil,
Without a blush Sir, I dare bid ye welcom.

Per. Now let me ask your name.

Estif. 'Tis *Estifanie*, the heir of this poor place.

Per. Poor do you call it?

There's nothing that I cast mine eyes upon,
But shews both rich and admirable, all the rooms
Are hung as if a Princess were to dwell here,
The Gardens, Orchards, every thing so curious:
Is all that plate your own too?

Estif. 'Tis but little,
Only for present use, I have more and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it,
The sutes you see of all the upper chamber,
Are those that commonly adorn the house,
I think I have besides, as fair, as civil,
As any town in *Spain* can parallel.

Per. Now if she be not married, I have some hopes.
Are you a maid?

Estif. You make me blush to answer,
I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that's the reason that I live retir'd Sir.

Per. Then would I counsel you to marry presently,

(If I can get her, I am made for ever)
 For every year you lose, you lose a beauty,
 A Husband now, an honest careful Husband,
 Were such a comfort: will ye walk above stairs?

Estif. This place will fit our talk, 'tis fitter far Sir,
 Above there are day-beds, and such temptations
 I dare not trust Sir.

Per. She is excellent wise withal too.

Estif. You nam'd a husband, I am not so strict Sir,
 Nor ti'd unto a Virgins solitariness,
 But if an honest, and a noble one,
 Rich, and a souldier, for so I have vowed he shall be,
 Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him,
 But above all he must love.

Perez. He were base else,
 There's comfort ministred in the word souldier,
 How sweetly should I live!

Estif. I am not so ignorant, but that I know well,
 How to be commanded,
 And how again to make my self obey'd Sir,
 I waste but little, I have gather'd much,
 My rial not the less worth, when 'tis spent,
 If spent by my direction, to please my Husband,
 I hold it as indifferent in my duty,
 To be his maid i'th' kitchen, or his Cook,
 As in the Hall to know my self the Mistris.

Per. Sweet, rich, and provident, now fortune stick
 To me; I am a Souldier, and a bachelour, Lady,
 And such a wife as you, I cou'd love infinitely,
 They that use many words, some are deceitfull,
 I long to be a Husband, and a good one,
 For 'tis most certain I shall make a president
 For all that follow me to love their Ladies,
 I am young you see, able I would have you think too,
 If't please you know, try me before you take me.
 'Tis true I shall not meet in equal wealth
 With ye, but Jewels, Chains, such as the war
 Has given me, a thousand Duckets I dare
 Presume on in ready gold, now as your
 Care may handle it, as rich cloths too, as

ACT II AND HAVE A WIFE

Any he bears arms Lady.

Estif. You are a true gentleman, and fair, I see by ye,
And such a man I had rather take.

Perez. Pray do so, I'll have a Priest o'th' sudden.

Estif. And as suddenly you will repent too.

Perez. I'll be hang'd or drown'd first,
By this and this, and this kiss.

Estif. You are a Flatterer,
But I must say there was something when I saw you
First, in that most noble face, that stir'd my fancy.

Per. I'll stir it better e're you sleep sweet Lady,
I'll send for all my trunks and give up all to ye,
Into your own dispose, before I bed ye,
And then sweet wench.

Estif. You have the art to cozen me. [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Margarita, and two Ladies, and Altea.

Margar. **S**IT down and give me your opinions seriously.
1 *La.* You say you have a mind to marry Lady.

Marg. 'Tis true, I have for to preserve my credit,
Yet not so much for that as for my state Ladies,
Conceive me right, there lies the main o'th' question,
Credit I can redeem, mony will imp it,
But when my monie's gone, when the law shall
Seize that, and for incontineny strip me
Of all.

1 *La.* Do you find your body so malicious that way?

Marg. I find it as all bodies are that are young and lusty,
Lazy, and high fed, I desire my pleasure,
And pleasure I must have.

2 *Lady.* 'Tis fit you should have,
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary,
As necessary as meat to a young Lady,
Sleep cannot nourish more.

1 *La.* But might not all this be, and keep ye single.
You take away variety in marriage,
The abundance of the pleasure you are bar'd then,

Is't not abundance that you aim at?

Marg. Yes why was I made a woman?

2 Lady. And every day a new?

Marg. Why fair and young but to use it? (then?

1 Lady. You are still i'th' right, why would you marry

Alte. Because a husband stops all doubts in this point,
And clears all passages.

2 Lady. What Husband mean ye?

Alte. A Husband of an easy faith, a fool,
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure,
One though he see himself become a monster,
Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.

2 Lady. You grant there may be such a man.

1 Lady. Yes marry, but how to bring 'em to this rare
Perfection.

2 Lady. They must be chosen so, things of no honour,
Nor outward honesty.

Marga. No 'tis no matter,
I care not what they are, so they be lusty.

2 La. Me thinks now a rich Lawyer, some such fellow,
That carries credit, and a face of awe,
But lies with nothing but his clients business.

Marg. No there's no trusting them, they are too subtil,
The Law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.

1 Lady. Then some grave governor,
Some man of honour, yet an easy man.

Marg. If he have honour I am undone, I'le none such,
I'le have a lusty man, honour will cloy me.

Altea. 'Tis fit ye should Lady;
And to that end, with search and wit and labour,
I have found one out, a right one and a perfect,
He is made as strong as brass, is of brave years too,
And doughty of complexion.

Marga. Is he a Gentleman?

Alt. Yes and a souldier, as gentle as you would wish him,
A good fellow, wears good cloaths.

Marga. Those I'le allow him,
They are for my credit, does he understand
But little?

Altea. Very little.

SC. I AND HAVE A WIFE

Marga. 'Tis the better,
Have not the wars bred him up to anger?

Al. No, he will not quarrel with a dog that bites hi[m],
Let him be drunk or sober, is one silence.

Marg. H'as no capacity what honor is?
For that's the Souldiers god.

Alt. Honour's a thing too subtil for his wisdom,
If honour lye in eating, he is right honourable.

Marg. Is he so goodly a man do you say?

Altea. As you shall see Lady,
But to all this is but a trunk.

Marg. I would have him so,
I shall adde branches to him to adorn him,
Goe, find me out this man, and let me see him,
If he be that motion that you tell me of,
And make no more noise, I shall entertain him,
Let him be here.

Altea. He shall attend your Ladiship. [Exeunt.]

Enter Juan, Alonzo, and Perez.

Juan. Why thou art not married indeed?

Perez. No, no, pray think so,
Alas I am a fellow of no reckoning,
Not worth a Ladies eye.

Alon. Wou'dst thou steal a fortune,
And make none of all thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding?

Perez. No indeed,
There was no wisdom in't, to bid an Artist,
An old seducer to a femal banquet,
I can cut up my pye without your instructions.

Juan. Was it the wench i'th' veil?

Perez. Basto 'twas she,
The prettiest Rogue that e're you look'd upon,
The lovingst thief.

Juan. And is she rich withal too?

Perez. A mine, a mine, there is no end of wealth Coronel,
I am an asse, a bashfull fool, prethee Coronel,
How do thy compa[ni]es fill now?

Juan. You are merry Sir,

You intend a safer war at home belike now.

Perez. I do not think I shall fight much this year Coronel,
I find my self given to my ease a little,
I care not if I sell my foolish company,
They are things of hazard.

Alon. How it angers me,
This fellow at first fight should win a Lady,
A rich young wench, and I that have consum'd
My time and art in searching out their subtleties,
Like a fool'd Alchymist blow up my hopes still?
When shall we come to thy house and be freely merry?

Perez. When I have manag'd her a little more,
I have an house to entertain an army.

Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou wilt have few less
Come to thee. (Signior.

Perez. But where they'l get entertainment is the point
I beat no Drum.

Alon. You need none but her taber,
May be I'll march after a month or two,
To get me a fresh stomach. I find Coronel
A wantonness in wealth, methinks I agree not with,
'Tis such a trouble to be married too,
And have a thousand things of great importance,
Jewels and plates, and fooleries molest me,
To have a mans brains whimsied with his wealth :
Before I walk'd contentedly.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Mistris Sir is sick, because you are absent,
She mourns and will not eat.

Perez. Alas my Jewel,
Come I'll goe with thee, Gentlemen your fair leaves,
You see I am ti'd a little to my yoke,
Pray pardon me, would ye had both such loving wives.

Juan. I thank ye [Exit Perez, Servant.
For your old boots, never be blank *Alonzo*,
Because this fellow has outstript thy fortune,
Tell me ten daies hence what he is, and how
The gracious state of matrimony stands with him,
Come, let's to dinner, when *Margarita* comes

SC. I AND HAVE A WIFE

We'l visit both, it may be then your fortune. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Ladies.

Marg. Is he come?

Altea. Yes Madam, h'as been here this half hour,
I have question'd him of all that you can ask him,
And find him as fit as you had made the man,
He will make the goodliest shadow for iniquity.

Marg. Have ye searcht him Ladies?

Omnes. Is a man at all points, a likely man.

Marg. Call him in *Altea.* [*Exit Lady.*]

Enter Leon, Altea.

A man of a good presence, pray ye come this way,
Of a lusty body, is his mind so tame?

Alt. Pray ye question him, and if you find him not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off; there's no harm
Done.

Marg. Can you love a young Lady? How he blushes!

Alt. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your head up,
And speak to'th' Lady.

Leon. Yes, I think I can,
I must be taught, I know not what it means Madam.

Marg. You shall be taught, and can you when she pleases
Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?
You shall have men and horses to attend ye,
And money in your purse.

Leon. Yes I love riding,
And when I am from home I am so merry.

Marg. Be as merry as you will: can you as handsomely
When you are sent for back, come with obedience,
And doe your dutie to the Lady loves you?

Leon. Yes sure, I shall.

Marg. And when you see her friends here,
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain
Their servants in the Celler, and be busied,
And hold your peace, what e're you see or hear of?

Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

Marg. Let me try your kisses,
How the fool shakes, I will not eat ye Sir,

Beshrew my heart he kisses wondrous manly,
Can ye doe any thing else?

Leon. Indeed I know not;
But if your Ladiship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.

Marg. You shall then be instructed:
If I should be this Lady that affects ye,
Nay say I marry ye?

Altea. Hark to the Lady.

Marg. What mony have ye?

Leon. None Madam, nor friends,
I wou'd doe any thing to serve your Ladiship.

Marg. You must not look to be my M^r Sir,
Nor talk i'th' house as though you wore the breeches,
No, nor command in any thing.

Leon. I will not,
Alas I am not able, I have no wit Madam.

Marg. Nor do not labour to arrive at any,
'Twill spoil your head, I take ye upon charity,
And like a Servant ye must be unto me,
As I behold your duty I shall love ye,
And as you observe me, I may chance lye with ye,
Can you mark these?

Leon. Yes indeed forsooth.

Marg. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in I put ye from me,
Utterly from me, you must not be sawcy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me,
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not, alas I never knew my self sufficiently.

Marg. Nor must not now.

Leon. I'll be a Dog to please ye.

Marg. Indeed you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye.

Leon. I were to blame else.

Marg. Kiss me again; a strong fellow,
There is a vigor in his lips: if you see me
Kiss any other, twenty in an hour Sir,
You must not start, nor be offended.

Leon. No, if you kiss a thousand I shall be contented,
It will the better teach me how to please ye.

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Altea. I told ye Madam.

Marg. 'Tis the man I wisht for; the less you speak.

Leon. I'll never speak again Madam,
But when you charge me, then I'll speak softly too.

Marg. Get me a Priest, I'll wed him instantly,
But when you are married Sir, you must wait
Upon me, and see you observe my laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Marg. I'll give ye better clothes when you deserve 'em,
Come in, and serve for witness.

Omnes. We shall Madam.

Marg. And then away toth' city presently,
I'll to my new house and new company.

Leon. A thousand crowns are thine, and I am a made man.

Altea. Do not break out too soon.

Leon. I know my time wench. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Clara, and Estifania with a paper.

Clara. What, have you caught him?

Estif. Yes.

Clara. And do you find him
A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?

Estif. Yes too,
And the most kind man, and the ablest also
To give a wife content, he is sound as old wine,
And to his soundness rises on the pallat,
And there's the man; find him rich too *Clara.*

Clara. Hast thou married him?

Estif. What dost thou think I fish without a bait wench?
I bob for fools? he is mine own, I have him,
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout,
And as I cast it so I caught him daintily,
And all he has I have 'stowed at my devotion. (to town,

Clara. Does thy Lady know this? she is coming now
Now to live here in this house.

Estif. Let her come,
She shall be welcom, I am prepar'd for her,
She is mad sure if she be angry at my fortune,
For what I have made bold.

Clara. Dost thou not love him?

Estif. Yes, intirely well,
As long as there he staies and looks no farther
Into my ends, but when he doubts, I hate him,
And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen him:
How to decline their wives, and curb their manners,
To put a stern and strong reyn to their natures,
And holds he is an Asse not worth acquaintance,
That cannot mould a Devil to obedience,
I owe him a good turn for these opinions,
And as I find his temper I may pay him,

Enter Perez.

O here he is, now you shall see a kind man.

Perez. My *Estifania*, shall we to dinner lamb?
I know thou stay'st for me.

Estif. I cannot eat else.

Perez. I never enter but me thinks a Paradise
Appears about me.

Estif. You are welcom to it Sir.

Perez. I think I have the sweetest seat in *Spain* wench,
Me thinks the richest too, we'll eat i'th' garden
In one o'th' arbours, there 'tis cool and pleasant,
And have our wine cold in the running fountain.
Who's that?

Estif. A friend of mine Sir.

Perez. Of what breeding?

Estif. A Gentlewoman Sir.

Perez. What business has she?

Is she a learned woman i'th' Mathematicks,
Can she tell fortunes?

Estif. More than I know Sir.

Perez. Or has she e're a letter from a kinswoman,
That must be delivered in my absence wife,
Or comes she from the Doctor to salute ye,
And learn your health? she looks not like a confessor.

Estif. What need all this, why are you troubled Sir?
What do you suspect, she cannot cuckold ye,
She is a woman Sir, a very woman.

Perez. Your very woman may do very well Sir
Toward the matter, for though she cannot perform it

In her own person, she may do it by Proxie,
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

Estif. Cry ye mercy husband, you are jealous then,
And happily suspect me.

Perez. No indeed wife.

Estif. Me thinks you should not till you have more cause
And clearer too: I am sure you have heard say husband,
A woman forced will free her self through Iron,
A happy, calm, and good wife discontented
May be taught tricks.

Perez. No, no, I do but jest with ye.

Estif. To morrow friend I'll see you.

Clara. I shall leave ye

Till then, and pray all may goe sweetly with ye. [*Exit.*

Estif. Why where's this girle, whose at the door? [*Knock.*

Perez. Who knocks there?

Is't for the King ye come, you knock so boisterously?
Look to the door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My Lady, as I live Mistris, my Ladie's come,
She's at the door, I peept through, and I saw her,
And a stately company of Ladies with her.

Estif. This was a week too soon, but I must meet with her,
And set a new wheel going, and a subtile one,
Must blind this mighty *Mars*, or I am ruin'd.

Perez. What are they at door?

Estif. Such my *Michael*

As you may bless the day they enter'd there,
Such for our good.

Perez. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better

If you will let me but dispose the business,
And be a stranger to it, and not disturb me,
What have I now to do but to advance your fortune?

Perez. Doe, I dare trust thee, I am asham'd I am angry,
I find thee a wise young wife.

Estif. I'll wise your worship

Before I leave ye, pray ye walk by and say nothing,
Only salute them, and leave the rest to me Sir,

I was born to make ye a man.

Perez. The Rogue speaks heartily,
Her good will colours in her cheeks, I am born to love her,
I must be gentler to these tender natures,
A Souldiers rude harsh words befit not Ladies,
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to
Our Officers, I'll give her way, for 'tis for me she
Works now, I am husband, heir, and all she has.

Enter Margarita, Estifania, Leon, Altea, and Ladies.

Who are these, what flanting things, a woman
Of rare presence! excellent fair, this is too big
For a bawdy house, too open seated too.

Estif. My Husband, Lady.

Marg. You have gain'd a proper man.

Perez. What e're I am, I am your servant Lady. [*kisses.*]

Estif. Sir, be rul'd now,

And I shall make ye rich, this is my cousin,
That Gentleman dotes on her, even to death, see how he ob-

Perez. She is a goodly woman. (*serves her.*)

Estif. She is a mirrour,

But she is poor, she were for a Princes side else,
This house she has brought him too as to her own,
And presuming upon me, and upon my courtesie.
Conceive me short, he knows not but she is wealthy,
Or if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,
He is so far gone.

Perez. Forward, she has a rare face.

Estif. This we must carry with discretion Husband,
And yield unto her for four daies.

Perez. Yield our house up, our goods and wealth?

Estif. All this is but in seeming,

To milk the lover on, do you see this writing,
200^l a year when they are married
Has she sealed to for our good; the time's unfit now,
I'll shew it you to morrow.

Perez. All the house?

Estif. All, all, and we'll remove too, to confirm him,
They'll into th' country suddenly again
After they are matcht, and then she'll open to him.

Perez. The whole possession wife? look what you doe,
A part o'th' house.

Estif. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their pleasure too, 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four daies? had you a Sister Sir,
A Niece or Mistris that required this courtesie,
And should I make a scruple to do you good?

Perez. If easily it would come back.

Estif. I swear Sir,
As easily as it came on, is't not pity
To let such a Gentlewoman for a little help—
You give away no house.

Perez. Clear but that question.

Estif. I'll put the writings into your hand.

Perez. Well then.

Estif. And you shall keep them safe.

Perez. I am satisfied; wou'd I had the wench so too.

Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his love is linkt unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch
May have Heaven knows what.

Perez. I'll remove the goods straight,
And take some poor house by, 'tis but for four days.

Estif. I have a poor old friend; there we'll be.

Perez. 'Tis well then.

Estif. Goe handsom off, and leave the house clear.

Perez. Well.

Estif. That little stuff we'll use shall follow after;
And a boy to guide ye, peace and we are made both. (wench?)

Marg. Come, let's goe in, are all the rooms kept sweet

Estif. They are sweet and neat. [Exit Perez.]

Marg. Why where's your Husband?

Estif. Gone Madam.

When you come to your own he must give place Lady.

Marg. Well, send you joy, you would not let me know't,
Yet I shall not forget ye.

Estif. Thank your Ladyship. [Exeunt.]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Boy.

Altea. ARE you at ease now, is your heart at rest,
Now you have got a shadow, an *umbrella*
To keep the scorching worlds opinion
From your fair credit.

Marg. I am at peace *Altea*,
If he continue but the same he shews,
And be a master of that ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy,
The pleasure I shall live in and the freedom
Without the squint-eye of the law upon me,
Or prating liberty of tongues, that envy.

Altea. You are a made woman.

Marg. But if he should prove now
A crafty and dissembling kind of Husband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villany conceal'd.

Altea. My life, an innocent.

Marg. That's it I aim at,
That's it I hope too, then I am sure I rule him,
For innocents are like obedient Children
Brought up under a hard Mother-in-law, a cruel,
Who being not us'd to break-fasts and collations,
When they have course bread offer'd 'em, are thankfull,
And take it for a favour too. Are the rooms
Made ready to entertain my friends? I long to dance now
And to be wanton; let me have a song, is the great couch up
The Duke of *Medina* sent?

Altea. 'Tis up and ready.

Marg. And day-beds in all chambers?

Altea. In all Lady,
Your house is nothing now but various pleasures,
The Gallants begin to gaze too.

Marg. Let 'em gaze on,
I was brought up a Courtier, high and happy,
And company is my delight, and courtship,

And handsom servants at my will : where's my good husband,
Where does he wait ?

Altea. He knows his distance Madam,
I warrant ye he is busie in the celler
Amongst his fellow servants, or asleep,
Till your command awake him.

Enter Leon.

Marg. 'Tis well *Altea.*
It should be so, my ward I must preserve him.
Who sent for him, how dare he come uncall'd for,
His bonnet on too ?

Altea. Sure he sees you not.

Marg. How scornfully he looks !

Leon. Are all the chambers
Deckt and adorn'd thus for my Ladies pleasure ?
New hangings every hour for entertainment,
And new plate bought, new Jewels to give lustre ?

Ser. They are, and yet there must be more and richer,
It is her will.

Leon. Hum, is it so ? 'tis excellent,
It is her will too, to have feasts and banquets,
Revells and masques.

Ser. She ever lov'd 'em dearly,
And we shall have the bravest house kept now Sir,
I must not call ye master she has warn'd me,
Nor must not put my hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no fashion,
What though I be her husband, I am your fellow,
I may cut first.

Ser. That's as you shall deserve Sir.

Leon. And when I lye with her.

Ser. May be I'll light ye,
On the same point you may doe me that service.

Enter 1 Lady.

1 Lady. Madam, the Duke *Medina* with some Captains
Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,
And their best services.

Marg. They shall be welcom,

See all be ready in the noblest fashion,
The house perfum'd, now I shall take my pleasure,
And not my neighbour Justice maunder at me.
Go, get your best cloths on, but till I call ye,
Be sure you be not seen, dine with the Gentlewomen,
And behave your self cleanly Sir, 'tis for my credit.

Enter 2 Lady.

2 Lady. Madam, the Lady *Julia*.

Leon. That's a bawd,

A three pil'd bawd, bawd major to the army. (*Ladiship,*

2 Lady. Has brought her coach to wait upon your
And to be inform'd if you will take the air this morning.

Leon. The neat air of her nunnery.

Marg. Tell her no, i'th' afternoon I'll call on her.

2 Lady. I will Madam. [*Exit.*

Marg. Why are not you gone to prepare your self,
May be you shall be sewer to the fire course,
A portly presence, *Altea* he looks lean,
'Tis a wash knave, he will not keep his flesh well.

Altea. A willing, Madam, one that needs no spurring.

Leon. Faith madam, in my little understanding,
You had better entertain your honest neighbours,
Your friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.

Marg. How now, what's this?

Leon. 'Tis only to perswade ye,
Courtiers are but tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of march-pane men that will not last Madam,
An egge and pepper goes farther than their potions,
And in a well built body, a poor parsnip
Will play his prize above their strong potables.

Marg. The fellow's mad.

Leon. He that shall counsel Ladies,
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad, or drunk, let him speak Gospel.

Altea. He breaks out modestly.

Leon. Pray ye be not angry,
My indiscretion has made bold to tell ye,
What you'l find true.

SC. I AND HAVE A WIFE

Marg. Thou darest not talk.

Leon. Not much Madam,

You have a tye upon your servants tongue,
He dares not be so bold as reason bids him,
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper.
Ne're look so stern upon me, I am your Husband,
But what are Husbands? read the new worlds wonders,
Such Husbands as this monstrous world produces,
And you will scarce find such deformities,
They are shadows to conceal your venial vertues,
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions,
Balls that lye by you, to wash out your stains,
And bills nail'd up with horn before your stories,
To rent out last.

Marg. Do you hear him talk?

Leon. I have done Madam,

An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver,
Shortly I shall be such, then I'll speak wonders,
Till when I tye my self to my obedience. *[Exit.*

Mar. First I'll unty my self, did you mark the Gentleman,
How boldly and how sawcily he talk'd,
And how unlike the lump I took him for,
The piece of ignorant drow, he stood up to me
And mated my commands, this was your providence,
Your wisdom, to elect this Gentleman,
Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge,
What think ye now?

Altea. I think him an Ass still,
This boldness some of your people have blown
Into him, this wisdom too with strong wine,
'Tis a Tyrant, and a Philosopher also, and finds
Out reasons.

Mar. I'll have my cellar lockt, no school kept there,
Nor no discovery. I'll turn my drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute learnedly the whys and wherefores,
To grass immediatly, I'll keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, still fools, that shall know nothing,
Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience,
And such a hand I'll keep over this Husband.

Altea. He will fall again, my life he cries by this time,
Keep him from drink, he has a high constitution.

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new sute Madam?

Mar. No your old clothes,
And get you into the country presently,
And see my hawks well train'd, you shall have victuals,
Such as are fit for sawcy palats Sir,
And lodgings with the hindes, it is too good too.

Alt. Good Madam be not so rough, with repentance,
You see now he's come round again.

Mar. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see Madam, if it shall please your Lady-

Altea. He's humbled, (ship.
Forgive good Lady,

Marg. Well go get you handsom,
And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have ye yet no feeling?
I'll pinch ye to the bones then my proud Lady. [*Exit.*

Marg. See you preserve him thus upon my favour,
You know his temper, tye him to the grindstone,
The next rebellion I'll be rid of him,
I'll have no needy Rascals I tye to me,
Dispute my life: come in and see all handsom.

Altea. I hope to see you so too, I have wrought ill else.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Perez.

Per. Shall I never return to mine own house again?
We are lodg'd here in the miserablest dog-hole,
A Conjurers circle gives content above it,
A hawks mew is a princely palace to it,
We have a bed no bigger than a basket,
And there we lie like butter clapt together,
And sweat our selves to sawce immediately,
The fumes are infinite inhabite here too;
And to that so thick, they cut like marmaleet,
So various too, they'l pose a gold-finder,
Never return to mine own paradise?

SC. I AND HAVE A WIFE

Why wife I say, why *Estifania*.

Estifania [*within.*] I am going presently.

Perez. Make haste good Jewel,

I am like the people that live in the sweet Islands :
I dye, I dye, if I stay but one day more here,
My lungs are rotten with the damps that rise,
And I cough nothing now but stinks of all sorts,
The inhabitants we have are two starv'd rats,
For they are not able to maintain a cat here,
And those appear as fearfull as two Devils,
They have eat a map of the whole world up already,
And if we stay a night we are gone for company.
There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
Dri'd in this brick hill, and she sits i'th' chimnie,
Which is but three tiles rais'd like a house of cards,
The true proportion of an old smok'd Sibyl,
There is a young thing too that nature meant
For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster,
She has a husk about her like a chesnut
With business, and living under the line here,
And these two make a hollow sound together,
Like frogs or winds between two doors that murmur :

Enter Estifania.

Mercy deliver me. O are you come wife,
Shall we be free again ?

Estif. I am now going,

And you shall presently to your own house Sir,
The remembrance of this small vexation
Will be argument of mirth for ever :
By that time you have said your orisons,
And broke your fast, I shall be back and ready,
To usher you to your old content, your freedom.

Per. Break my neck rather, is there any thing here to eat
But one another, like a race of Cannibals?
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent,
Let's have our house again immediatly,
And pray ye take heed unto the furniture,
None be imbezil'd.

Estif. Not a pin I warrant ye.

Perez. And let 'em instantly depart.

Estif. They shall both,
There's reason in all courtesies, they must both,
For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
And has provided too, she sent me word Sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.

Perez. I'll walk i'th' Church-yard,
The dead cannot offend more than these living,
An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Estif. I'll not fail Sir.

Perez. And do you hear, let's have a handsom dinner,
And see all things be decent as they have been,
And let me have a strong bath to restore me,
I stink like a stal-fish shambles, or an oyl-shop.

Estif. You shall have all, which some interpret nothing,
I'll send ye people for the trunks afore-hand,
And for the stuff.

Perez. Let 'em be known and honest,
And do my service to your niece.

Estif. I shall Sir,
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair courtesy,
And pray ye be brave for my sake.

Perez. I observe ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Juan de Castro, Sancho, and Cacafoego.

Sanc. Thou art very brave.

Caca. I have reason, I have mony.

Sanc. Is mony reason?

Caca. Yes and rime too Captain,
If ye have no mony y'are an Asse.

Sanc. I thank ye.

Caca. Ye have manners, ever thank him that has mony.

Sanc. Wilt thou lend me any?

Caca. Not a farthing Captain,
Captains are casual things.

Sanc. Why so are all men, thou shalt have my bond.

Caca. Nor bonds nor fetters Captain,
My mony is mine, I make no doubt on't.

J[ua]n. What dost thou do with it?

SC. I AND HAVE A WIFE

Cac. Put it to pious uses,
Buy Wine and Wenches, and undo young Coxcombs
That would undo me.

Juan. Are those Hospitals?

Cac. I first provide to fill my Hospitals
With Creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build: those are more bound to pray for me:
Besides, I keep th' inheritance in my Name still.

Juan. A provident Charity; are you for the Wars, Sir?

Cac. I am not poor enough to be a Souldier,
Nor have I faith enough to ward a Bullet;
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have said wisely.

Cac. Had you but my money,
You would swear it Colonel, I had rather drill at home
A hundred thousand Crowns, and with more honour,
Than exercise ten thousand Fools with nothing,
A wise Man safely feeds, Fools cut their fingers.

Sanch. A right State Usurer; why dost thou not marry,
And live a reverend Justice? (to be one?)

Cac. Is't not nobler to command a reverend Justice, than
And for a Wife, what need I marry, Captain,
When every courteous Fool that owes me money,
Owes me his Wife too, to appease my fury?

Juan. Wilt thou go to dinner with us?

Cac. I will go, and view the Pearl of *Spain*, the Orient
Fair One, the rich One too, and I will be respected,
I bear my Patent here, I will talk to her,
And when your Captain's Ships shall stand aloof,
And pick your Noses, I will pick the purse
Of her affection. (*Medina.*)

Juan. The Duke dines there to day too, the Duke of

Cac. Let the King dine there,
He owes me money, and so far's my Creature,
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, Captain?

Sanch. Thou wilt eat monstrously.

Cac. Like a true born *Spaniard*,
Eat as I were in *England* where the Beef grows,
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk ye as wantonly as *Ovid* did,

To stir the Intellectuals of the Ladies ;
I learnt it of my Father's amorous Scrivener.

Juan. If we should play now, you must supply me.

Cac. You must pawn a Horse troop,
And then have at ye Colonel.

Sanch. Come, let's go:
This Rascal will make rare sport ; how the Ladies
Will laugh at him ?

Juan. If I light on him I'll make his Purse sweat too.

Cac. Will ye lead, Gentlemen ? [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Perez, an old Woman, and Maid.

Per. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand ye,
And tune your pipe a little higher, Lady ;
I'll hold ye fast : rub, how came my Trunks open ?
And my Goods gone, what Pick-lock Spirit ?

Old Wom. Ha, what would ye have ?

Per. My Goods again, how came my Trunks all open ?

Old Wom. Are your Trunks open ?

Per. Yes, and Cloaths gone,
And Chains, and Jewels : how she smells like hung Beef,
The Palsey, and Picklocks, fye, how she belches,
The Spirit of Garlick.

Old Wom. Where's your Gentlewoman ?
The young fair Woman ?

Per. What's that to my question ?
She is my wife, and gone about my business.

Maid. Is she your Wife, Sir ?

Per. Yes Sir, is that wonder ?
Is the name of Wife unknown here ?
Old Wom. Is she truly, truly your Wife ?

Per. I think so, for I married her ;
It was no Vision sure !

Maid. She has the Keys, Sir.

Per. I know she has, but who has all my goods, Spirit ?

Old Wom. If you be married to that Gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man, she has twenty Husbands.

Maid. She tells you true.

Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, Sir.

Per. The Devil she has ! I had a fair house with her,

Sc. I AND HAVE A WIFE

That stands hard by, and furnisht royally. (Gentleman.

Old Wom. You are cozen'd too, 'tis none of hers, good

Maid. The Lady *Margarita*, she was her Servant,
And kept the house, but going from her, Sir,
For some lewd tricks she plaid.

Per. Plague o' the Devil,
Am I i'th' full Meridian of my Wisdom
Cheated by a stale Quean! what kind of Lady
Is that that owes the House?

Old Wom. A young sweet Lady.

Per. Of a low stature?

Old Wom. She is indeed but little, but she is wondrous fair.

Per. I feel I am cozen'd;
Now I am sensible I am undone,
This is the very Woman sure, that Cousin
She told me would entreat but for four days,
To make the house hers; I am entreated sweetly.

Maid. When she went out this morning, that I saw, Sir,
She had two Women at the door attending,
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em,
But what they were—I heard your Trunks to open,
If they be yours?

Per. They were mine while they were laden,
But now they have cast their Calves, they are not worth
Owning: was she her Mistress say you? (all you saw

Old Wom. Her own Mistress, her very Mistress, Sir, and
About and in that house was hers.

Per. No Plate, no Jewels, nor no Hangings? (thing.

Maid. Not a farthing, she is poor, Sir, a poor shifting

Per. No money?

Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her unless she steal it,
But for one civil Gown her Lady gave her,
She may go bare, good Gentlewoman.

Per. I am mad now,
I think I am as poor as she, I am wide else,
One civil Sute I have left too, and that's all,
And if she steal that she must fley me for it;
Where does she use?

Old Wom. You may find truth as soon,

Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, Sir, she lurks in.
And here she gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in mists and smoaks where none can find her.

Per. Is she a Whore too? (so Sir, because

Old Wom. Little better, Gentleman, I dare not say she is
She is yours, Sir, these five years she has firkt
A pretty Living,
Until she came to serve; I fear he will knock my
Brains out for lying.

Per. She has serv'd me faithfully,
A Whore and Thief? two excellent moral learnings
In one she-Saint, I hope to see her lend.
Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,
And courted by all Women to conceal 'em?
Have I so long studied the art of this Sex,
And read the warnings to young Gentlemen?
Have I profest to tame the Pride of Ladies,
And make 'em bear all tests, and am I trickt now?
Caught in mine own nooze? here's a royal left yet,
There's for your lodging and your meat for this Week.
A silk Worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,
And sleeps in a sweeter Box: farewell great Grandmother,
If I do find you were an accessary,
'Tis but the cutting off too smoaky minutes,
I'll hang ye presently.

Old Wom. And I deserve it, I tell but truth.

Per. Not I, I am an Ass, Mother. [Exeunt.

*Enter the Duke of Medina, Juan de Castro, Alonzo,
Sanchio, Cacafofo. Attendants.*

Duke. A goodly house.

Juan. And richly furnisht too, Sir.

Alonz. Hung wantonly, I like that preparation,
It stirs the blood unto a hopeful Banquet,
And intimates the Mistress free and jovial,
I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.

Duke. Now *Cacafofo*, how like you this mansion?
'Twere a brave Pawn.

Caca. I shall be master of it,
'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and spacious,
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Airy and full of ease, and that I love well,
 I'll tell you when I taste the Wine, my Lord,
 And take the height of her Table with my Stomach,
 How my affections stand to the young Lady.

Enter Margarita, Altea, Ladies, and Servants.

Mar. All welcome to your Grace, and to these Souldiers,
 You honour my poor house with your fair presence,
 Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, Sir,
 I do beseech your Grace command, they are yours,
 Your servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye Lady, I am bold to visit ye,
 Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet Beauty,
 'T has been a long night since you left the Court,
 For till I saw you now, no day broke to me.

Mar. Bring in the Dukes meat.

Sanch. She is most excellent.

Juan. Most admirable fair as e'r I look'd upon,
 I had rather command her than my Regiment.

Casa. I'll have a fling, 'tis but a thousand Duckets,
 Which I can cozen up again in ten days,
 And some few Jewels to justifie my Knavery,
 Say, I should marry her, she'll get more money
 Than all my Usury, put my Knavery to it,
 She appears the most infallible way of Purchase,
 I cou'd wish her a size or two stronger for the encounter,
 For I am like a Lion where I lay hold,
 But these Lambs will endure a plaguy load,
 And never bleat neither, that Sir, time has taught us,
 I am so vertuous now, I cannot speak to her,
 The arrant'st shamefac'd Ass, I broil away too.

Enter Leon.

Mar. Why, where's this dinner?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, Madam,
 Nor shall not be until I know the Guests too,
 Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my *Alferes*? he looks another thing;
 Are miracles afoot again?

Marg. Why, Sirrah, why Sirrah, you?

Leon. I hear you, saucy Woman,
And as you are my Wife, command your absence,
And know your duty, 'tis the Crown of modesty.

Duke. Your Wife?

Leon. Yes good my Lord, I am her Husband,
And pray take notice that I claim that honour,
And will maintain it.

Caca. It thou beest her Husband,
I am determin'd thou shalt be my Cuckold,
I'll be thy faithful friend.

Leon. Peace, dirt and dunghil,
I will not lose my anger on a Rascal,
Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown body
Till thou rebound'st again like a Tennis-Ball.

Alonz. This is miraculous.

Sanch. Is this the Fellow
That had the patience to become a Fool,
A fluried Fool, and on a sudden break,
As if he would shew a wonder to the World,
Both in Bravery, and Fortune too?
I much admire the man, I am astonisht.

Mar. I'll be divorced immediately.

Leon. You shall not,
You shall not have so much will to be wicked.
I am more tender of your honour, Lady,
And of your Age, you took me for a shadow;
You took me to gloss over your discredit,
To be your Fool, you had thought you had found a Coxcomb;
I am innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to ye.
Only I will be known to be your Lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

Mar. I do command ye from me, thou poor fellow,
Thou cozen'd Fool.

Leon. Thou cozen'd Fool? 'tis not so,
I will not be commanded: I am above ye:
You may divorce me from your favour, Lady,
But from your state you never shall, I'll hold that,
And then maintain your wantonness, I'll wink at it.

Mar. Am I braved thus in mine own house?

Leon. 'Tis mine, Madam,

SC. I AND HAVE A WIFE

You are deceiv'd, I am Lord of it, I rule it and all that's in't ;
 You have nothing to do here, Madam ;
 But as a Servant to sweep clean the Lodgings,
 And at my farther will to do me service,
 And so I'll keep it.

Mar. As you love me, give way.

Leon. It shall be better,
 I will give none, Madam,
 I stand upon the ground of mine own Honour,
 And will maintain it, you shall know me now
 To be an understanding feeling man,
 And sensible of what a Woman aims at,
 A young proud Woman that has Will to sail with,
 An itching Woman, that her blood provokes too,
 I cast my Cloud off, and appear my self,
 The master of this little piece of mischief,
 And I will put a Spell about your feet, Lady,
 They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the Fellow that the People pointed at,
 For the meer sign of man, the walking Image ?
 He speaks wondrous highly.

Leon. As a Husband ought, Sir,
 In his own house, and it becomes me well too,
 I think your Grace would grieve if you were put to it
 To have a Wife or Servant of your own,
 (For Wives are reckon'd in the rank of Servants,)
 Under your own roof to command ye.

Juan. Brave, a strange Conversion, thou shalt lead
 In chief now.

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, Sir ?

Leon. Not now, Lord, my Fortune makes me even,
 And as I am an honest man, I am nobler.

Mar. Get me my Coach.

Leon. Let me see who dares get it
 Till I command, I'll make him draw your Coach too,
 And eat your Coach, (which will be hard diet)
 That executes your Will ; or take your Coach, Lady,
 I give you liberty, and take your People
 Which I turn off, and take your Will abroad with ye,
 Take all these freely, but take me no more,

And so farewell.

Duke. Nay, Sir, you shall not carry it
So bravely off, you shall not wrong a Lady
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it,
We stand not by as Bawds to your brave fury,
To see a Lady weep. (worth pity,

Leon. They are tears of anger, I beseech ye note 'em, not
Wrung from her rage, because her Will prevails not,
She would swoond now if she could not cry,
Else they were excellent, and I should grieve too,
But falling thus, they show nor sweet nor orient.
Put up my Lord, this is oppression,
And calls the Sword of Justice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the King to right me,
All which shall understand how you provoke me,
In mine own house to brave me, is this princely?
Then to my Guard, and if I spare your Grace,
And do not make this place your Monument,
Too rich a Tomb for such a rude behaviour,
I have a Cause will kill a thousand of ye, mercy forsake me.

Juan. Hold, fair Sir, I beseech ye,
The Gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

Leon. He that dares strike against the husbands freedom,
The Husbands Curse stick to him, a tam'd Cuckold,
His Wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it,
No conscience to reclaim her from a Monster,
Let her lye by him like a flattering ruine,
And at one instant kill both Name and Honour,
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him.
Now Sir, fall on, I am ready to oppose ye.

Du. I have better thought, I pray Sir use your Wife well.

Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that, Sir,
And now you are all welcome, all, and we'll to dinner,
This is my Wedding-day.

Duke. I'll cross your joy yet.

Juan. I made seen a miracle, hold thine own, Souldier,
Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer Women.

Sanch. H'as beaten all my loose thoughts out of me,

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As if he had thresht 'em out o'th' husk.

Enter Perez.

Per. 'Save ye, which is the Lady of the house?

Leon. That's she, Sir, that pretty Lady,

If you would speak with her.

Juan. *Don Michael*, *Leon*, another darer come.

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of business,
When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.

It is the Woman: good Madam, tell me truly,
Had you a Maid call'd *Estifania*?

Marg. Yes truly, had I.

Per. Was she a Maid do you think?

Marg. I dare not swear for her,
For she had but a scant Fame.

Per. Was she your Kinswoman?

Marg. Not that I ever knew, now I look better
I think you married her, 'give you joy, Sir,
You may reclaim her, 'twas a wild young Girl.

Per. Give me a halter: is not this house mine, Madam?
Was not she owner of it, pray speak truly?

Marg. No, certainly, I am sure my money paid for it,
And I ne'r remember yet I gave it you, Sir.

Per. The Hangings and the Plate too?

Marg. All are mine, Sir,
And every thing you see about the building,
She only kept my house when I was absent,
And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.

Sanch. What a Devil ails he?

Juan. He's possest I'll assure you.

Per. Where is your Maid?

Marg. Do not you know that have her?
She is yours now, why should I look after her?
Since that first hour I came I never saw her.

Per. I saw her later, would the Devil had had her,
It is all true I find, a wild-fire take her. (wife.

Juan. Is thy Wife with Child, *Don Michael*? thy excellent
Art thou a Man yet?

Alonz. When shall we come and visit thee? (Orchards,

Sanch. And eat some rare fruit? thou hast admirable

You are so jealous now, pox o' your jealousy,
How scurvily you look!

Per. Prithee leave fooling,
I am in no humour now to fool and prattle,
Did she ne'r play the wag with you? (keep her,

Marg. Yes many times, so often that I was asham'd to
But I forgave her, Sir, in hope she would mend still,
And had not you o'th' instant married her,
I had put her off.

Per. I thank ye, I am blest still,
Which way so e'r I turn I am a made man,
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery.

Juan. You'll stay and dine?

Per. Certain I cannot, Captain,
Hark in thine ear, I am the arrantst Puppy,
The miserablest Ass, but I must leave ye,
I am in haste, in haste, bless you, good Madam,
And you prove as good as my Wife. [Exit.

Leon. Will you come near, Sir, will your Grace but honour
And taste our dinner? you are nobly welcome, (me,
All anger's past I hope, and I shall serve ye.

Juan. Thou art the stock of men, and I admire thee. [Ex.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Perez.

Per. I'll go to a Conjurer but I'll find this Pol-cat,
This pilfering Whore: a plague of Vails, I cry,
And covers for the impudence of Women,
Their sanctity in show will deceive Devils,
It is my evil Angel, let me bless me.

Enter Estifania with a Casket.

Estif. 'Tis he, I am caught, I must stand to it stoutly,
And show no shake of fear, I see he is angry,
Vext at the uttermost.

Per. My worthy Wife,
I have been looking of your modesty
All the town over.

Estif. My most noble Husband,
I am glad I have found ye, for in truth I am weary,
Weary and lame with looking out your Lordship.

Per. I have been in Bawdy Houses.

Estif. I believe you, and very lately too.

Per. 'Pray you pardon me,
To seek your Ladyship, I have been in Cellars,
In private Cellars, where the thirsty Bawds
Hear your Confessions; I have been at Plays,
To look you out amongst the youthful Actors,
At Puppet Shews, you are Mistress of the motions,
At Gossippings I hearkned after you,
But amongst those Confusions of lewd Tongues
There's no distinguishing beyond a Babel.
I was amongst the Nuns because you sing well,
But they say yours are Bawdy Songs, they mourn for ye,
And last I went to Church to seek you out,
'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.

Estif. You have had a pretty progress, I'll tell mine now :
To look you out, I went to twenty Taverns.

Per. And are you sober?

Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, Sir,
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em Souldiers,
There I had great hope to find you disguis'd too.
From hence to th' dicing-house, there I found (sticks,
Quarrels needless, and senceless, Swords and Pots, and Candle-
Tables and Stools, and all in one confusion,
And no man knew his Friend. I left this *Chaos*,
And to the Chirurgions went, he will'd me stay,
For says he learnedly, if he be tipled,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him,
If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too.
I sought ye where no safe thing would have ventur'd,
Amongst diseases, base and vile, vile Women,
For I remembred your old Roman axiom,
The more the danger, still the more the Honour.
Last, to your Confessor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray, and here I have found ye.

Per. She bears up bravely, and the Rogue is witty,
But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.

Here leave we off our wanton languages,
And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.

Estif. Why am I cozen'd?

Why am I abused?

Per. Thou most vile, base, abominable—

Estif. Captain.

Per. Thou stinking, oversteu'd, poor, pocky—

Estif. Captain.

Per. Do you echo me?

Estif. Yes Sir, and go before ye,

And round about ye, why do you rail at me

For that that was your own sin, your own knavery?

Per. And brave me too?

Estif. You had best now draw your Sword, Captain!

Draw it upon a Woman, do, brave Captain,

Upon your Wife, Oh most renowned Captain.

Per. A Plague upon thee, answer me directly;

Why didst thou marry me?

Estif. To be my Husband;

I had thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.

Per. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wonders?

A house and riches, when they are but shadows,

Shadows to me?

Estif. Why did you work on me

(It was but my part to requite you, Sir)

With your strong Souldiers wit, and swore you would bring me

So much in Chains, so much in Jewels, Husband,

So much in right rich Cloaths?

Per. Thou hast 'em, Rascal;

I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,

And thou hast open'd 'em, and sold my treasure.

Estif. Sir, there's your treasure, sell it to a Tinker

To mend old Kettles, is this noble Usage?

Let all the World view here the Captain's treasure,

A Man would think now, these were worthy matters;

Here's a shoing-horn Chain gilt over, how it scenteth

Worse than the mouldy durty heel it served for:

And here's another of a lesser value,

So little I would shame to tye my Dog in't,

These are my joynture, blush and save a labour,

Sc. I AND HAVE A WIFE

Or these else will blush for ye.

Per. A fire subtle ye, are ye so crafty?

Estif. Here's a goodly jewel,

Did not you win this at *Goletta*, Captain,
Or took it in the field from some brave *Bashaw*,
How it sparkles like an old Ladies eyes,
And fills each room with light like a close Lanthorn!
This would do rarely in an Abbey Window,
To cozen Pilgrims.

Per. P[r]ithee leave prating.

Estif. And here's a Chain of Whitings eyes for pearls,
A Muscle-monger would have made a better.

Per. Nay, prithee wife, my Cloaths, my Cloaths.

Estif. I'll tell ye,

Your Cloaths are parallels to these, all counterfeit.
Put these and them on, you are a Man of Copper,
A kind of Candlestick; these you thought, my Husband,
To have cozen'd me withall, but I am quit with you.

Per. Is there no house then, nor no grounds about it?
No plate nor hangings?

Estif. There are none, sweet Husband,

Shadow for shadow is as equal justice.
Can you rail now? pray put up your fury, Sir,
And speak great words, you are a Souldier, thunder.

Per. I will speak little, I have plaid the Fool,
And so I am rewarded.

Estif. You have spoke well, Sir,

And now I see you are so conformable
I'll heighten you again, go to your house,
They are packing to be gone, you must sup there,
I'll meet ye, and bring Cloaths, and clean Shirts after,
And all things shall be well, I'll colt you once more,
And teach you to bring Copper.

Per. Tell me one thing,

I do beseech thee tell me, tell me truth, Wife,
However I forgive thee, art thou honest?
The Beldam swore.

Estif. I bid her tell you so, Sir,

It was my plot, alas my credulous Husband,
The Lady told you too.

Per. Most strange things of thee.

Estif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your sufferance,
And she denied the House.

Per. She knew me not,
No, nor no title that I had.

Estif. 'Twas well carried ;
No more, I am right and straight.

Per. I would believe thee,
But Heaven knows how my heart is, will ye follow me?

Estif. I'll be there straight.

Per. I am fooled, yet dare not find it. [*Exit Perez.*]

Estif. Go silly Fool, thou mayst be a good Souldier
In open field, but for our private service
Thou art an Ass, I'll make thee so, or miss else.

Enter Cacafo.

Here comes another Trout that I must tickle,
And tickle daintily, I have lost my end else.
May I crave your leave, Sir?

Caca. Prithee be answered, thou shalt crave no leave,
I am in my meditations, do not vex me,
A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruised thing,
That people had compassion on it, looked so,
The next Sir Palmerin, here's fine proportion,
An Ass, and then an Elephant, sweet Justice,
There's no way left to come at her now, no craving,
If money could come near, yet I would pay him ;
I have a mind to make him a huge Cuckold,
And money may do much, a thousand Duckets,
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank Heir.

Estif. 'Pray you hear me.

Caca. I know thou hast some wedding Ring to pawn now,
Of Silver and gilt, with a blind posie in't,
Love and a Mill-horse should go round together,
Or thy Childs whistle, or thy Squirrels Chain,
I'll none of 'em, I would she did but know me,
Or would this Fellow had but use of money,
That I might come in any way.

Estif. I am gone, Sir,
And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye,

SC. I AND HAVE A WIFE

The Lady *Margarita*.

Caca. Stay I prithee,

What is thy will? I turn me wholly to ye,
And talk now till thy tongue ake, I will hear yé.

Estif. She would entreat you, Sir,

Caca. She shall command, Sir,

Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet Gentlewoman,
Do not forget thy self.

Estif. She does command then

This courtesie, because she knows you are noble.

Cac. Your Mistress by the way?

Estif. My natural mistress,

Upon these Jewels, Sir, they are fair and rich,
And view 'em right.

Caca. To doubt 'em is an heresie.

Estif. A thousand Duckets, 'tis upon necessity
Of present use, her husband, Sir, is stubborn.

Caca. Long may he be so. (and person,

Estif. She desires withal a better knowledge of your parts
And when you please to do her so much honour.

Caca. Come, let's dispatch.

Estif. In troth I have heard her say, Sir,
Of a fat man she has not seen a sweeter.
But in this business, Sir.

Cac. Let's do it first

And then dispute, the Ladies use may long for't.

Estif. All secrecy she would desire, she told me
How wise you are.

Cac. We are not wise to talk thus,

Carry her the gold, I'll look her out a Jewel,
Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another,
Come prethee come, I long to serve thy Lady,
Long monstrously, now valor I shall meet ye,
You that dare Dukes.

Estif. Green goose you are now in sippets. [Exeunt.

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, Alonzo.

Duke. He shall not have his will, I shall prevent him,
I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
And suddenly, and strangely, hear *Don Juan*,

Do you present it to him.

Juan. I am commanded.

[*Exit.*

Duke. A fellow founded out of Charity,
And moulded to the height condemn his maker,
Curb the free hand that fram'd him? This must not be.

Sanc. That such an oyster shell should hold a pearl,
And of so rare a price in prison,
Was she made to be the matter of her own undoing,
To let a slovenly unweildy fellow,
Unruly and self will'd, dispose her beauties?
We suffer all Sir in this sad Eclipse,
She should shine where she might show like her self,
An absolute sweetness, to comfort those admire her,
And shed her beams upon her friends.
We are gull'd all,
And all the world will grumble at your patience,
If she be ravish't thus.

Duke. Ne'r fear it *Sanchio*,
We'll have her free again, and move at Court
In her clear orb: but one sweet handsomeness,
To bless this part of *Spain*, and have that slubber'd?

Alon. 'Tis every good mans cause, and we must stir in it.

Duke. I'll warrant he shall be glad to please us,
And glad to share too, we shall hear anon
A new song from him, let's attend a little. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leon, and Juan, with a commission.

Leon. Coronel, I am bound to you for this nobleness,
I should have been your officer, 'tis true Sir,
And a proud man I should have been to have serv'd you,
'T has pleas'd the King out of his boundless favours,
To make me your companion, this commission
Gives me a troop of horse.

Juan. I do rejoyce at it,
And am a glad man we shall gain your company,
I am sure the King knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time Sir.

Leon. Within four daies I am gone, so he commands me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it,
The time grows shorter still, are your goods ready?

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Juan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir.

Le. Do you hear ho, go carry this unto your Mistris Sir,
And let her see how much the King has honour'd me,
Bid her be lusty, she must make a Souldier. [*Exit.*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lorenzo, Sir,
Go take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my cloths, my plate and Jewels,
And all the furniture that's portable,
Sir when we lye in garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsom port, for the Kings honour;
And do you hear, let all your Ladies wardrobe
Be safely plac'd in trunks, they must along too.

Lor. Whither must they goe Sir?

Leon. To the wars, *Lorenzo,*
And you and all, I will not leave a turn-spit,
That has one dram of spleen against a Dutchman.

Lor. Why then St *Jaques* hey, you have made us all Sir,
And if we leave ye—does my Lady goe too?

Leon. The stuff must goe to morrow towards the sea Sir,
All, all must goe.

Lor. Why *Pedro, Vasco, Dego,*
Come help me, come come boys, soldadoes, comrades,
We'l fley these beer-bellied rogues, come away quickly.

Juan. H'as taken a brave way to save his honour, [*Exit.*
And cross the Duke, now I shall love him dearly,
By the life of credit thou art a noble Gentleman.

Enter Margarita, led by two Ladies.

Leon. Why how now wife, what, sick at my preferment?
This is not kindly done.

Marg. No sooner love ye,
Love ye intirely Sir, brought to consider
The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from ye?

This is a cruelty, I'le to the King
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,
Two minds so nearly mixt.

Leon. By no means sweet heart.

Marg. If he were married but four daies as I am.

Leon. He would hang himself the fifth, or fly his Country.

Marg. He would make it treason for that tongue that
But talk of war, or any thing to vex him, (durst
You shall not goe.

Leon. Indeed I must sweet wife,
What shall I lose the King for a few kisses?
We'll have enough.

Marg. I'le to the Duke my cousin, he shall to th' King.

Leon. He did me this great office,
I thank his grace for't, should I pray him now,
To undoe't again? fye 'twere a base discredit.

Marg. Would I were able Sir to bear you company,
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you shall not. [*knock within.*

Mar. What knocking's this? oh Heaven my head, why
I thin[k] the war's begun i'th' house already. (*rascals*

Leon. The preparation is, they are taking down,
And packing up the hangings, plate and Jewels,
And all those furnitures that shall befit me
When I lye in garrison.

Enter Coachman.

Coachm. Must the Coach goe too Sir?

Leon. How will your Lady pass to th' sea else easily?
We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.

Marg. I goe? alas!

Leon. I'le have a main care of ye,
I know ye are sickly, he shall drive the easier,
And all accommodation shall attend ye.

Marg. Would I were able.

Leon. Come I warrant ye,
Am not I with ye sweet? are her cloaths packt up,
And all her linnen? give your maids direction,
You know my time's but short, and I am commanded.

SC. I AND HAVE A WIFE

Marg. Let me have a nurse,
And all such necessary people with me,
And an easie bark.

Leon. It shall not trot I warrant ye,
Curvet it may sometimes.

Marg. I am with child Sir.

Leon. At four days warning? this is something speedy,
Do you conceive as our jennets do with a west winde?
My heir will be an arrant fleet one Lady,
I'll swear you were a maid when I first lay with ye.

Mar. Pray do not swear, I thought I was a maid too,
But we may both be cozen'd in that point Sir.

Leon. In such a strait point sure I could not err Madam.

Juan. This is another tenderness to try him,
Fetch her up now.

Mar. You must provide a cradle, and what a troubles that?

Leon. The sea shall rock it,
'Tis the best nurse; 'twill roar and rock together,
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby.

Marg. Faith let me stay, I shall but shame ye Sir.

Leon. And you were a thousand shames you shall along
At home I am sure you'll prove a million, (with me,
Every man carries the bundle of his sins
Upon his own back, you are mine, I'll sweat for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, Sanchio.

Duke. What Sir, preparing for your noble journey?
'Tis well, and full of care.

I saw your mind was wedded to the war,
And knew you would prove some good man for your country,
Therefore fair Cousin with your gentle pardon,
I got this place: what, mourn at his advancement?
You are to blame, he will come again sweet cousin,
Mean time like sad *Penelope* and sage,
Amongst your maids at home, and huswifely.

Leon. No Sir, I dare not leave her to that solitariness,
She is young, and grief or ill news from those quarters
May daily cross her, she shall goe along Sir.

Duke. By no means Captain.

Leon. By all means an't please ye.

Duke. What take a young and tender bodied Lady,
And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults,
A sickly Lady too?

Leon. 'Twill make her well Sir,
There's no such friend to health as wholsom travel.

Sanch. Away it must not be.

Alon. It ought not Sir,
Go hurry her? it is not humane, Captain.

Duke. I cannot blame her tears, fright her with tempests,
With thunder of the war.
I dare swear if she were able.

Leon. She is most able.
And pray ye swear not, she must goe, there's no remedy,
Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident
(And I must tell you Sir, 'tis most unnoble)
Shall hinder me: had she but ten hours life,
Nay less, but two hours, I would have her with me,
I would not leave her fame to so much ruine,
To such a desolation and discredit
As her weakness and your hot will wou'd work her to.

Enter Perez.

What Masque is this now?
More tropes and figures, to abuse my sufferance,
What cousin's this?

Juan. *Michael van owle*, how dost thou?
In what dark barn or tod of aged Ivy
Hast thou lyen hid?

Perez. Things must both ebbe and flow, Coronel,
And people must conceal, and shine again.
You are welcom hither as your friend may say, Gentleman,
A pretty house ye see handsomely seated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.

Alon. He's certain mad.

Juan. As mad as a French Tayler,
That has nothing in's head but ends of fustians.

Perez. I see you are packing now my gentle cousin,
And my wife told me I should find it so,
'Tis true I do, you were merry when I was last here,

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But 'twas your will to try my patience Madam.
I am sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer,
Yet I would have you think my honour'd cousin,
This house and all I have are all your servants.

Leon. What house, what pleasure Sir, what do you mean?

Perez. You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous,
This house I mean, the pleasures of this place.

Leon. And what of them?

Perez. They are mine Sir, and you know it,
My wives I mean, and so confer'd upon me,
The hangings Sir I must entreat, your servants,
That are so busie in their offices,
Again to minister to their right uses,
I shall take view o'th' plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place; you are merry still cousin,
And of a pleasant constitution,
Men of great fortunes make their mirths at *placitum*.

Leon. Prethee good stubborn wife, tell me directly,
Good evil wife leave fooling and tell me honestly,
Is this my kinsman?

Marg. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I have many kinsmen, but so mad a one,
And so phantastick—all the house?

Perez. All mine,
And all within it. I will not bate ye an ace on't.
Can you not receive a noble courtesie,
And quietly and handsomely as ye ought Couz,
But you must ride o'th' top on't?

Leon. Canst thou fight?

Per. I'll tell ye presently, I could have done Sir.

Leon. For ye must law and claw before ye get it.

Juan. Away, no quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it prov'd if you were never yet in Bedlam,
Never in love, for that's a lunacy,
No great state left ye that you never lookt for,
Nor cannot manage, that's a rank distemper;
That you were christen'd, and who answer'd for ye,
And then I yield.

Perez. H'as half perswaded me I was bred i'th' moon,
I have ne'r a bush at my breech, are not we both mad,
And is not this a phantastick house we are in,
And all a dream we do? will ye walk out Sir,
And if I do not beat thee presently
Into a sound belief, as sense can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there for a chimny piece,
And say I was one o'th' *Cæsars*, done by a seal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more, come we'll away immediatly.

Marg. Why then the house is his, and all that's in it,
I'll give away my skin but I'll undoe ye,
I gave it to his wife, you must restore Sir,
And make a new provision. (cousin,

Perez. Am I mad now or am I christen'd, you my pagan
My mighty Mahound kinsman, what quirk now?
You shall be welcom all, I hope to see Sir
Your Grace here, and my couz, we are all Souldiers,
And must do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are ye blank at this? then I must tell ye Sir,
Ye have no command, now ye may goe at pleasure
And ride your asse troop, 'twas a trick I us'd
To try your jealousy upon entreatie,
And saving of your wife.

Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections,
You have more furniture, more houses Lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with those,
And you have Land i'th' *Indies* as I take it,
Thither we'll goe, and view a while those climats,
Visit your Factors there, that may betray ye,
'Tis done, we must goe.

Marg. Now thou art a brave Gentleman,
And by this sacred light I love thee dearly.
The house is none of yours, I did but jest Sir,
Nor you are no couz of mine, I beseech ye vanish,
I tell you plain, you have no more right than he
Has, that senseless thing, your wife has once more fool'd ye :
Goe ye and consider.

Leon. Good morrow my sweet cousin, I should be glad Sir.

Perez. By this hand she dies for't,

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Or any man that speaks for her. [Exit Perez.]

Juan. These are fine toys.

Marg. Let me request you stay but one poor month,
You shall have a Commission and I'll goe too,
Give me but will so far.

Leon. Well I will try ye,
Good morrow to your Grace, we have private business.

Duke. If I miss thee again, I am an arrant bungler.

Juan. Thou shalt have my command, and I'll march under
Nay be thy boy before thou shalt be baffled, (thee,
Thou art so brave a fellow.

Alon. I have seen visions. [Exeunt.]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leon, with a letter, and Margarita.

Leon. Come hither wife, do you know this hand?

Marg. I do Sir,
'Tis *Estifania*, that was once my woman.

Leon. She writes to me here, that one *Cacafogo*
An usuring Jewellers son (I know the Rascal)
Is mortally fawn in love with ye.

Marg. Is a monster, deliver me from mountains.

Leon. Do you goe a birding for all sorts of people?
And this evening will come to ye and shew ye Jewels,
And offers any thing to get access to ye,
If I can make or sport or profit on him,
(For he is fit for both) she bids me use him,
And so I will, be you conformable, and follow but my will.

Marg. I shall not fail, Sir.

Leon. Will the Duke come again do you think?

Marg. No sure Sir,
H'as now no policie to bring him hither.

Leon. Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold fair wife:
Let's in to dinner. [Exeunt.]

Enter Perez.

Perez. Had I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
That all the queans in Christendom might hear me,

That men might run away from contagion,
 I had my wish; would it were most high treason,
 Most infinite high, for any man to marry,
 I mean for any man that would live handsomely,
 And like a Gentleman, in his wits and credit.
 What torments shall I put her to, *Phalaris* bull now,
 Pox they love bulling too well, though they smoak for't.
 Cut her apieces? every piece will live still,
 And every morsel of her will do mischief;
 They have so many lives, there's no hanging of 'em,
 They are too light to drown, they are cork and feathers;
 To burn too cold, they live like Salamanders;
 Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,
 And so depress her as they did the Giants;
 She will move under more than built old Babel,
 I must destroy her.

Enter Cacafofo, with a Casket.

Caca. Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts, a she moth,
 That every silkmans shop breeds; to be cheated,
 And of a thousand duckets by a whim wham?

Perez. Who's that is cheated, speak again thou vision,
 But art thou cheated? minister some comfort:
 Tell me directly art thou cheated bravely?
 Come, prethee come, art thou so pure a coxcomb
 To be undone? do not dissemble with me,
 Tell me I conjure thee.

Caca. Then keep thy circle,
 For I am a spirit wild that flies about thee,
 And who e're thou art, if thou be'st humane,
 I'll let thee plainly know, I am cheated damnably.

Perez. Ha, ha, ha.

Caca. Dost thou laugh? damnably, I say most damnably.

Perez. By whom, good spirit speak, speak ha, ha, ha.

Caca. I will utter, laugh till thy lungs crack, by a rascal
 A lewd, abominable, and plain woman. (woman,
 Dost thou laugh still?

Perez. I must laugh, prethee pardon me,
 I shall laugh terribly.

Caca. I shall be angry, terrible angry, I have cause.

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Perez. That's it, and 'tis no reason but thou shouldst be
Angry at heart, yet I must laugh still at thee. (angry,
By a woman cheated? art' sure it was a woman?

Caca. I shall break thy head, my valour itches at thee.

Perez. It is no matter, by a woman cozen'd,
A real woman?

Caca. A real Devil,
Plague of her Jewels and her copper chains,
How rank they smell.

Per[ez]. Sweet cozen'd Sir let me see them,
I have been cheated too, I would have you note that,
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvie woman, I am undone sweet Sir,
Therefore I must have leave to [l]augh.

Caca. Pray ye take it,
You are the merriest undone man in *Europe*.
What need we fiddles, bawdy songs and sack,
When our own miseries can make us merry?

Perez. Ha, ha, ha.
I have seen these Jewels, what a notable penniworth
Have you had next your heart? you will not take Sir
Some twenty Duckets?

Caca. Thou art deceiv'd, I will take.

Perez. To clear your bargain now.

Caca. I'll take some ten, some any thing, some half ten,
Half a Ducket.

Perez. An excellent lapidary set these stones sure,
Do you mark their waters?

Caca. Quick-sand choak their waters,
And hers that bought 'em too, but I shall find her.

Perez. And so shall I, I hope, but do not hurt her,
You cannot find in all this Kingdom,
(If you had need of cozening, as you may have,
For such gross natures will desire it often,
'Tis at some time too a fine variety,)

A woman that can cozen ye so neatly,
She has taken half mine anger off with this trick. [*Exit.*]

Caca. If I were valiant now, I would kill this fellow,
I have mony enough lies by me at a pinch
To pay for twenty Rascals lives that vex me,

I'll to this Lady, there I shall be satisfied.

[Exit.

Enter Leon, and Margarita.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country house,
And there we'll learn to live contently,
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry,
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.

Marg. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure;
Live in a hollow tree Sir, I'll live with ye.

Leon. I, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your Husband,
And your sick will aims at the care of honour,
Why now I dote upon ye, love ye dearly,
And my rough nature falls like roaring streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.
O what a Jewel is a woman excellent,
A wise, a vertuous and a noble woman!
When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,
And through the world we hold our currant virtues,
Alone we are single medals, only faces,
And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows,
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble,
I'll be as humble to you as a servant,
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
They shall be welcome all, visit acquaintance,
Goe at your pleasure, now experience
Has link't you fast unto the chain of goodness:
What noise is this, what dismal cry?

(Clashing
swords. A cry
within, down
with their
swords.

Marg. 'Tis loud too.

Sure there's some mischief done i'th' street, look out there.

Leon. Look out and help.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh Sir the Duke *Medina*.

Leon. What of the Duke *Medina*?

Serv. Oh sweet Gentleman, is almost slain.

Mar. Away away and help him, all the house help.

[Exit Servant.

Leon. How slain? why *Margarita*,
Why wife, sure some new device they have a foot again,

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Some trick upon my credit, I shall meet it,
I had rather guide a ship Imperial
Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

Enter Duke, Margarita, Sanchio, Alonzo, Servant.

Marg. How came ye hurt Sir?

Duke. I fell out with my friend the noble Coronel,
My cause was naught, for 'twas about your honour:
And he that wrongs the Innocent ne'r prospers,
And he has left me thus for charity,
Lend me a bed to ease my tortur'd body,
That e're I perish I may show my penitence,
I fear I am slain.

Leon. Help Gentlemen to carry him,
There shall be nothing in this house my Lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye noble Sir.

Leon. To bed with him, and wife give your attendance.

Enter Juan.

Juan. Doctors and Surgions.

Duke. Do not disquiet me,
But let me take my leave in peace.

[*Ex. Duke, Sanchio, Alon. Marg. Servant.*]

Leon. Afore me
'Tis rarely counterfeited.

Juan. True, it is so Sir,
And take you heed, this last blow do not spoil ye,
He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,
As though we purpos'd anger; that same scratch
On's hand he took, to colour all and draw compassion,
That he might get into your house more cunningly.
I must not stay, stand now, and y'are a brave fellow.

Leon. I thank ye noble Coronel, and I honour ye. [*Exit*
Never be quiet? (*Juan.*]

Enter Margarita.

Marg. He's most desperate ill Sir,
I do not think these ten months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my house to play the fool in,

Or does it stand on Fairy ground, we are haunted,
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus?

Marg. What ail you Sir?

Leon. Nay what ail you sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?
What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer thus,
Have not I done my part like a true Husband,
And paid some desperate debts you never look'd for?

Marg. You have done handsomely I must confess Sir.

Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a hawk?
And watcht thee with delights to satisfy thee?
The very tithes of which had won a Widow.

Marg. Alas I pity ye.

Leon. Thou wilt make me angry,
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

Marg. You are alwaies,
You carry a kind of bedlam still about ye.

Leon. If thou pursuest me further I run stark mad,
If you have more hurt Dukes or Gentlemen,
To lye here on your cure, I shall be desperate,
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it,
Are ye so hot that no hedge can contain ye?
I'll have thee let blood in all the veins about thee,
I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have them open'd,
Thy spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire ye,
Thy maid shall be thy Mistris, thou the maid,
And all those servile labours that she reach at,
And goe through cheerfully, or else sleep empty,
That maid shall lye by me to teach you duty,
You in a pallet by to humble ye,
And grieve for what you lose.

Marg. I have lost my self Sir,
And all that was my base self, disobedience, [kneels.
My wantonness, my stubbornness I have lost too,
And now by that pure faith good wives are crown'd with,
By your own nobleness.

Enter Altea.

Leon. I take ye up, and wear ye next my heart,
See you be worth it. Now what with you?

SC. I AND HAVE A WIFE

Altea. I come to tell my Lady,
There is a fulsome fellow would fain speak with her.

Leon. 'Tis *Cacafogo*, goe and entertain him,
And draw him on with hopes.

Marg. I shall observe ye.

Leon. I have a rare design upon that Gentleman,
And you must work too.

Altea. I shall Sir most willingly.

Leon. Away then both, and keep him close in some place
From the Dukes sight, and keep the Duke in too,
Make 'em believe both, I'll find time to cure 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Perez, and Estifania, with a Pistol, and a Dagge[r].

Perez. Why how darst thou meet me again thou rebel,
And knowst how thou hast used me thrice, thou rascal?
Were there not waies enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,
But now thou comest to invite me,
And comest upon me,
How like a sheep-biting Rogue taken i'th' manner,
And ready for the halter dost thou look now!
Thou hast a hanging look thou scurvy thing, hast ne'r a knife
Nor ever a string to lead thee to Elysium?
Be there no pitifull 'Pothecaries in this town,
That have compassion upon wretched women,
And dare administer a dram of rats-bane,
But thou must fall to me?

Estif. I know you have mercy.

Per. If I had tuns of mercy thou deserv'st none,
What new trick is now afoot, and what new houses
Have you i'th' air, what orchards in apparition,
What canst thou say for thy life?

Estif. Little or nothing,
I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless
To beg for mercy, pray let me draw my book out,
And pray a little.

Perez. Do, a very little,
For I have farther business than thy killing,

Or does it stand on Fairy ground, we are haunted,
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus?

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I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless
To beg for mercy, pray let me draw my book out,
And pray a little.

Perez. Do, a very little,
For I have farther business than thy killing,

I have mony yet to borrow, speak when you are ready.

Estif. Now now Sir, now, *[shews a Pistol.*
Come on, do you start off from me,
Do you swear great Captain, have you seen a spirit?

Perez. Do you wear guns?

Estif. I am a Souldiers wife Sir,
And by that priviledge I may be arm'd,
Now what's the news, and let's discourse more friendly,
And talk of our affairs in peace.

Perez. Let me see,
Prethee let me see thy gun, 'tis a very pretty one.

Estif. No no Sir, you shall feel.

Perez. Hold ye villain, what thine own Husband?

Estif. Let mine own Husband then
Be in's own wits, there, there's a thousand duckets,
Who must provide for you, and yet you'l kill me.

Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millio[n]s.

Estif. When will you redeem your Jewels, I have pawn'd
You see for what, we must keep touch. ('em,

Perez. I'll kiss thee,
And get as many more, I'll make thee famous,
Had we the house now!

Estif. Come along with me,
If that be vanish't there be more to hire Sir.

Perez. I see I am an asse when thou art near me.

Enter Leon, Margarita, and Altea, with a Taper.

Leon. Is the fool come?

Altea. Yes and i'th' celler fast,
And there he staies his good hour till I call him,
He will make dainty musick among the sack-butts,
I have put him just, Sir, under the Dukes chamber.

Leon. It is the better.

Altea. Has given me royally,
And to my Lady a whole load of portigues.

Leon. Better and better still, go *Margarita*,
Now play your prize, you say you dare be honest,
I'll put ye to your best.

Marg. Secure your self Sir, give me the candle,

SC. I AND HAVE A WIFE

Pass away in silence.

[*Ex. Leon and Altea.*
She knocks.

Duke. Who's there, oh oh.

Marg. My Lord,

Duke within. Have ye brought me comfort?

Marg. I have my Lord.

Come forth 'tis I, come gently out I'll help ye,

Enter Duke, in a gown.

Come softly too, how do you?

Duke. Are there none here?

Let me look round; we cannot be too wary, [*noise below.*

Oh let me bless this hour, are you alone sweet friend?

Marg. Alone to comfort you. [*Cacafogo makes*

Duke. What's that you tumble? [*a noise below.*

I have heard a noise this half hour under me,

A fearfull noise.

Marg. The fat thing's mad i'th' celler,
And stumbles from one hogs-head to another,
Two cups more, and he ne'r shall find the way out.
What do you fear? come, sit down by me chearfully,
My Husband's safe, how do your wounds?

Duke. I have none Lady,
My wounds I counterfeited cunningly, [*noise below.*
And feign'd the quarrel too, to enjoy you sweet,
Let's lose no time, heark the same noise again.

Marg. What noise, why look ye pale? I hear no stirring,
This goblin in the vault will be so tipled.
You are not well I know by your flying fancy,
Your body's ill at ease, your wounds.

Duke. I have none, I am as lusty and as full of health,
High in my blood.

Marg. Weak in your blood you would say,
How wretched is my case, willing to please ye,
And find you so disable?

Duke. Believe me Lady.

Marg. I know you will venture all you have to satisfy me,
Your life I know, but is it fit I spoil ye,
Is it my love do you think?

Cacaf. below. Here's to the Duke.

Duke. It nam'd me certainly,
I heard it plainly sound.

Marg. You are hurt mortally,
And fitter for your prayers Sir than pleasure,
What starts you make? I would not kiss you wantonly,
For the world's wealth; have I secur'd my Husband,
And put all doubts aside to be deluded?

Cacaf. below. I come, I come.

Duke. Heaven bless me.

Marg. And bless us both, for sure this is the Devil,
I plainly heard it now, he will come to fetch ye,
A very spirit, for he spoke under ground,
And spoke to you just as you would have snatcht me,
You are a wicked man, and sure this haunts ye,
Would you were out o'th' house.

Duke. I would I were,
O' that condition I had leapt a window.

Marg. And that's the least leap if you mean to scape Sir,
Why what a frantick man were you to come here,
What a weak man to counterfeit deep wounds,
To wound another deeper!

Duke. Are you honest then?

Marg. Yes then and now, and ever, and excellent honest,
And exercise this pastime but to shew ye,
Great men are fools sometimes as well as wretches.
Would you were well hurt, with any hope of life,
Cut to the brains, or run clean through the body,
To get out quietly as you got in Sir,
I wish it like a friend that loves ye dearly,
For if my Husband take ye, and take ye thus a counterfeit,
One that would clip his credit out of his honour,
He must kill ye presently,
There is no mercy nor an hour of pity,
And for me to intreat in such an agony,
Would shew me little better than one guilty,
Have you any mind to a Lady now?

Duke. Would I were off fair,
If ever Lady caught me in a trap more.

Marg. If you be well and lusty, fy fy shake not,
You say you love me, come, come bravely now,

SC. I AND HAVE A WIFE

Despise all danger, I am ready for ye.

Duke. She mocks my misery, thou cruel Lady.

Marg. Thou cruel Lord, wouldst thou betray my honesty,
Betray it in mine own house, wrong my Husband,
Like a night thief, thou darst not name by day-light?

Duke. I am most miserable.

Marg. You are indeed,

And like a foolish thing you have made your self so,
Could not your own discretion tell ye Sir,
When I was married I was none of yours?
Your eyes were then commanded to look off me,
And I now stand in a circle and secure,
Your spells nor power can never reach my body,
Mark me but this, and then Sir be most miserable,
'Tis sacriledge to violate a wedlock,
You rob two Temples, make your self twice guilty,
You ruine hers, and spot her noble Husbands.

Du. Let me be gone, I'll never more attempt ye.

Mar. You cannot goe, 'tis not in me to save ye,
Dare ye do ill, and poorly then shrink under it?
Were I the Duke *Medina*, I would fight now,
For you must fight and bravely, it concerns you,
You do me double wrong if you sneak off Sir,
And all the world would say I lov'd a coward,
And you must dye too, for you will be kill'd,
And leave your youth, your honour and your state,
And all those dear delights you worship't here.

[*Noise
below.*]

Duke. The noise again!

Cacaf. below. Some small beer if you love me.

Mar. The Devil haunts you sure, your sins are mighty.
A drunken Devil too, to plague your villany.

Duke. Preserve me but this once.

Marg. There's a deep well

In the next yard, if you dare venture drowning,
It is but dea[t]h.

Duke. I would not dye so wretchedly.

Marg. Out of a garret window I'll let you down then,
But say the rope be rotten, 'tis huge high too.

Duke. Have you no mercy?

Marg. Now you are frighted throughly,

And find what 'tis to play the fool in folly,
And see with clear eyes your detested folly,
I'll be your guard.

Duke. And I'll be your true servant,
Ever from this hour vertuously to love ye,
Chastly and modestly to look upon ye,
And here I seal it.

Marg. I may kiss a stranger, for you must now be so.

Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, Sanchio.

Leon. How do you my Lord,
Me thinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my wife wounded ye, you were well before,
Pray Sir be comforted, I have forgot all,
Truly forgiven too, wife you are a right one,
And now with unknown nations I dare trust ye.

Juan. No more feign'd fights my Lord, they never prosper.

Leon. Who's this? the Devil in the vault? (studied it.

Alt. 'Tis he Sir, and as lovingly drunk, as though he had

Caca. Give me a cup of Sack, and kiss me Lady,
Kiss my sweet face, and make thy Husband cuckold,
An Ocean of sweet Sack, shall we speak treason?

Leon. He is Devilish drunk.

Duke. I had thought he had been a Devil.
He made as many noises and as horrible.

Leon. Oh a true lover Sir will lament loudly,
Which of the butts is your Mistris?

Caca. Butt in thy belly. (monstrous,

Leon. There's two in thine I am sure, 'tis grown so

Caca. Butt in thy face.

Leon. Go carry him to sleep,
A fools love should be drunk, he has paid well for't too.
When he is sober let him out to rail,
Or hang himself, there will be no loss of him.

[*Exit Caca. and Servant.*

Enter Perez, and Estifania.

Leon. Who's this? my Mauhound cousin?

Per. Good Sir, 'tis very good, would I had a house too,
For there is no talking in the open air,

SC. I AND HAVE A WIFE

My Tarmogant Couz, I would be bold to tell ye,
 I durst be merry too; I tell you plainly,
 You have a pretty seat, you have the luck on't,
 A pretty Lady too, I have mist both,
 My Carpenter built in a mist I thank him,
 Do me the courtesie to let me see it,
 See it but once more. But I shall cry for anger.
 I'll hire a Chandlers shop close under ye,
 And for my foolerie, sell sope and whip-cord,
 Nay if you do not laugh now and laugh heartily,
 You are a fool couz.

Leon. I must laugh a little,
 And now I have done, couz thou shalt live with me,
 My merry couz, the world shall not divorce us,
 Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want,
 Will this content thee?

Perez. I'll cry, and then I'll be thankfull,
 Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to ye.
 I would live a swallow here I must confess.
 Wife I forgive thee all if thou be honest,
 At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Estif. If I prove otherwaies, let me beg first,
 Hold, this is yours, some recompence for service,
 Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

Du. And this is yours, your true commission, Sir,
 Now you are a Captain.

Leon. You are a noble Prince Sir,
 And now a souldier, Gentleman, we all rejoyce in't.

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Altea. And I must needs attend my Mistris.

Leon. Will you goe Sister?

Altea. Yes indeed good Brother,
 I have two ties, mine own bloud,
 And my Mistris.

Marg. Is she your Sister?

Leon. Yes indeed good wife,
 And my best Sister,
 For she prov'd so, wench,
 When she deceiv'd you with a loving Husband.

Alt. I would not deal so truly for a stranger.

Marg. Well I could chide ye,
But it must be lovingly and like a Sister,
I'll bring you on your way, and feast ye nobly,
For now I have an honest heart to love ye,
And then deliver you to the blue *Neptune*.

Juan. Your colours you must wear, and wear 'em proudly,
Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too,
And all the world shall know
We are Vertues servants.

Duke. *And all the world shall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautifull, and envie blind.* [Exeunt.

Prologue.

PLeasure attend ye, and about ye sit
The springs of mirth, fancy, delight and wit
To stir you up, do not your looks let fall,
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
Because this day w' are Spaniards all again,
The story of our Play, and our Scene Spain :
The errors too, do not for this cause hate,
Now we present their wit and not their state.
Nor Ladies be not angry if you see,
A young fresh beauty, wanton and too free,
Seek to abuse her Husband, still 'tis Spain,
No such gross errors in your Kingdom raign,
W' are Vestals all, and though we blow the fire,
We seldom make it flame up to desire,
Take no example neither to begin,
For some by precedent delight to sin :
Nor blame the Poet if he slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously if not too wide.
But hold your Fanns close, and then smile at ease,
A cruel Scene did never Lady please.
Nor Gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,

*Though we present some men fool'd, some diseas'd,
Some drunk, some mad: we mean not you, you're free,
We taxe no farther than our Comedie,
You are our friends, sit noble then and see.*

Epilogue.

Good night our worthy friends, and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a heart
As you came hither; to those noble eyes
That deign to smile on our poor faculties,
And give a blessing to our labouring ends,
As we hope many, to such fortune sends
Their own desires, wives fair as light as chaste;
To those that live by spight *Wives made in haste.*

The Laws of Candy.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Cassilanes, *General of Candy.*
 Antinous, *Son to Cassilanes, and his Competitor.*
 Fernando, *a Venetian Captain, Servant to Annophel.*
 Philander, *Prince of Cyprus, passionately in love with Erotas.*
 Gonzalo, *An ambitious Politick Lord of Venice.*
 Gaspero, *Secretary of State.*
 Melitus, *a Gentleman of Candy.*
 Arcanes, *a noble Souldier, Friend to Cassilanes.*
 Decius, *Friend to Antinous.*
 Porphyccio, } *Senators.*
 Possenne, }

Paolo Michael, *Venetian Ambassador.*
 Mochingo, *an ignorant Servant to Erotas.*
Gentlemen.
Souldiers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Erotas, *a Princess, imperious, and of an overweaning Beauty.*
 Annophel, *Daughter to Cassilanes.*
 Hyparcha, *Attendant on the Princess Erotas.*

The Scene Candy.

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Taylor.	}	{	John Lowin.
William Eglestone.			John Underwood.
Nicholas Toolie.			George Birch.
Richard Sharpe.			Thomas Pollard.

ACT I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaspero, and Melitus.

Mel. SIR, you're the very friend I wish'd to meet with,
I have a large discourse invites your ear
To be an Auditor.

Gas. And what concerns it?

Mel. The sadly thriving progress of the loves
Between my Lord, the Prince, and that great Lady,
Whose insolence, and never-yet-match'd Pride,
Can by no Character be well exprest,
But in her only name, the proud *Erota*.

Gas. Alas, *Melitus*, I should guess the best
Success your Prince could find from her, to be
As harsh as the event doth prove: but now
'Tis not a time to pity passionate griefs,
When a whole Kingdom in a manner lyes
Upon its Death-Bed bleeding.

Mel. Who can tell
Whether or no these plagues at once
Hang over this unhappy Land for her sake
That is a Monster in it?

Gas. Here's the misery
Of having a Child our Prince; else I presume
The bold *Venetians* had not dar'd to attempt
So bloody an invasion.

Mel. Yet I wonder
Why (Master Secretary) still the Senate
So almost superstitiously adores
Gonzalo, the *Venetian* Lord, considering
The outrage of his Countrymen—

Gas. The Senate
Is wise, and therein just, for this *Gonzalo*,
Upon a Massacre performed at Sea
By the Admiral of *Venice*, on a Merchant
Of *Candy*, when the cause was to be heard
Before the Senate there, in open Court
Professed, that the cruelty the Admiral
Had shewed, deserved not only fine, but death;

For *Candy* then, and *Venice* were at peace :
 Since when upon a motion in the Senate,
 For Conquest of our Land, 'tis known for certain,
 That only this *Gonzalo* dar'd to oppose it,
 His reason was, because it too much savour'd
 Of lawless and unjust ambition.

The Wars were scarce begun, but he (in fear
 Of quarrels 'gainst his life) fled from his Country,
 And hither came, where (to confirm his truth)
 I know, (*Melitus*,) he out of his own store,
 Hath monied *Cassilanes* the General.

Mel. What, without other pledges than *Cassilanes*
 Bare promise of payment?

Gas. No, it may be
 He has some [pe]tty Lordship to retire to ;
 But thus he hath done ; now 'tis fit, *Melitus*,
 The Senate should be thankful, otherwise
 They should annihilate one of those Laws
 For which this Kingdome is throughout the World
 Unfollowed and admired.

Mel. What Laws are those, Sir ?
 Let me so much importune you.

Gas. You shall,
 And they be worth your knowledge : briefly thus :
 Who e'r he be that can detect apparently
 Another of ingratitude, for any
 Received Benefit, the Plaintiff may
 Require the Offenders life ; unless he please
 Freely and willingly to grant remission.

Mel. By which strict Law, the Senate is in danger,
 Should they neglect *Gonzalo* ?

Gas. Right, the Law
 Permits a like equality to Aliens,
 As to a home-bred Patriot.

Mel. Pray Sir, the other ?

Gas. Know, *Melitus*,
 The elder *Cretans* flourished many years,
 In War, in Peace unparallel'd, and they
 (To spur heroic Spirits on to Vertue)
 Enacted that what man so ere he were,

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Did noblest in the field against his enemy,
So by the general voice approv'd, and known,
Might at his home-return, make his demand
For satisfaction, and reward.

Mel. They are
Both famous Laws indeed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Master Secretary,
The Senate is about to sit, and crave
Your presence.

Gas. What, so suddenly?

Mes. These Letters
Will shew the causes why.

Gas. Heaven, thou art great,
And worthy to be thanked!

Mel. Your countenance, Sir,
Doth promise some good tidings.

Gas. O the best
And happiest for this land that e'r was told!
All the *Venetian* Forces are defeated.

Mel. How, Sir?

Gas. And what doth add some delight more,
There is amongst the Souldiers a contention
Who shall be the triumpher, and it stands
Doubtful between a Father and his Son,
Old *Cassilanes*, and young *Antinous*.

Mel. Why may not both demand it?

Gas. The Law denies it,
But where the Souldiers do not all consent,
The Parties in contention, are refer'd
To plead before the Senate; and from them
Upon an open audience to be judg'd
The Chief, and then to make demands.

Mel. You ravish me
With wonder and delight.

Gas. Come; as we walk,
I shall more fully inform you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Cassilanes, Arcanes, Antinous, and Decius.

Cas. Admit no Souldier near us till the Senate
Have took their places.

Arc. You are obey'd, my Lord.

Ant. *Decius*, fall off.

Dec. I shall.

Cas. Give leave *Arcanes* :

Young man, come nearer to me : who am I ?

Ant. It were a sin against the piety
Of filial duty, if I should forget
The debt I owe my Father on my knee :
Your pleasure ?

Cas. What, so low ? canst thou find joints,
Yet be an Elephant ? *Antinous*, rise ;
Thou wilt belye opinion, and rebate
The ambition of thy gallantry, that they
Whose confidence thou hast bewitch'd, should see
Their little God of War, kneel to his Father,
Though in my hand I did grasp Thunder.

Ant. Sir,
For proof that I acknowledge you the Author
Of giving me my Birth, I have discharg'd
A part of my Obedience. But if now
You should (as cruel fathers do) proclaim
Your right, and Tyrant-like usurp the glory
Of my peculiar honours, not deriv'd
From successary, but purchas'd with my blood,
Then I must stand first Champion for my self
Against all interposers.

Cas. Boldly urg'd,
And proudly, I could love thee, did not anger
Consult with just disdain, in open language
To call thee most ungrateful. Say freely,
Wilt thou resign the flatteries whereon
The reeling pillars of a popular breath
Have rais'd thy Giant-like conceit, to add
A suffrage to thy Fathers merit ? speak.

Sc. II THE LAWS OF CANDY

Ant. Sir, hear me: were there not a Chronicle
Well pen'd by all their tongues, who can report
What they have seen you do; or had you not
Best in your own performance writ your self,
And been your own text, I would undertake
Alone, without the help of Art, or Character,
But only to recount your deeds in Arms,
And you should ever then be fam'd a President
Of living victory: But as you are
Great, and well worthy to be stiled Great,
It would betray a poverty of Spirit
In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descent,
If I should coward-like surrender up
The interest which the inheritance of your vertue
And mine own thrifty fate can claim in honour:
My Lord, of all the mass of Fame, which any
That wears a Sword, and hath but seen me fight,
Gives me, I will not share, nor yield one jot,
One tittle.

Cas. Not to me?

Ant. You are my Father,
Yet not to you.

Cas. Ambitious Boy, how dar'st thou
To tell me, that thou wilt contend?

Ant. Had I
Been slothful, and not follow'd you in all
The streights of death, you might have justly then
Reputed me a Bastard: 'tis a cruelty
More than to murder Innocents, to take
The life of my yet infant-honour from me.

Cas. *Antinous*, look upon this badge of age,
Thy Father's grey-hair'd beard: full fifty years,
(And more than half of this, ere thou wert born)
I have been known a Souldier, in which time
I found no difference 'twixt War and Peace,
For War was Peace to me, and Peace was War.
Antinous, mark me well; there hath not liv'd
These fifty years a man whom *Crete* prefer'd
Before thy Father; let me boldly boast,
Thy Father, both for Discipline a[n]d Action

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT I

Hath so long been the first of all his Nation;
 Now, canst thou think it honest, charitable,
 Nay humane, being so young, my Son, my Child,
 Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy Father,
 For one days service, and that on thy first,
 To rob me of a glory which I fought for
 A half of hundred years?

Ant. My case observes
 Both equity and presidents; for Sir,
 That very day whereon you got your Fame,
 You took it from some other, who was then
 Chief in repute, as you are now, and has been
 Perhaps as many years deserving that
 Which you gain'd in a day, as I have mine.

Cas. But he was not my Father then, *Antinous*;
 Thou leav'st out that.

Ant. Sir, had he been your Father,
 He had been then immortal; for a Father
 Heightens his reputation where his Son
 Inherits it, as when you give us life,
 Your life is not diminish'd but renew'd
 In us when you are dead, and we are still
 Your living Images.

Cas. So be thou curs'd
 In thy posterity, as I in thee,
 Dishonourable Boy; O shall that Sun,
 Which not a year yet since beheld me mounted
 Upon a fiery Steed, waving my Sword,
 And teaching this young Man to manage Arms,
 That was a raw, fresh Novice in the feats
 Of Chivalrie, shall that same Sun be witness
 Against this Brat of his Ingratitude?
 Who, to eclipse the light of my renown,
 Can no way hope to get a noble Name,
 But by the treading on his Father's Greatness;
 Thou wilt not yield?

Enter Arcanes.

Ant. My life, but not the prize
 My Sword hath purchas'd.

SC. II THE LAWS OF CANDY

Arc. The Senate,

My Lord, are here at hand, and all the Souldiers
Begin to throng about them.

Cas. Now, *Arcanes*, the—

Arc. What, Sir?

Cas. Trifles will affront us; that
Fine fighting Stripling.

Arc. Let him have the shame on't;
'Please you withdraw on this side.

Cas. My great heart
Was never quail'd before.

Dec. My Lord, be confident,
Let not your Father daunt you.

Arc. *Decius*, whither
Must I withdraw?

Dec. On this side.—See, the Souldiers
Attend your pleasure—courage, Sir; the Senate.

Cas. Way for the Senate.

Enter Porphyccio, Possenne, (*three Senators*) Gonzalo,
Gaspero, *Souldiers*.

My good Lords I know not
What tax of arrogance I may incurr,
Should I presume, though courted by your Favours,
To take a place amongst you; I had rather
Give proof of my unfeign'd humility
By force, though mean, yet more becoming place,
Than run the hazard of a doubtful censure.

Pos. My Lord, your wisdom is both known and try'd;
We cannot rank you in a nobler Friendship
Than your great service to the State deserves.

Por. Will't please you, Sir?

Enter Fernando *with Souldiers*.

Gonz. What's here, my Lord *Porphyccio*?
It must not be.

Por. My Lord, you are too modest.

Gonz. It is no season to be troublesome,
Else—but I have done: your Lordships are observ'd.

Gas. Is the demandant ready?

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT I

Arc. He is ready.

Gas. Produce him then.

Arc. Before this sacred presence,
I, by a general consent, am made
The Souldiers voice, and to your gracious Wisdoms,
Present as chief in Arms, his Countries Champion,
Cassilanes.

Dec. Most reverend Lords, you hear the lesser number
Of those who have been Guardians to this Country,
Approve this Champion ; I, in all their names,
Who fought for *Candy*, here present before you
The mightiest man in Arms, *Antinous.*
Speak fellow Souldiers.

Sold. *Antinous, Antinous.*

Gas. Stand by all, save the two Competitors. (both,

Poss. My Lords, how much your Countrey owes you
The due reward of your desertful glories
Must to Posterity remain : but yet
Since, by our Law, one only can make claim
To the proposed honours which you both
(It seems) have truly merited, take leave
Freely to plead your rights ; we shall attend ye.

Por. Wherein priority of voice is granted,
Lord *Cassilanes* to you ; for that your rare
And long experience in the Course of War,
As well doth challenge it as the best priviledge
Of Order and Civility, for that
You are your brave Opponents worthy Father.
Say, Country-men, are you content ?

Sold. I, I.

Cass. Right grave, right gracious Fathers ; how unfit
It is for me, that all my life time have
Been practis'd in the School of Bloud, and Slaughter
To bandy words now in my lifes last farewell,
Your Wisdomes will consider ; were there pitcht
Another, and another field, like that
Which, not yet three days since, this Arm hath scatter'd,
Defeated, and made nothing, then the man
That had a heart to think he could but follow
(For equal me he should not) through the lanes

SC. II THE LAWS OF CANDY

Of danger and amazement, might in that
 That only of but following me, be happy,
 Reputed worthy to be made my Rival;
 For 'tis not, Lords, unknown to those about me,
 (My fellow Souldiers) first, with what a confidence
 I led them on to fight, went on still, and
 As if I could have been a second Nature,
 As well in heartening them by my example,
 As by my exhortation, I gave life
 To quicken courage, to inflame revenge,
 To heighten resolution; in a word,
 To out-doe action: It boots not to discover,
 How that young man, who was not fledg'd nor skill'd
 In Martial play, was even as ignorant
 As childish: But I list not to disparage
 His non-ability: The signal given
 Of Battel, when our enemies came on,
 (Directed more by fury, than by warrant
 Of Policy and Stratagem) I met them,
 I in the fore-front of the Armies met them;
 And as if this old weather-beaten body
 Had been compos'd of cannon-proof, I stood
 The volleys of their shot. I, I my self
 Was he that first dis-rankt their woods of Pikes:
 But when we came to handy-stroaks, as often
 As I lent blows, so often I gave wounds,
 And every wound a death. I may be bold
 To justifie a truth, this very sword
 Of mine slew more than any twain besides:
 And, which is not the least of all my glorie,
 When he, this young man, hand to hand in fight,
 Was by the General of the Venetians,
 And such as were his retinue, unhors'd,
 I stept between, and rescu'd him my self,
 Or horses hoofs had trampled him to dirt;
 And whilst he was re-mounting, I maintain'd
 The combate with the gallant General,
 Till having taken breath, he throng'd before me,
 Renew'd the fight, and with a fatal blow,
 Stole both that honour from me, and his life

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT I

From him, whom I before my self alone,
 Had more than full three quarters kill'd: a man
 Well worthy only by this hand to have dy'd,
 Not by a Boys weak push: I talk too much,
 But 'tis a fault of age: If to bring home
 Long peace, long victorie, even to your Capitol;
 If to secure your Kingdom, wives, and children,
 Your lives and liberties; if to renown
 Your honours through the world, to fix your names,
 Like Blazing stars admir'd, and fear'd by all
 That have but heard of *Candy*, or a *Cretan*,
 Be to deserve the approvement of my man-hood,
 Then thus much have I done: what more, examine
 The annals of my life; and then consider
 What I have been, and am. Lords I have said.

Gonz. With reverence to the Senate, is it lawfull,
 Without your Customes breach, to say a word?

Pos. Say on my Lord *Gonzalo*.

Gonz. I have heard,
 And with no little wonder, such high deeds
 Of Chivalrie discours'd, that I confess,
 I do not think the Worthies while they liv'd
 All nine, deserv'd as much applause, or memorie,
 As this one: But who can do ought to gain
 The crown of honour from him, must be somewhat
 More than a man; you tread a dangerous path,
 Yet I shall hear you gladly: for believe me,
 Thus much let me profess, in honours cause,
 I would not to my Father, nor my King,
 (My Countries Father) yield: if you transcend
 What we have heard, I can but only say,
 That Miracles are yet in use. I fear
 I have offended.

Porp. You have spoken nobly.
Antinous use your priviledge.

Ant. Princely Fathers,
 E're I begin, one suit I have to make,
 'Tis just, and honourable.

Porp. Poss. Speak, and have it.

Ant. That you would please the souldiers might all stand

SC. II THE LAWS OF CANDY

Together by their General.

Poss. 'Tis granted.

All fall to yonder side : Go on, *Antinous*.

Ant. I shall be brief and plain : all what my Father
(This Countries Patron) hath discours'd, is true.
Fellows in Arms : speak you, is't true ?

Sol. True, true.

Ant. It follows, that the blaze of my performance
Took light from what I saw him do : and thus
A City (though the flame be much more dreadfull)
May from a little spark be set on fire ;
Of all what I have done, I shall give instance
Only in three main proofs of my desert.
First I sought out (but through how many dangers
My Lords judge ye) the chief, the great Commander,
The head of that huge body, whose proud weight
Our Land shrunk under, him I found and fought with,
Fought with, and slew. Fellows in Arms, speak you,
Is't true or not ?

Sold. True, true.

Ant. When he was faln,
The hearts of all our adversaries
Began to quail, till young *Fernando*, son
To the last Duke of *Venice* gather'd head,
And soon renew'd the field, by whose example
The bold Venetians doubling strength and courage
Had got the better of the day ; our men
Supposing that their adversaries grew
Like *Hydra's* head, recoyle, and 'gan to flye :
I follow'd them ; and what I said, they know ;
The summe on't is ; I call'd them back, new rankt them ;
Led on, they follow'd, shrunk not t[i]ll the end :
Fellows in Arms is't true, or no ?

Sold. True, true.

Ant. Lastly, to finish all, there was but one,
The only great exploit ; which was to take
Fernando prisoner, and that hand to hand
In single fight I did : my self without
The help of any arm, save the arm of Heaven.
Speak Souldiers, is it true, or no ?

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT I

Sold. Antinous, Antinous.

Ant. Behold my prisoner, Fathers.

Fern. This one man

Ruin'd our Army, and hath glorifi'd
Crete in her robes of mightiness and conquest.

Pos. We need not use long circumstance of words,
Antinous thou art conquerer: the Senate,
The souldiers, and thy valour have pronounc'd it.

All. Antinous, Antinous.

Porp. Make thy demand.

Cas. Please ye (my Lords) give leave
That I may part.

Pos. No *Cassilane*, the Court
Should therein be dishonour'd, do not imagin
We prize your presence at so slight a rate.
Demand, *Antinous*.

Ant. Thus (my Lords) to witness
How far I am from arrogance, or thinking
I am more valiant, though more favour'd
Than my most matchless father, my demand is,
That for a lasting memorie of his name,
His deeds, his real, nay his royal worth,
You set up in your Capitol in Brass
My Fathers Statue, there to stand for ever
A Monument and Trophy of his victories,
With this Inscription to succeeding ages,
Great Cassilanes, Patron of Candy's Peace,
Perpetual Triumpher.

Por. Pos. It is granted. What more?

Ant. No more.

Cas. How Boy?

Gonz. Thou art immortal,
Both for thy Son-like pietie, and beauties
Of an unconquer'd minde.

Ant. My Prisoner, Lords,
To your more sacred wisdoms I surrender:
Fit you his ransom; half whereof I give
For largess to the Souldiers: the other half
To the erection of this monument.

Cass. Ambitious villain.

SC. II THE LAWS OF CANDY

Gonz. Thou art all un-imitable.

My Lords, to work a certain peace for *Candy*
 With *Venice*, use *Fernando* like a Prince;
 His ransom I'll disburse what e're it be:
 Yet you may stay him with you, till conditions
 Of amitie shall be concluded on:
 Are ye content?

Porp. We are, and ever rest
 Both friends and debtors to your nobleness.

Gonz. Souldiers attend me in the Market-place,
 I'll thither send your largess.

Sold. *Antinous, Antinous.*

[*Exeunt.*

Cas. I have a sute too, Lords.

Porp. Pos. Propose it, 'tis yours, if fit and just.

Cas. Let not my services,

My being forty years a drudge, a pack-horse
 To you, and to the State, be branded now
 With Ignominy ne're to be forgotten:
 Rear me no Monument, unless you mean
 To have me fam'd a Coward, and be stamp'd so.

Pos. We understand you not.

Cas. Proud boy, thou dost,
 And Tyrant-like insult'st upon my shame.

Ant. Sir, Heaven can tell, and my integrity,
 What I did, was but only to inforce
 The Senates gratitude. I now acknowledge it.

Cas. Observe it Fathers, how this haughty boy
 Grows cunning in his envy of mine honours:
 He knows no mention can of me be made,
 But that it ever likewise must be told,
 How I by him was master'd; and for surety
 That all succeeding times may so report it,
 He would have my dishonour, and his Triumphs
 Ingrav'd in Brass: hence, hence proceeds the falshood
 Of his insinuating piety.

Thou art no child of mine: thee and thy bloud,
 Here in the Capitol, before the Senate,
 I utterly renounce: So thrift and fate
 Confirm me; henceforth never see my face,
 Be, as thou art, a villain to thy Father.

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT I

Lords I must crave your leaves: come, come *Arcanes*. [Ex.]

Gonz. Here's a strange high-born spirit.

Pos. 'Tis but heat

Of suddain present rage; I dare assure

Antinous of his favour.

Ant. I not doubt it,

He is both a good man, and a good Father.

I shall attend your Lordships.

Pos. Do *Antinous*.

Gonz. Yes: feast thy Triumphs
With applause and pleasures.

Por. Pos. Lead on. [Exeunt. *Flor. Cornets.*

Ant. I utterly renounce—'Twas so?

Was't not, my *Decius*?

Dec. Pish, you know, my Lord,
Old men are cholerick.

Ant. And lastly parted

With, never henceforth see my face: O me,
How have I lost a Father? Such a Father!
Such a one *Decius*! I am miserable,
Beyond expression.

Dec. Fie, how unbecoming
This shews upon your day of fame!

Ant. O mischief!

I must no more come near him; that I know,
And am assur'd on't.

Dec. Say you do not?

Ant. True:

Put case I do not: what is *Candy* then
To lost *Antinous*? *Malta*, I resolve
To end my dayes in thee.

Dec. How's that?

Ant. I'll trie

All humble means of being reconcil'd,
Which if deny'd, then I may justly say,
This day has prov'd my worst: *Decius*, my worst. [Exeunt.]

ACT II THE LAWS OF CANDY

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gonzalo, and Gaspero.

Gasp. **N**OW to what you have heard; as no man can
Better than I, give you her Character;
For I have been both nurs'd, and train'd up to
Her petulant humours, and been glad to bear them,
Her Brother, my late Master, did no less:
Strong apprehensions of her beauty hath
Made her believe that she is more than woman:
And as there did not want those flatterers
'Bout the worlds Conquerour, to make him think,
And did perswade him that he was a god;
So there be those base flies, that will not stick
To buzze into her ears she is an Angel,
And that the food she feeds on is *Ambrosia*.

Gonz. She should not touch it then, 'tis Poets fare.

Gas. I may take leave to say, she may as well
Determine of her self to be a goddess,
With lesser flatterie than he a god:
For she does conquer more, although not farther.
Every one looks on her, dyes in despair,
And would be glad to do it actually,
To have the next age tell how worthily,
And what good cause he had to perish so:
Here beauty is superlative, she knows it,
And knowing it, thinks no man can deserve,
But ought to perish, and to dye for her:
Many great Princes for her love have languish'd,
And given themselves a willing sacrifice,
Proud to have ended so: And now there is
A Prince so madded in his own passions,
That he forgets the Royaltie he was born to,
And deems it happiness to be her slave.

Gonz. You talk as if you meant to winde me in,
And make me of the number.

Gas. Sir, mistake me not, the service that I owe ye
Shall plead for me: I tell you what she is,
What she expects, and what she will effect,

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT II

Unless you be the miracle of men,
That come with a purpose to behold,
And goe away your self.

Gonz. I thank you, I will do it: But pray resolve me,
How is she stor'd with wit?

Gas. As with beauty,
Infinite, and more to be admired at,
Than medled with.

Gonz. And walks her tongue the same gate with her feet?

Gas. Much beyond: what e're her heart thinks, she utters:
And so boldly, so readily, as you would judge
It penn'd and studied.

*Enter Erotia, Philander, Annophil, Hyparcha,
Mochingo, Attendants.*

Gonz. She comes.

Gas. I must leave you then,
But my best wishes shall remain with you. [*Exit.*

Gonz. Still I must thank you.
This is the most passionate,
Most pitifull Prince,
Who in the Caldron of affections,
Looks as he had been par-boy'd.

Phil. If I offend with too much loving you,
It is a fault that I must still commit,
To make your mercy shine the more on me.

Erot. You are the self-same creature you condemn,
Or else you durst not follow me with hope
That I can pity you, who am so far
From granting any comfort in this kind,
That you and all men else shall perish first:
I will live free and single, till I find
Something above a man to equal me;
Put all your brave *Heroes* into one,
Your Kings and Emperours, and let him come
In person of a man, and I should scorn him:
Must, and will scorn him.

The god of love himself hath lost his eyes,
His Bow and Torch extinguish'd, and the Poets
That made him first a god, have lost their fire

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Since I appear'd, and from my eyes must steal it.
This I dare speak; and let me see the man,
Now I have spoke it, that doth, dare deny;
Nay, not believe it.

Mo. He is mad that does not.

Erot. Have not all the nations of the Earth heard of me?
Most come to see me, and seeing me, return'd
Full of my praises? teaching their Chroniclers
To make their Stories perfect? for where the name,
Merely the word of fair *Erota* stands,
It is a lasting History to time,
Begetting admiration in the men,
And in my own Sex envie: which glorie's lost,
When I shall stick my beautie in a cloud,
And clearly shine through it.

Gonz. This woman's in the altitudes, and he must be
A good Astrologer shall know her Zodiack.

Phil. For any man to think
Himself an able purchaser of you,
But in the bargain there must be declar'd
Infinite bounty: otherwise I vow,
By all that's excellent and gracious in you,
I would untenant every hope lodg'd in me,
And yield my self up loves, or your own Martyr.

Erot. So you shall please us.

Phil. O you cannot be
So heavenly, and so absolute in all things,
And yet retain such cruel tyranny.

Erot. I can, I do, I will.

Gonz. She is in her
Moods, and her Tenses: I'll Grammer with you,
And make a trial how I can decline you:
By your leave (great Lady.)

Erot. What are you?

Gonz. A man, a good man, that's a wealthy;
A Proper man, and a proud man too; one
That understands himself, and knows, unless
It be your self, no woman on the Universe deserves him.
Nay, Lady, I must tell you too withal,
I may make doubt of that, unless you paint

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT II

With better judgement next day than on this;
For (plain I must be with you) 'tis a dull Fucus.

Erot. Knows any one here what this fellow is?

Atten. He is of *Venice* (Madam) a great Magnifico,
And gracious with the Senate. (here?)

Erot. Let him keep then among them; what makes he
Here's state enough where I am: here's a do—
You, tell him, if he have ought with us, let him
Look lower, and give it in Petition.

Mo. Mighty Magnifico, my Mistris bid me tell you,
If you have ought with her, you must look lower,
And yield it in Petition.

Gonz. Here is for thee a Ducket.

Mon. You say well Sir, take your own course.

Gonz. I will not grace you
(Lady) so much as take you by the hand;
But when I shall vouchsafe to touch your lip,
It shall be through your Court a holy-day
Proclaimed for so high favour.

Erot. This is some
Great mans Jester: Sirrah, begon, here is
No place to fool in.

Gonz. Where are the fools you talk of?
I do keep two.

Erot. No question of it: for
In your self you do maintain an hundred.

Gonz. And besides them I keep a noble train,
Statists, and men of action: my purse is large and deep,
Beyond the reach of riot to draw drie:
Fortune did vie with Nature, to bestow
(When I was born) her bountie equally:
'Tis not amiss you turn your eyes from me;
For should you stand and gaze me in the face,
You perish would, like *Semele* by *Jove*:
In *Venice* at this instant there do lye
No less than threescore Ladies in their graves,
And in their Beds five hundred for my love.

Mo. You lie more than they; yet it becomes him bravel[y];
Would I could walk and talk so! I'll endeavour it.

Erot. Sir, do you know me?

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Gon. Yes, you were sister to the late Prince of *Candy*,
Aunt to this young one: and I in *Venice*,
Am born a Lord; equall to you in fortunes,
In shape; I'll say no more, but view.

Mon. There needs no more be said, were I a woman—
O he does rarely: in shape; I'll say no more,
But view: who could say more, who better?
Man is no man, nor woman woman is,
Unless they have a pride like one of these.
How poor the Prince of *Cyprus* shews to him!
How poor another Lady unto her!
Carriage and State makes us seem demi-gods,
Humility, like beasts, worms of the Earth.

Enter Antinous, and Decius.

Ant. Royal Lady, I kiss your hand.

Erot. Sir, I know you not.

Anno. O my noble Brother, welcom from the wars.

Ant. Dear Sister.

Ann. Where is my Father, that you come without him?
We have news of your success: he has his health I hope?

Ant. Yes Sister, he has his health, but is not well.

Ann. How not well? what Riddles do yo[u] utter?

Ant. I'll tell you more in private.

Gonz. Noble Sir,

I cannot be unmindfull of your merit,
Since I last heard it: you are a hopefull youth,
And (indeed) the Soul of *Candy*.

I must speak my thoughts.

Ann. The Prince of *Cyprus* Brother, good *Decius*.

Ant. I am his Servant.

Phil. You are the Patron of your Countrie, Sir,
So your unimitable deeds proclaim you,
It is no language of my own, but all mens.

Gonz. Your Enemies must needs acknowledge it:
Then do not think it flatterie in your friends,
For if they had a heart, they could not want a tongue.

Erot. Is this your Brother *Annophil*?

Ann. Yes Madam.

Erot. Your name's *Antinous*?

THE LAWS OF CANDY Act II

Ant. I am (Lady) that most unfortunate man.

Erot. How unfortunate? are you not the Souldier,
The Captain of those Captains, that did bring
Conquest and Victory home along with you?

Ant. I had some share in't; but was the least
Of the least worthy.

Gonz. O Sir, in your modesty you'd make
A double Conquest: I was an ear-witness
When this young man spoke lesser than he acted,
And had the Souldiers voice to help him out:
But that the Law compell'd him for his honour,
To inforce him make a claim for his reward,
I well perceive he would have stood the man
That he does now, buried his worth in silence.

Erot. Sir, I hearken not to him, but look on you,
And find more in you than he can relate:
You shall attend on me.

Ant. Madam, your pardon.

Erot. Deny it not Sir, for it is more honour
Than you have gotten i'th' field: for know you shall,
Upon *Erota's* asking, serve *Erota*.

Ant. I may want answers, Lady,
But never want a will to do you service.
I came here to my Sister, to take leave,
Having enjoyn'd my self to banishment,
For some cause that hereafter you may hear,
And wish with me I had not the occasion.

Anno. There shall be no occasion to divide us:
Dear Madam for my sake use your power,
Even for the service that he ought to owe,
Must, and does owe to you, his friends, and country.

Erot. Upon your Loyalty to the state and me,
I do command you Sir, not depart *Candy*:
Am I not your Princess?

Ant. You are a great Lady.

Erot. Then shew your self a Servant and a Subject.

Ant. I am your vassal.

Mon. You are a Coward; I that dare not fight,
Scorn to be vassail to any Prince in *Europe*:
Great is my heart with pride, which I'll encrease

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

When they are gone, with practise on my Vassals.

Atten. The noble *Cassilane* is come to see you Madam.

Dec. There's comfort in those words, *Antinous*:

For here's the place, and persons that have power,

To reconcile you to his love again.

Ant. That were a fortunate meeting.

Enter Cassilane, and Arcanes.

Cas. Greatness still wait you Lady.

Erot. Good *Cassilane*, we do maintain our greatness,
Through your valour.

Cas. My prayers pull daily blessings on thy head,
My un-offending child, my *Annophel*.

Good Prince, worthy *Gonzalo*! ha? art thou here

Before me? in every action art thou ambitious?

My duty (Lady) first offered here,

And love to thee (my child) though he out-strip me;

Thus in the wars he got the start on me,

By being forward, but performing less;

All the endeavours of my life are lost,

And thrown upon that evil of mine own

Cursed begetting, whom I shame to father.

O that the heat thou rob'dst me of, had burnt

Within my Entrails, and begot a fever,

Or some worse sickness, for thou art a disease

Sharper than any Physick gives a name to.

Anno. Why do you say so?

Cas. O *Annophel*; there is good cause my girle:

He has plaid the thief with me, and filch'd away

The richest jewel of my life, my honour,

Wearing it publickly with that applause,

As if he justly did inherit it.

Ant. Would I had in my Infancy been laid

Within my grave, covered with your blessings rather

Than grown up to a man, to meet your curses.

Cas. O that thou hadst.

Then I had been the Father of a child,

Dearer than thou wert ever unto me,

When hope perswaded me I had begot

Another self in thee: Out of mine eyes,

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT II

As far as I have thrown thee from my heart,
That I may live and dye forgetting thee.

Erot. How has he deserv'd this untam'd anger,
That when he might have ask't for his reward
Some honour for himself, or mass of pelf,
He only did request to have erected
Your Statue in the Capitol, with Titles
Ingrav'd upon't, The Patron of his Countrey?

Cas. That, that's the poison in the gilded cup,
The Serpent in the flowers, that stings my honour,
And leaves me dead in fame: Gods do a justice,
And rip his bosom up, that men may see,
Seeing, believe the subtle practises
Written within his heart: But I am heated,
And do forget this presence, and my self.
Your pardon, Lady.

Erot. You should not ask, 'less you knew how to give.
For my sake *Cassilane*, cast out of your thoughts
All ill conceptions of your worthy son,
That (questionless) has ignorantly offended,
Declared in his penitence.

Cas. Bid me dye, Lady, for your sake I'll do it;
But that you'll say is nothing, for a man
That has out-liv'd his honour: But command me
In any thing save that, and *Cassilane*
Shall ever be your servant. Come *Annophel*,
(My joy in this world) thou shalt live with me,
(Retired in some solitarie nook,)
The comfort of my age; my dayes are short,
And ought to be well spent: and I desire
No other witness of them but thy self,
And good *Arcanes*.

Anno. I shall obey you Sir.

Gonz. Noble Sir:

If you taste any want of worldly means,
Let not that discontent you: know me your friend,
That hath, and can supply you.

Cas. Sir, I am too much bound to you already,
And 'tis not of my cares the least, to give you
Fair satisfaction.

Sc. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Gonz. You may imagine I do speak to that end,
But trust me, 'tis to make you bolder with me.

Cas. Sir, I thank you, and may make trial of you,
Mean time my service.

Anno. Brother be comforted ; so long as I continue
Within my Fathers love, you cannot long
Stand out an Exile : I must goe live with him,
And I will prove so good an Orator
In your behalf, that you again shall gain him,
Or I will stir in him another anger,
And be lost with you.

Ant. Better I were neglected : for he is hasty,
And through the Choler that abounds in him,
(Which for the time divides from him his judgement)
He may cast you off, and with you his life ;
For grief will straight surprize him, and that way
Must be his death : the sword has try'd too often,
And all the deadly Instruments of war
Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne're could touch it :
Yet not a limb about him wants a scar.

Cas. Madam my duty—

Erot. Will you be gone ?

Cas. I must, Lady, but I shall be ready,
When you are pleas'd command me, for your service.
Excellent Prince— To all my heartie love,
And a good Farewel.

Mon. Thanks honest *Cassilane*.

Cas. Come *Annophel*.

Gonz. Shall I not wait upon you Sir ?

Cas. From hence you shall not stir a foot :
Loving *Gonzalo*, it must be all my study
To requite you.

Gonz. If I may be so fortunate to deserve
The name of friend from you, I have enough.

Cas. You are so, and you have made your self so.

Gonz. I will then preserve it.

Erot. *Antinous* you are my servant, are you not ?

Ant. It hath pleased you so to grace me.

Erot. Why are you then dejected ? you will say,
You have lost a father ; but you have found a Mistris

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT II

Doubles that loss : be master of your spirit ;
You have a cause for it, which is my favour.

Gonz. And mine.

Erot. Will no man ease me of this fool ?

Gonz. Your fellow.

Erot. *Antinous* wait upon us.

Ant. I shall Madam.

Gonz. Nay but Ladie, Ladie.

Erot. Sir, you are rude : and if you be the Master
Of such means as you do talk of, you should
Learn good manners.

Gonz. O Lady, you can find a fault in me,
But not perceive it in your self : you must, shall hear me :
I love you for your pride, 'tis the best vertue
In you.

Erot. I could hang this fellow now : by whom
Are you supported, that you dare do this ?
Have you not example here in a Prince
Transcending you in all things, yet bears himself
As doth become a man had seen my beautie ?
Back to your Country, and your Curtizans,
Where you may be admired for your wealth,
Which being consum'd, may be a means to gain you
The opinion of some wit. Here's nothing
To be got but scorn, and loss of time.

Gonz. Which are things I delight in.

Erot. *Antinous* follow me.

[*Exit.*

Gonz. She is vext to the soul.

Mon. Let her be vext, 'tis fit she should be so :
Give me thy hand *Gonzalo*, thou art in our favour,
For we do love to cherish lofty spirits,
Such as percusse the Earth, and bound
With an erected countenance to the clouds.

Gonz. 'S-foot, what thing is this ?

Mon. I do love fire-works, because they mount :
An Exhalation I profess to adore,
Beyond a fixed star, 'tis more illustrious,
As every thing rais'd out of smoak is so :
Their vertue is in action : what do you think of me ?

Gonz. Troth Sir,

ACT III THE LAWS OF CANDY

You are beyond my gness, I know you not.

Mon. Do you know your self?

Gonz. Yes Sir.

Mon. Why you and I are one : I am proud, and
Very proud too, that I must tell you ; I saw
It did become you, cousin *Gonzalo*, prethee
Let it be so.

Gonz. Let it be so good cousin.

Mon. I am no great ones fool.

Gonz. I hope so, for alliance sake. (ninous

Mon. Yet I do serve the Mighty, Monstrous, and Magna-
Invincible *Erota*. (your Coat.

Gonz. O good cousin, now I have you : I'll meet you in

Mon. Coat? I have my horse-mans coat I must confess
Lin'd through with Velvet, and a Scarlet out-side ;
If you'll meet me in't, I'll send for't ;
And cousin you shall see me with much comfort,
For it is both a new one, and a right one,
It did not come collateral. (business.

Gonz. Adieu good cousin ; at this present I have some

Mon. Farewel, excellent cousin.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Gonzalo, and Fernando.

Gonz. C *Andy*, I say, is lost already.

Fern. Yes,

If to be conqueror be to be lost.

Gonz. You have it ; one days conquest hath undone them.
And sold them to their vassalage ; for what
Have I else toyl'd my brains, profusely emptied
My moneys, but to make them slaves to *Venice*,
That so in case the sword did lose his edge,
Then art might sharpen hers?

Fer. *Gonzalo* how?

Gonz. *Fernando* thus : you see how through this Land,
Both of the best and basest I am honour'd ;
I only gave the State of *Venice* notice,
When, where, and how to land, or you had found

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT III

A better entertainment: I was he
 Encourag'd young *Antinous* to affront
 The Devil his Father: for the Devil I think
 Dares not do more in battel.

Fer. But why did ye?
 I find no such great policie in that.

Gonz. Indeed *Fernando*, thou canst fight, not plot:
 Had they continu'd one, they two alone
 Were of sufficient courage and performance
 To beat an Armie.

Fer. Now by all my hopes,
 I rather shall admire, than envy vertue.

Gonz. Why then by all your hopes you'l rather have
 Your Brains knockt out, than learn how to be wise;
 You States-man? Well Sir, I did more than this,
 When *Cassilane* crav'd from the common treasure
 Pay for his Souldiers, I strook home, and lent him
 An hundred thousand Duckets.

Fer. Marry Sir,
 The policy was little, the love l[e]ss,
 And honesty least of all.

Gonz. How say ye by that?
 Go fight, I say goe fight, I'll talk no more with you,
 You are insensible.

Fer. Well, I shall observe ye.

Gonz. Why look you Sir, by this means have I got
 The greatest part of *Cassilanes* estate
 Into my hands, which he can ne're redeem,
 But must of force sink: do you conceive me now?

Fer. So:
 But why have you importuned the Senate,
 For me to sojourn with them?

Gonz. There's the quintessence,
 The soul, and grand elixir of my wit:
 For he (according to his noble nature)
 Will not be known to want, though he do want,
 And will be bankrupted so much the sooner,
 And made the subject of our scorn and laughter.

Fern. Here's a perfect plotted stratagem.

Gonz. Why? could you

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Imagine, that I did not hate in heart
My Countryes enemies? yes, yes, *Fernando*,
And I will be the man that shall undoe them.

Fern. Ye are in a ready way.

Gonz. I was never out on't.

Enter Gaspero.

Gonz. Peace,

Here comes a wise Coxcombe, a tame Coward.
Now worthy *Gaspero*, what,
You come (I know) to be my Lord *Fernando's*
Conductor to old *Cassilane*?

Gas. To wait upon him.

Gonz. And my Lords the Senators sent you?

Gasp. My noble Lord they did.

Gonz. My Lord *Fernando*,

This Gentleman, (as humble as you see him)
Is even this Kingdoms treasure; In a word,
'Tis his chief glory that he is not wiser
Than honest, nor more honest than approv'd
In truth and faith.

Gasp. My Lord.

Gonz. You may be bold

To trust him with your bosom, he'l not deceive
If you relie upon him once.

[*Fern.*] Your name is *Gaspero*?

Gasp. Your servant.

Gonz. Go commend me

(Right honest *Gaspero*) commend me heartily
To noble *Cassilane*, tell him my love
Is vow'd to him.

Gasp. I shall.

Gonz. I know you will.

My Lord I cannot long be absent from you.

Fer. Sir, you are now my guide.

Gonz. Thus my designs

Run uncontroul'd; yet *Venice* though I be
Intelligencer to thee, in my brain
Are other large Projects: for if proud *Erota*
Bend to my lure, I will be *Candy's* King,

[*Exit.*

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT III

And Duke of *Venice* too. Ha? *Venice* too?
 O 'twas prettily shov'd in : why not? *Erota*
 May in her love seal all sure : if she swallow
 The bait, I am Lord of both ; if not, yet *Candy*
 Despight of all her power shall be ruin'd.

Enter Cassilane, Arcanes, and Annophel.

Cas. Urge me no farther *Annophel*.

Anno. My Lord.

Cas. Thy fathers poverty has made thee happy ;
 For though 'tis true, this solitary life
 Sutes not with youth and beautie, O my child,
 Yet 'tis the sweetest Guardian to protect
 Chast names from Court aspersions ; there a Lady
 Tender and delicate in years and graces,
 That doats upon the charms of ease and pleasure,
 Is ship-wrackt on the shore ; for 'tis much safer
 To trust the Ocean in a leaking ship,
 Than follow greatness in the wanton rites
 Of luxurie and sloth.

Anno. My wishes Sir,
 Have never soar'd a higher flight, than truly
 To find occasion wherein I might witness
 My duty and obedience.

Cas. 'Tis well said,
 Canst thou forbear to laugh *Arcanes*?

Arc. Why Sir?

Cas. To look upon my beggerie, to look upon
 My patience in my beggerie : Tell me,
 Does it shew handsom? bravely?
 Handsom? thou wilt flatter me,
 And swear that I am miserable.

Arc. Nothing
 More glorifies the noble, and the valiant,
 Than to despise contempt : if you continue
 But to enjoy your self, you in your self
 Enjoy all store besides.

Cas. An excellent change :
 I that some seven Apprentice-ships commanded
 A hundred Ministers, that waited on

Sc. 1 THE LAWS OF CANDY

My nod, and sometimes twenty thousand souldiers,
Am now retir'd, attended in my age
By one poor maid, follow'd by one old man.

Arc. Sir, you are lower in your own repute
Than you have reason for.

Cas. The *Roman* Captains,
I mean the best, such as with their blouds
Purchas'd their Countreys peace, the Empires glorie,
Were glad at last to get them to some Farmes,
Off-from the clamours of the ingratefull great ones,
And the unsteady multitude, to live
As I do now, and 'twas their blessing too,
Let it be ours *Arcanes*.

Arc. I cannot but
Applaud your scorn of injuries.

Cas. Of injuries?
Arcanes, *Annophel*, lend both your hands.
So, what say ye now?

Arc. Why now my Lord—

Cas. I swear
By all my past prosperities; thus standing
Between you two, I think my self as great,
As mighty, as if in the Capitol
I stood amidst the Senators, with all
The *Cretan* subjects prostrate at my feet.

Ann. Sir, you are here more safe.

Cas. And more beloved:
Why look ye Sirs, I can forget the weakness
Of the traduced Souldiers, the neglect
Of the fair-spoken Senate, the impietie
Of him, the villain, whom (to my dishonour)
The World miscalls my son.
But by the—

Arc. Sir, remember that you promis'd no occasion
Should move your patience.

Cas. Thou do'st chide me friendly,
He shall not have the honour to be thought upon
Amongst us.

Enter a Servant.

Now? the news?

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT III

Serv. The Secretarie,
With the *Venetian* prisoner, desire
Admittance to your Lordship.

Cas. How? to me?
What mysterie is this? *Arcanes* can they,
Thinkst thou, mean any good?

Arc. My Lord, they dare not
Intend ought else but good.

Cas. 'Tis true, they dare not;
Arcanes welcom them: Come hither *Annophel*,
Stand close to me, we'll change our affability
Into a form of State: and they shall know
Our heart is still our own.

Enter Arcanes, Fernando, and Gaspero.

Arc. My Lord—

Cas[s]. *Arcanes*,
I know them both: *Fernando*, as you are
A man of greatness, I should under-value
The right my sword hath fought for, to observe
Low-fawning complements, but as you are
A Captive and a stranger, I can love you,
And must be kind. You are welcom.

Fern. 'Tis the all
Of my ambition.

Gas. And for proof how much
He truly honours your heroick vertues,
The Senate on his importunity,
Commend him to your Lordships guard.

Cas. For what?

Gas. During the time of his abode in *Candy*,
To be your household guest.

Fer. Wherein my Lord,
You shall more make me debtor to your nobleness,
Than if you had return'd me without ransom.

Cass. Are you in earnest Sir?

Fern. My sute to the Senate
Shall best resolve you that.

Cass. Come hither Secretarie,
Look that this be no trick now put upon me:

Sc. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

For if it be—Sirrah—

Gas. As I have troth
(My Lord) it only is a favour granted
Upon *Fernando's* motion, from himself :
Your Lordship must conceive, I'de not partake
Ought, but what should concern your honour ; Who
Has been the prop, our Countries shield, and safety,
But the renowned *Cassilane* ?

Cass. Applause ?
Is *Gaspero*—puff—nothing—why, young Lord,
Would you so much be sequester'd from those
That are the blazing Comets of the time,
To live a solitary life with me ?
A man forsaken ? all my hospitality
Is now contracted to a few ; these two,
The tempest-wearied Souldier, and this Virgin ;
We cannot feast your eyes with Masques and Revels,
Or Courtly Anticks ; the sad Sports we riot in,
Are tales of foughten fields, of Martial scars,
And things done long ago, when men of courage
Were held the best, not those well-spoken Youths,
Who only carry Conquest in their tongues :
Now stories of this nature are unseasonable
To entertain a great Duke's Son with.

Fer. Herein
Shall my Captivity be made my happiness,
Since what I lose in freedom, I regain
(With int'rest) by conversing with a Souldier,
So matchless for experience, as great *Cassilane* :
'Pray Sir, admit me.

Cas. If you come to mock me,
I shall be angry.

Fer. By the love I bear
To goodness, my intents are honourable.

Cas. Then in a word, my Lord, your visitations
Shall find all due respect : but I am now
Grown old, and have forgot to be an Host ;
Come when you please, you are welcome.

Fer. Sir, I thank you.

Ann. Good Sir, be not too urgent ; for my Father

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT III

Will soon be mov'd : yet, in a noble way
Of courtesie, he is as easily conquer'd.

Fer. Lady, your words are like your beauty, powerful;
I shall not strive more how to do him service,
Than how to be your servant.

Cas. She's my Daughter,
And does command this House.

Fer. So I conceive her.

Cas. Do you hear?

Cas. My honour'd Lord.

Cas. Commend me to them :
Tell 'em I thank them.

Cas. Whom, my Lord?

Cas. The Senate ;
Why, how come you so dull ? O they are gracious,
And infinitely grateful— Thou art eloquent,
Speak modestly in mentioning my services ;
And if ought fall out in the By, that must
Of meer necessity touch any act
Of my deserving praises, blush when you talk on't,
'Twill make them blush to hear on't.

Cas. Why, my Lord—

Cas. Nay, nay, you are too wise now ; good, observe me.
I do not rail against the hopeful Springall,
That builds up Monuments in Brass ; rears Trophies
With Mottoes and Inscriptions, quaint devices
Of Poetry and Fiction ; let's be quiet.

Arc. You must not cross him.

Cas. Not for *Candy's* Wealth.

Fer. You shall for ever make me yours.

Ann. 'Twere pity to double your Captivity.

Arc. Who's here, *Decius* ?

Enter Decius.

Cas. Ha ! *Decius* ? who nam'd *Decius* ?

Dec. My duty to your Lordship, I am bold,
Presuming on your noble, and known goodness
To—

Cas. What ?

Dec. Present you with this—

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Cas. Letter ?

Dec. Yes, my honour'd Lord.

Cas. From whom ?

Dec. 'Please you peruse

The inside, and you shall find a name subscrib'd,
In such humility, in such obedience,
That you your self will judge it tyranny
Not to receive it favourably.

Cas. Hey-day !

Good words my Masters : this is Court-infection,
And none but Cowards ply them : tell me, *Decius*,
Without more circumstance, who is the Sender ?

Dec. Your most griev'd Son, *Antinous*.

Cas. On my life

A Challenge ; speak, as thou art worthy, speak ;
I'll answer't.

Dec. Honour'd Sir.

Cas. No honour'd Sirs—

Fool your young Idol with such pompous Attributes.
Say briefly, what contains it ?

Dec. 'Tis a lowly

Petition for your favour.

Cas. Rash young man,

But that thou art under my own roof, and know'st
I dare not any way infringe the Laws
Of Hospitality, thou should'st repent
Thy bold and rude intrusion. But presume not
Again to shew thy Letter, for thy life ;
Decius, not for thy life.

Arc. Nay then, (my Lord)

I can with-hold no longer ; you are too rough,
And wrestle against nature with a violence
More than becomes a Father ; wherein would ye
Come nearer to the likeness of God,
Than in your being entreated ? Let not thirst
Of Honour, make you quite forget you are
A Man, and what makes perfect manhoods, comforts
A Father.

Ann. If a memory remain

Of my departed Mother ; if the purity

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT III

Of her unblemish'd faith deserve to live
In your remembrance, let me yet by these
Awake your love to my uncomforted Brother.

Fer. I am a Stranger, but so much I tender
Your Sons desertful Vertues, that I vow
His Sword ne'r conquer'd me so absolutely,
As shall your courtesie, if you vouchsafe
At all our instances, to new receive him
Into your wonted favour.

Gas. Sir, you cannot
Require more low submission.

Ann. Am I not
Grown vile yet in your eyes? then by the name
Of Father, let me once more sue for him,
Who is the only now remaining Branch
With me, of that most ancient root, whose Body
You are, dear Sir.

Gas. 'Tis well, an host of furies
Could not have baited me more torturingly,
More rudely, or more most unnaturally.
Decius, I say, let me no more hear from him;
For this time go thou hence, and know from me
Thou art beholding to me that I have not
Kill'd thee already, look to't next, look to't.

Arcanes fie, fie *Annophel*.

[*Exit.*

Arc. He's gone;
Chaf'd beyond sufferance; we must follow him.

Dec. Lady, this Letter is to you.

Ann. Come with me,
For we must speak in private; 'please you, Sir,
To see what entertainment our sad house
Can yield?

[*Exit.*

Fer. I shall attend you, Lady.

Gas. How do you like
To sojourn here, my Lord?

Fer. More than to feast
With all the Princes of the Earth besides:
Gonzalo told me that thou wert honest.

Gas. Yes Sir,
And you shall find it.

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Fer. Shall I?

Gas. All my follies

Be else recorded to my shame.

Fer. Enough,

My heart is here for ever lodg'd.

Gas. The Lady.

Fer. The place admits no time to utter all,

But *Gaspero* if thou wilt prove my friend,

I'll say thou art—

Gas. Your Servant; I conceive ye,

We'll chuse some fitter leisure.

Fer. Never man

Was (in a moment) or more bless'd or wretched. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Hyparcha (placing two Chairs) Antinous,
and Erota.*

Er. Leave us.

Hyp. I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Er. *Antinous*, sit down.

Ant. Madam.

Er. I say sit down, I do command you sit;

For look what honour thou dost gain by me,

I cannot lose it: happy *Antinous*,

The graces and the higher Deities

Smil'd at thy Birth, and still continue it:

Then think that I (who scorn lesser examples)

Must do the like: such as do taste my power,

And talk of it with fear and reverence,

Shall do the same unto the man I favour.

I tell thee Youth, thou hast a conquest won,

Since thou cam'st home, greater than that last,

Which dignified thy Fame, greater than if

Thou should'st go out again, and conquer farther;

For I am not ashamed to acknowledge

My self subdued by thee.

Ant. Great Lady—

Er. Sit still, I will not hear thee else; now speak,

And speak like my *Antinous*, like my Souldier,

Whom *Cupid*, and not *Mars* hath sent to Battel.

Ant. I must (I see) be silent.

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT III

Er. So thou maist;
There's greater action in it than in clamour,
A look (if it be gracious) will begin the War,
A word conclude it; then prove no Coward,
Since thou hast such a friendly enemy,
That teaches thee to conquer.

Ant. You do amaze me, Madam,
I have no skill, no practice in this War,
And whether you be serious, or please
To make your sport on a dejected man,
I cannot rightly guess; but be it as it will,
It is a like unhappiness to me:
My discontents bear those conditions in them,
And lay me out so wretched, no designs
(However truly promising a good)
Can make me relish ought but a sweet-bitter
Voluntary Exile.

Er. Why an Exile?
What comfort can there be in those Companions
Which sad thoughts bring along with?

Enter Hyparcha.

Hyp. Madam.

[*Musick.*

Er. Whence comes this well tun'd sound?

Hyp. I know not, Madam.

Er. Listen Wench;
What ever friendly hands they are that send it, [Song.
Let 'em play on; they are Masters of their faculty:
Doth it please you, Sir?

Ant. According to the time.

Er. Go to 'em, Wench,
And tell 'em, we shall thank 'em; for they have kept
As good time to our disposition, as to their instruments;
Unless *Antinous* shall say he loves,
There never can be sweeter accents utter'd.

Enter Philander.

Phi. Let 'then the heart that did employ those hands,
Receive some small share of your thanks with them,
'Tis happiness enough that you did like it;

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

A fortune unto me, that I should send it
In such a lucky minute; but to obtain
So gracious welcome did exceed my hopes.

Er. Good Prince, I thank you for't.

Phi. O Madam, pour not (too fast) joys on me,
But sprinkle 'em so gently I may stand 'em;
It is enough at first, you have laid aside
Those cruel angry looks out of your eyes,
With which (as with your lovely) you did strike
All your Beholders in an Ecstasie.

Er. *Philander*, you have long profest to love me.

Phi. Have I but profest it, Madam?

Er. Nay, but hear me?

Phi. More attentively than to an Oracle.

Er. And I will speak more truly, if more can be;
Nor shall my language be wrapt up in Riddles,
But plain as truth it self; I love this Gentleman,
Whose grief has made him so uncapable
Of Love, he will not hear, at least not understand it.
I, that have lookt with scornful eyes on thee,
And other Princes, mighty in their states,
And in their friends as fortunate, have now pray'd,
In a petitionary kind almost,
This man, this well-deserving man, (that I must say)
To look upon this beauty, yet you see
He casts his eyes rather upon the ground,
Than he will turn 'em this way; *Philander*,
You look pale; I'll talk no more.

Phi. Pray go forward; I would be your Martyr,
To dye thus, were immortally to live.

Er. Will you go to him then, and speak for me?
You have loved longer, but not ferventer,
Know how to speak, for you have done it like
An Orator, even for your self; then how will you for me
Whom you profess to love above your self.

Phi. The Curses of Dissemblers follow me
Unto my Grave, and if I do not so.

Er. You may (as all men do) speak boldlier, better
In their friends cause still, than in your own;
But speak your utmost, yet you cannot feign,

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT III

I will stand by, and blush to witness it.
 Tell him, since I beheld him, I have lost
 The happiness of this life, food, and rest;
 A quiet bosome, and the state I went with.
 Tell him how he has humbled the proud,
 And made the living but a dead *Erota*.
 Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd
 With thinking on him, than enjoying these.
 Tell him— *Philander*, Prince; I talk in vain
 To you, you do not mark me.

Phi. Indeed I do.

Er. But thou dost look so pale,
 As thou wilt spoil the story in relating.

Phi. Not, if I can but live to tell it.

Er. It may be you have not the heart.

Phi. I have a will I am sure how e'r my heart
 May play the Coward, but if you please, I'll try.

Er. If a kiss will strengthen thee, I give you leave
 To challenge it, nay, I will give it you.

Phi. O that a man should taste such heavenly bliss,
 And be enjoyn'd to beg it for another!

Er. Alas, it is a misery I grieve
 To put you to, and I will suffer rather
 In his tyranny, than thou in mine.

Phi. Nay Madam, since I cannot have your love,
 I will endeavour to deserve your pity;
 For I had rather have within the grave
 Your love, than you should want it upon earth.
 But how can I hope, with a feeble tongue
 To instruct him in the rudiments of love,
 When your most powerful Beauty cannot work it?

Er. Do what thou wilt (*Philander*) the request
 Is so unreasonable, that I quit thee of it.
 I desire now no more but the true patience,
 And fortitude of Lovers, with those helps
 Of sighs and tears, which I think is all the Physick—

Phi. O if he did but hear you 'twere enough;
 And I will 'wake him from his Apoplexie.

Antinous.

Ant. My Lord?

Sc. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Phi. Nay, 'pray,
 No courtesie to me, you are my Lord,
 (Indeed you are) for you command her heart
 That commands mine; nor can you want to know it.
 For look you, she that told it you in words,
 Explains it now more passionately in tears;
 Either thou hast no heart, or a marble one,
 If those drops cannot melt it; prithee look up
 And see how sorrow sits within her eyes,
 And love the grief she goes with (if not her)
 Of which thou art the Parent; and never yet
 Was there (by Nature) that thing made so stony
 But it would love what ever it begot.

Ant. He that begot me did beget these cares
 Which are good issues, though happily by him
 Esteemed Monsters: Nay, the ill-judging World
 Is likely enough to give them those Characters.

Phi. What's this to love, and to the Lady? he's old,
 Wrathful, perverse, self-will'd, and full of anger,
 Which are his faults; but let them not be thine;
 He thrusts you from his love, she pulls thee on;
 He doubts your Vertues, she doth double them;
 O either use thine own eyes, or take mine,
 And with them my heart, then thou wilt love her,
 Nay, dote upon her more than on thy duty,
 And men will praise thee equally for it,
 Neglecting her, condemn thee as a man
 Unworthy such a fortune: O *Antinous*,
 'Tis not the friendship that I bear to thee,
 But her command, that makes me utter this;
 And when I have prevail'd, let her but say,
Philander, you must dye or this is nothing,
 It shall be done together with a breath,
 With the same willingness I live to serve her.

Er. No more, *Philander*.

Phi. All I have done, is little yet to purpose,
 But ere I leave him I will perceive him blush;
 And make him feel the passions that I do,
 And every true Lover will assist me in't,
 And lend me their sad sighs to blow it home,

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT IV

For *Cupid* wants a Dart to wound this bosome.

Er. No more, no more, *Philander*, I can endure no more,
Pray let him go; go good *Antinous*, make peace
With your own mind, no matter though I perish. [*Ex.*]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hyparcha, and Mochingo.

Hyp. I Cannot help it.

Moch. Nor do I require it,
The malady needs no Physician,
Help hospital people.

Hyp. I am glad to hear
You are so valiant.

Moch. Valiant?
Can any man be proud that is not valiant?
Foolish Woman, what would'st thou say? thou—
I know not what to call thee.

Hyp. I can you,
For I can call you Coxcomb, Ass, and Puppy.

Moch. You do doe it, I thank you.

Hyp. That you'll lose a Fortune,
Which a Cobler better deserves than thou dost.

Moch. Do not provoke my magnanimity,
For when I am incens'd I am insensible,
Go tell thy Lady, that hath sent me word
She will discard me, that I discard her,
And throw a scorn upon her, which I would not,
But that she does me wrong.

Enter Erotia, and Antinous.

Erot. Do you not glory in your Conquest more,
To take some great man Prisoner, than to kill him?
And shall a Lady find less mercy from you,
That yields her self your Captive, and for her Ransome,
Will give the Jewel of her life, her heart,
Which she hath lockt from all men but thy self?
For shame (*Antinous*) throw this dulness off;
Art thou a man no where but in the field?

Sc. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Hyp. He must hear Drums, and Trumpets ere he sleeps,
And at this instant dreams he's in his Armour ;
These iron-hearted Souldiers are so cold,
Till they be beaten to a Womans Arms,
And then they love 'em better than their own ;
No Fort can hold them out.

Ant. What pity it is (Madam) that your self,
Who are all Excellence, should become so wretched,
To think on such a Wretch as Grief hath made me !
Seldome despairing men look up to Heaven,
Although it still speak to 'em in its Glories ;
For when sad thoughts perplex the mind of man,
There is a Plummot in the heart that weighs,
And pulls us (living) to the dust we came from ;
Did you but see the miseries you pursue,
(As I the happiness that I avoid
That doubles my afflictions) you would flye
Unto some Wilderness, or to your Grave,
And there find better Comforts than in me,
For Love and Cares can never dwell together.

Er. They should,
If thou hadst but my Love and I thy Cares.

Ant. What wild Beast in the Desert but would be
Taught by this Tongue to leave his Cruelty,
Though all the beauties of the face were vail'd !
But I am savager than any Beast,
And shall be so till *Decius* does arrive,
Whom with so much submission I have sent
Under my hand, that if he do not bring
His Benediction back, he must to me
Be much more cruel than I to you.

Er. Is't but your Fathers pardon you desire ?

An. With his love, and then nothing next that, like yours.

Enter Decius.

Er. *Decius* is come.

Ant. O welcome Friend ; if I apprehend not
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy looks.

Er. There is indeed ; I prithee *Decius* speak it.

Dec. How ! prithee *Decius* ! this Woman's strangely alter'd.

THE LAWS OF CANDY Act IV

Ant. Why dost not speak (good friend) and tell me how
The reverend Blessing of my life receiv'd
My humble lines; wept he for joy?

Dec. No, there's a Letter will inform you more;
Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve you,
The Old Man is in want and angry still,
And poverty is the Bellows to the Coal
More than distaste from you as I imagine.

Ant. What's here? how's this? It cannot be! now sure
My griefs delude my senses.

Er. In his looks
I read a world of Changes; *Decius*, mark
With what a sad amazement he surveys
The News; canst thou guess what 'tis?

Dec. None good, I fear.

Er. I fear so too; and then—

Ant. It is her hand.

Er. Are you not well?

Ant. Too well: if I were ought
But Rock, this Letter would conclude my miseries,
Peruse it (Lady) and resolve me then,
In what a case I stand.

Dec. Sir, the worst is,
Your Fathers lowness and distaste.

Ant. No, *Decius*,
My Sister writes *Fernando* has made suit
For love to her; and to express sincerely
His constant truth, hath like a noble Gentleman,
Discovered plots of treachery; contriv'd
By false *Gonzalo*, not intending more
The utter ruine of our house, than generally
Candies Confusion.

Dec. 'Tis a generous part
Of young *Fernando*.

Ant. 'Tis, and I could wish
All thrift to his affections, *Decius*.
You find the sum on't, Madam.

Er. Yes, I do.

Ant. And can you now yet think a heart oppress
With such a throng of cares, can entertain

Sc. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

An amorous thought? Love frees all toils but one,
Calamity and it can ill agree.

Er. Wil't please you speak my doom?

Ant. Alas, great Lady,
Why will you flatter thus a desperate Man
That is quite cast away? O had you not
Procur'd the Senates Warrant to enforce
My stay, I had not heard of these sad News.
What would ye have me do?

Er. Love me, or kill me,
One word shall sentence either; for as Truth
Is just, if you refuse me, I am resolute
Not to out-live my thraldome.

Ant. Gentle Lady.

Er. Say, must I live, or dye?

Dec. My Lord, how can you
Be so inexorable? here's Occasion
Of succouring your Father in his wants
Securely profer'd, pray Sir, entertain it.

Er. What is my sentence?

Ant. What you please to have it.

Er. As thou art gentle speak those words again.

Ant. Madam, you have prevail'd; yet give me leave
Without offence, ere I resign the interest
Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your secresie.

Er. *Antinous*, 'tis the greatest argument
Of thy affections to me.

Ant. Madam, thus then,
My Father stands for certain sums engag'd
To treacherous *Gonzalo*; and has morgag'd
The greatest part of his estate to him;
If you receive this Morgage, and procure
Acquittance from *Gonzalo* to my Father,
I am what you would have me be.

Er. You'll love me then?

Ant. Provided (Madam) that my Father know not
I am an Agent for him.

Er. If I fail
In this, I am unworthy to be lov'd.

Ant. Then (with your favour) thus I seal my truth,

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT IV

To day, and *Decius* witness how unchangingly
I shall still love *Erota*.

Er. Thou hast quickned
A dying heart, *Antinous*.

Dec. This is well;
Much happiness to both.

Enter Hyparcha.

Hyp. The Lord *Gonzalo*
Attends you, Madam.

Er. Comes as we could wish,
Withdraw *Antinous*, here's a Closet, where
You may partake his errand; let him enter.

Enter Gonzalo.

Ant. Madam you must be wary.

[*Exit.*

Er. Fear it not,
I will be ready for him; to entertain him
With smiling Welcome. Noble Sir, you take
Advantage of the time; it had been fit
Some notice of your presence might have fashion'd
A more prepared state.

Gonz. Do you mock me, Madam?

Er. Trust me, you wrong your judgment, to repute
My Gratitude a fault; I have examin'd
Your portly carriage, and will now confess
It hath not slightly won me.

Gonz. The Wind's turn'd;
I thought 'twould come to this; it pleas'd us, Madam,
At our last interview, to mention Love;
Have you consider'd on't?

Er. With more than common
Content: but Sir, if what you spoke you meant,
(As I have cause to doubt) then—

Gonz. What, (sweet Lady?)

Er. Methinks we should lay by this form of stateliness;
Loves Courtship is familiar, and for instance,
See what a change it hath begot in me,
I could talk humbly now, as Lovers use.

Gonz. And I, and I, we meet in one self-centre

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Of blest Consent.

Er. I hope my weakness, Sir,
Shall not deserve neglect; but if it prove so
I am not the first Lady has been ruin'd
By being too credulous; you will smart for't one day.

Gonz. Angel-like Lady, let me be held a Villain,
If I love not sincerely.

Er. Would I knew it.

Gonz. Make proof by any fit Command.

Er. What, do you mean to marry me?

Gonz. How! mean? nay more, I mean
To make you Empress of my Earthly Fortunes,
Regent of my desires, for did you covet
To be a real Queen, I could advance you.

Er. Now I perceive you slight me, and would make me
More simple than my Sexes frailty warrants.

Gonz. But say your mind, and you shall be a Queen.

Er. On those Conditions, call me yours.

Gonz. Enough.

But are we safe?

Er. Assuredly.

Gonz. In short,

Yet, Lady, first be plain; would you not chuse
Much rather to prefer your own Sun-rising,
Than any's else though ne'r so near entituled
By Blood, or right of Birth?

Er. 'Tis a question
Needs not a resolution.

Gonz. Good; what if

I set the Crown of *Candy* on your head?

Er. I were a Queen indeed then.

Gonz. Madam, know

There's but a Boy 'twixt you and it; suppose him
Transhap'd into an Angel.

Er. Wise *Gonzalo*,

I cannot but admire thee.

Gonz. 'Tis worth thinking on;

Besides, your Husband shall be Duke of *Venice*.

Er. *Gonzalo*, Duke of *Venice*?

Gonz. You are mine you say?

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT IV

Er. Pish : you but dally with me ; and would lull me
In a rich golden dream.

Gonz. You are too much distrustfull of my truth.

Er. Then you must give me leave to apprehend
The means, and manner how.

Gonz. Why thus—

Er. You shall not,
We may be over-heard ; Affairs and counsels
Of such high nature, are not to be trusted
Not to the Air it self, you shall in writing,
Draw out the full design ; which if effected,
I am as I profess.

Gonz. O I applaud
Your ready care, and secresie.

Er. *Gonzalo*,
There is a bar yet, 'twixt our hopes and us,
And that must be remov'd.

Gonz. What is't ?

Er. Old *Cassilane*.

Gonz. Ha ? fear not him : I build upon his ruines
Already.

Er. I would find a smother course
To shift him off.

Gonz. As how ?

Er. We'l talk in private,
I have a ready plot.

Gonz. I shall adore you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Fernando, *a[n]d* Annophel.

Fer. Madam, although I hate unnoble practices,
And therefore have perform'd no more than what
I ought, for honours safety : yet *Annophel*,
Thy love hath been the spur, to urge me forward
For speedier diligence.

Anno. Sir your own fame
And memory will best reward themselves.

Fer. All gain is loss (sweet beauty) if I miss
My comforts here : The Brother and the Sister
Have double conquer'd me, but thou maist triumph.

Anno. Good Sir, I have a Father.

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Fern. Yes, a brave one ;
Could'st thou obscure thy beauty, yet the happiness
Of being but his Daughter, were a dower
Fit for a Prince : what say ye ?

Anno. You have deserv'd
As much as I should grant.

Fer. By this fair hand
I take possession.

Anno. What in words I dare not,
Imagine in my silence.

Fer. Thou art all vertue.

Enter Cassilanes, and Arcanes.

Cas. I'll tell thee how : *Baldwin* the Emperour,
Pretending title, more through tyranny,
Than right of conquest, or descent, usurp'd
The stile of Lord o're all the *Grecian* Islands,
And under colour of an amity
With *Creet*, prefer'd the Marquess *Mountferato*
To be our Governor ; the *Cretians* vex'd
By the ambitious *Turks*, in hope of aid
From the Emperour, receiv'd for General,
This *Mountferato* ; he (the wars appeased)
Plots with the state of *Venice*, and takes money
Of them for *Candy* : they paid well, he steals
Away in secret ; since which time, that right
The state of *Venice* claims o're *Candy*, is
By purchase, not inheritance or Conquest :
And hence grows all our quarrel.

Arc. So an Usurer
Or Lumbard-Jew, might with some bags of trash,
Buy half the Western world.

Cas. Mony, *Arcanes*,
Is now a God on Earth : it cracks virginities,
And turns a Christian, Turk ;
Bribes justice, cut-throats honour, does what not ?

Arc. Not captives *Candy*.

Cas. Nor makes thee dishonest,
Nor me a Coward—Now Sir, here is homely,
But friendly entertainment.

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT IV

Fer. Sir, I find it.

Arc. And like it, do ye not?

Fer. My repair speaks for me.

Cas. *Fernando* we are speaking off—how this?

Enter Gonzalo, and Gaspero, with a Casket.

Gon. Your friend, and servant.

Cas. Creditors, my Lord,

Are Masters and no Servants : as the world goes,
Debtors are very slaves to those to whom
They have been beholding to; in which respect,
I should fear you *Gonzalo*.

Gon. Me, my Lord?

You owe me nothing.

Cas. What, nor love, nor mony?

Gon. Yes, love, I hope, not mony.

Cas. All this braverie

Will scarcely make that good.

Gonz. 'Tis done already :

See Sir, your Mortgage which I only took,
In case you and your son had in the wars
Miscarried : I yield it up again : 'tis yours.

Cas. Are ye so conscionable?

Gonz. 'Tis your own.

Cas. Pish, pish, I'll not receive what is not mine,
That were a dangerous business.

Gon. Sir, I am paid for't,

The summes you borrowed, are return'd ; The bonds
Cancell'd, and your acquittance formerly seal'd :
Look here Sir, *Gaspero* is witness to it.

Gas. My honoured Lord, I am.

Gon. My Lord *Fernando*,

Arcanes and the rest, you all shall testifie,
That I acquit Lord *Cassilane* for ever,
Of any debts to me.

Gas. 'Tis plain and ample :

Fortune will once again smile on us fairly.

Cas. But hark ye, hark ye, if you be in earnest,
Whence comes this bounty ? or whose is't ?

Gon. In short,

ACT V THE LAWS OF CANDY

The great *Erota* by this Secretary,
Return'd me my full due.

Cas. *Erota*? why
Should she do this?

Gon. You must ask her the cause,
She knows it best.

Cas. So ho, *Arcanes*, none
But women pity us? soft-hearted women?
I am become a brave fellow now, *Arcanes*,
Am I not?

Arc. Why Sir, if the gracious Princess
Have took more special notice of your services,
And means to be more thankfull than some others,
It were an injury to gratitude,
To disesteem her favours.

Anno. Sir she ever
For your sake most respectfully lov'd me.

Cas. The Senate, and the body of this Kingdom
Are herein (let me speak it without arrogance)
Beholding to her: I will thank her for it;
And if she have reserv'd a means whereby
I may repay this bounty with some service,
She shall be then my Patroness: come Sirs,
We'll taste a cup of wine together now.

Gon. *Fernando*, I must speak with you in secret.

Fer. You shall—Now *Gaspero*, all's well.

Gas. There's news
You must be acquainted with.
Come, there is no master-piece in Art, like Policie.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Fernando, and Michael.

Fer. THE Senate is inform'd at full.

Mic. *Gonzalo*
Dreams not of my arrival yet.

Fer. Nor thinks
'Tis possible his plots can be discover'd:
He fats himself with hopes of Crowns, and Kingdoms,

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT V

And laughs securely, to imagine how
He means to gull all but himself: when truly,
None is so grossly gull'd as he.

Mich. There was never
A more arch villain.

Fer. Peace, the Senate comes.

Enter Porphicio, Pos. Senators, and Gaspero, Attend.

Por. How closely Treason cloaks it self in forms
Of Civil honesty!

Pos. And yet how palpably
Does heaven reveal it!

Fer. Gracious Lords.

Gas. The Embassadour,
Lord *Paulo Michael*, Advocate
To the great Duke of *Venice*.

Por. You are most welcome,
Your Master is a just and noble Prince.

Mi[c]. My Lords, he bad me say, that you may know
How much he scorns, and (as good Princes ought)
Defies base indirect, and godless treacheries;
To your more Sacred wisdoms he refers
The punishment due to the false *Gonzalo*,
Or else to send him home to *Venice*.

Pos. Herein
The Duke is royal: *Gaspero*, the Prince
Of *Cyprus* answer'd he would come.

Gas. My Lords,
He will not long be absent.

Enter Philander, and Melitus.

Porp. You *Fernando*,
Have made the State your debtor: worthy Prince,
We shall be sutors to you for your presence,
In hearing, and determining of matters
Greatly concerning *Candy*.

Pbi. Fathers, I am
A stranger.

Pos. Why, the cause, my Lord, concerns
A stranger: please you seat your self.

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Phi. How e're
Unfit, since you will have it so, my Lords,
You shall command me.

Por. You my Lord *Fernando*,
With the Ambassador, withdraw a while.

Fer. My Lords, we shall. [Ex.]

Pos. *Melitus*, and the Secretary,
Give notice to *Gonzalo*, that the Senate
Requires his presence. [Ex. Gas. and Mel.]

Enter Cassilane, and Arca.

Phi. What concerns the business?

Por. Thus noble Prince—

Cas. Let me alone, thou troublest me,
I will be heard.

Arc. You know not what you do.

Pos. Forbear: who's he that is so rude? what's he that
To interrupt our counsels? (dares)

Cas. One that has guarded,
Those Purple robes from Cankers worse than Moths,
One that hath kept your fleeces on your backs,
That would have been snatch'd from you: but I see
'Tis better now to be a Dog, a Spaniel
In times of Peace, then boast the bruised scars,
Purchas'd with loss of bloud in noble wars,
My Lords, I speak to you.

Por. Lord *Cassilane*,
We know not what you mean.

Cas. Yes, you are set
Upon a bench of justice; and a day
Will come (hear this, and quake ye potent great ones)
When you your selves shall stand before a judge,
Who in a pair of scales will weigh your actions,
Without abatement of one grain: as then
You would be found full weight, I charge ye fathers
Let me have justice now.

Pos. Lord *Cassilane*,
What strange distemperature provokes distrust
Of our impartiality? be sure
We'l flatter no mans injuries.

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT V

Cas. 'Tis well ;
 You have a Law, Lords, that without remorse
 Dooms such as are belepred with the curse
 Of foul ingratitude unto death.

Por. We have.

Cas. Then do me justice.

Enter Antinous, Decius, Erotia, Hyparcha.

Dec. Mad-man, whither run'st thou ?

Ant. Peace *Decius*, I am deaf.

Hyp. Will you forget
 Your greatness, and your modesty ?

Er. *Hyparcha* leave, I will not hear.

Ant. Lady ; great, gentle, Lady.

Er. Prethee young man forbear to interrupt me,
 Triumph not in thy fortunes ; I will speak.

Pos. More uproars yet ! who are they that disturb us ?

Cas. The viper's come ; his fears have drawn him hither,
 And now, my Lords, be Ch[ro]nicled for ever,
 And give me justice against this vile Monster,
 This bastard of my blood.

Er. 'Tis justice, Fathers,
 I sue for too : and though I might command it,
 (If you remember Lords, whose child I was)
 Yet I will humbly beg it ; this old wretch
 Has forfeited his life to me.

Cas. Tricks, tricks ;
 Complots, devices, 'twixt these pair of young-ones,
 To blunt the edge of your well temper'd Swords,
 Wherewith you strike offenders, Lords, but I
 Am not a baby to be fear'd with bug-bears,
 'Tis justice I require.

Er. And I.

Ant. You speak too tenderly ; and too much like your
 To mean a cruelty ; which would make monstrous (self
 Your Sex : yet for the loves sake, which you once
 Pleas'd to pretend, give my griev'd Father leave
 To urge his own revenge ; you have no cause
 For yours : keep peace about ye.

Cas. Will you hear me ?

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Phil. Here's some strange novelty.

Pos. Sure we are mock'd,

Speak one at once : say wherein hath your Son
Transgress'd the Law ?

Cas. O the gross mists of dulness !

Are you this Kingdoms Oracles, yet can be
So ignorant ? first hear, and then consider.
That I begot him, gave him birth and life,
And education, were, I must confess,
But duties of a Father : I did more ;
I taught him how to manage Arms, to dare
An Enemy ; to court both death and dangers ;
Yet these were but additions to compleat
A well accomplish'd Souldier : I did more yet.
I made him chief Commander in the field
Next to my self, and gave him the full prospect
Of honour, and preferment ; train'd him up
In all perfections of a Martiallist :
But he unmindful of his gratitude,
You know with what contempt of my deserts,
First kick'd against mine honour, scorned all
My services ; then got the palm of glory
Unto himself : yet not content with this,
He (lastly) hath conspir'd my death, and sought
Means to engage me to this Lady's debt,
Whose bounty all my whole estate could never
Give satisfaction to : now honoured Fathers,
For this cause only, if your Law be law,
And you the Ministers of justice ; then
Think of this strange ingratitude in him.

Phil. Can this be so *Antinous* ?

Ant. 'Tis all true,

Nor hath my much wrong'd father limn'd my faults
In colours half so black, as in themselves,
My guilt hath dy'd them : were there mercy left,
Yet mine own shame would be my Executioner :
Lords, I am guilty.

Er. Thou beliest, *Antinous*,

Thine innocence : alas, my Lords, he's desperate,
And talks he knows not what : you must not credit

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT V

His lunacy ; I can my self disprove
 This accusation : *Cassilane*, be yet
 More mercifull ; I beg it.

Cas. Time, nor fate,
 The world, or what is in it, shall not alter
 My resolution : he shall dye.

Er. The Senats
 Prayers, or weeping Lovers, shall not alter
 My resolution : thou shalt dye.

Ant. Why Madam,
 Are ye all Marble ?

Pos. Leave your shifts *Antinous*,
 What plead you to your Fathers accusation ?

Ant. Most fully guilty.

Pos. You have doom'd, your self,
 We cannot quit you now.

Cas. A burthen'd conscience
 Will never need a hang-man : hadst thou dar'd
 To have deni'd it, then this Sword of mine
 Should on thy head have prov'd thy tongue a lyar.

Er. Thy sword ? wretched old man, thou hast liv'd too
 To carry peace or comfort to thy grave ; (long

Thou art a man condemn'd : my Lords, this tyrant
 Had perish'd but for me, I still suppli'd
 His miserable wants ; I sent his Daughter
 Mony to buy him food ; the bread he eat,
 Was from my purse : when he (vain-gloriously)
 To dive into the peoples hearts, had pawn'd
 His birth-right, I redeem'd it, sent it to him,
 And for requitall, only made my suite,
 That he would please to new receive his son
 Into his favour, for whose love I told him
 I had been still so friendly : but then he
 As void of gratitude, as all good nature,
 Distracted like a mad man, poasted hither
 To pull this vengeance on himself, and us ;
 For why, my Lords, since by the Law, all means
 Is blotted out of your commission,
 As this hard hearted Father hath accus'd
 Noble *Antinous*, his unblemished Son,

Sc. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

So I accuse this Father, and crave judgement.

Cas. All this is but deceit, meer trifles forg'd
By combination to defeat the process
Of Justice, I will have *Antinous* life.

Arc. Sir, what do ye mean?

Er. I will have *Cassilane's*.

Ant. Cunning and cruel Lady, runs the stream
Of your affections this way? have you not
Conquest enough by treading on my grave?
Unless you send me thither in a shroud
Steept in my fathers bloud? as you are woman,
As the protests of love you vow'd were honest;
Be gentler to my Father.

Er. *Cassilane*,
Thou hast a heart of flint: let my intreaties,
My tears, the Sacrifice of griefs unfeigned,
Melt it: yet be a Father to thy son,
Unmask thy long besotted judgement, see
A low obedience kneeling at the feet
Of nature, I beseech you.

Cas. Pish, you cozen
Your hopes: your plots are idle: I am resolute.

Er. *Antinous*, urge no further.

Ant. Hence thou Sorcery
Of a beguiling softness, I will stand,
Like the earths center, unmov'd; Lords your breath
Must finish these divisions: I confess
Civility doth teach I should not speak
Against a Lady of her birth, so high
As great *Erota*, but her injuries
And thankless wrongs to me, urge me to cry
Aloud for justice, Fathers.

Dec. Whither run you?

Ant. For (honoured fathers) that you all may know
That I alone am not unmatchable
In crimes of this condition, lest perhaps
You might conceive, as yet the case appears,
That this foul stain, and guilt runs in a bloud;
Before this presence, I accuse this Lady
Of as much vile ingratitude to me.

THE LAWS OF CANDY Act v

Cas. Impudent Traitor!

Phi. Her? O spare *Antinous*;
The world reputes thee valiant, do not soyle
All thy past nobleness with such a cowardize.
As murdering innocent Ladies will stamp on thee.

Ant. Brave Prince, with what unwillingness I force
Her follies, and in those her sin, be witness,
All these about me: she is bloody minded,
And turns the justice of the Law to rigor:
It is her cruelites, not I accuse her:
Shall I have Audience?

Er. Let him speak my Lords.

Dec. Your memory will rot.

Ant. Cast all your eyes
On this, what shall I call her? truthless woman,
When often in my discontents, the sway
Of her unruly blood, her untam'd passion,
(Or name it as you list) had hour by hour
Solicited my love, she vow'd at last
She could not, would not live unless I granted
What she long sued for: I in tender pity,
To save a Lady of her birth from ruine,
Gave her her life, and promis'd to be hers:
Nor urg'd I ought from her, but secresie,
And then enjoyn'd her to supply such wants
As I perceiv'd my Fathers late engagements
Had made him subject to; what shall I heap up
Long repetitions? she to quit my pity,
Not only hath discover'd to my Father
What she had promis'd to conceal, but also
Hath drawn my life into this fatal forfeit;
For which since I must dye, I crave a like
Equality of justice against her;
Not that I covet blood, but that she may not
Practise this art of falsehood on some other,
Perhaps more worthy of her love hereafter.

Por. If this be true—

Er. My Lords, be as the Law is,
Indifferent, upright, I do plead guilty:
Now Sir, what glory have you got by this?

Sc. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

'Las man, I meant not to outlive thy doom,
Shall we be friends in death?

Cas. Hear me, the villain
Scandals her, honour'd Lords.

Er. Leave off to doat,
And dye a wise man.

Ant. I am over-reach'd,
And master'd in my own resolution.

Pbi. Will ye be wilfull Madam? here's the curse
Of loves disdain.

Cas. Why sit you like dumb Statues?
Demur no longer.

Pos. *Cassilane, Erota,*
Antinous, death ye ask; and 'tis your dooms,
You in your follies liv'd, dye in your follies.

Cas. I am reveng'd, and thank you for it.

Er. Yes, and I: *Antinous* hath been gracious.

Ant. Sir, may I presume to crave a blessing from you
Before we part?

Cas. Yes, such a one as Parents
Bestow on cursed sons, now now, I laugh
To see how those poor younglings are both cheated
Of life and comfort: look ye, look ye, Lords,
I go but some ten minutes (more or less)
Before my time, but they have finely cozen'd
Themselves of many, many hopefull years
Amidst their prime of youth and glory; now

Enter Annophel.

My vengeance is made full. Welcom my joy,
Thou com'st to take a seasonable blessing
From thy half buried Fathers hand; I am dead
Already girl, and so is she and he,
We all are worms-meat now.

Anno. I have heard all;
Nor shall you dye alone: Lords on my knees
I beg for justice too.

Porp. 'Gainst whom, for what?

Anno. First let me be resolv'd; does the Law favour
None, be they ne're so mighty?

THE LAWS OF CANDY Act v

Porp. Not the greatest.

Anno. Then justly I accuse of foul ingratitude
My Lords, you of the Senate all, not one
Excepted.

Pos. *Porp.* Us?

Phil. *Annophel*—

Ann. You are the Authors

Of this unthrifty bloud-shed ; when your enemies
Came marching to your gates, your children suck'd not
Safe at their Mothers breasts, your very Cloysters
Were not secure, your starting-holes of refuge
Not free from danger, nor your lives your own :
In this most desperate Ecstasie, my Father,
This aged man, not only undertook
To guard your lives, but did so ; and beat off
The daring foe ; for you he pawn'd his lands,
To pay your Souldiers, who without their pay
Refus'd to strike a blow : but, Lords, when peace
Was purchas'd for you, and victorie brought home,
Where was your gratitude, who in your Coffers
Hoarded the rustie treasure which was due
To my unminded Father ? he was glad
To live retir'd in want, in penurie,
Whilst you made feasts of surfeit, and forgot
Your debts to him : The sum of all is this,
You have been unthankfull to him ; and I crave
The rigor of the Law against you all.

Cas. My Royal spirited daughter !

Ero. *Annophel*

Thou art a worthy wench ; let me embrace thee.

Ann. Lords, why do ye keep your seats ? they are no
For such as are offenders. (places

Pos. Though our ignorance
Of *Cassilanes* engagements might asswage
Severity of justice, yet to shew
How no excuse should smooth a breach of Law,
I yield me to the trial of it.

Porp. So must I:
Great Prince of *Cyprus*, you are left
The only Moderator in this difference ;

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

And as you are a Prince be a Protector
To wofull *Candy*.

Phil. What a Scene of miserie
Hath thine obdurate frowardness (old man)
Drawn on thy Countries bosom? and for that
Thy proud ambition could not mount so high
As to be stil'd thy Countries only Patron,
Thy malice hath descended to the depth
Of Hell, to be renowned in the Title
Of the destroyer? dost thou yet perceive
What curses all posterity will brand
Thy grave with? that at once hast rob'd this Kingdom
Of honour and of safety.

Erot. Children yet unborn
Will stop their ears when thou art nam'd.

Arc. The world will be too little to contain
The memorie of this detested deed;
The Furies will abhorr it.

Dec. What the sword
Could not enforce, your peevish thirst of honour
(A brave, cold, weak, imaginarie fame)
Hath brought on *Candy*: *Candy* groans, not these
That are to die.

Phil. 'Tis happiness enough
For them, that they shall not survive to see
The wounds wherewith thou stab'st the land that gave
Thee life and name.

Dec. 'Tis *Candy's* wrack shall feel—

Cas. The mischief of your folly.

Porp. Pos. Annophel—

Ann. I will not be entreated.

Cas. Prethee *Annophel*.

Ann. Why would ye urge me to a mercy which
You in your self allow not?

Cas. 'Tis the Law,
That if the party who complains, remit
The offender, he is freed: is't not so Lords?

Porp. Pos. 'Tis so.

Cas. Antinous, By my shame observe
What a close witch-craft popular applause is:

I am awak'd, and with clear eyes behold
 The Lethargie wherein my reason long
 Hath been be-charm'd: live, live, my matchless son,
 Blest in thy Fathers blessing; much more blest
 In thine own vertues: let me dew thy cheeks
 With my unmanly tears: Rise, I forgive thee:
 And good *Antinous*, if I shall be thy Father
 Forgive me: I can speak no more.

Ant. Dear Sir,
 You new beget me now—Madam your pardon,
 I heartily remit you.

Erot. I as freely
 Discharge thee *Cassilane*.

Anno. My gracious Lords,
 Repute me not a blemish to my Sex,
 In that I strove to cure a desperate evil
 With a more violent remedy: your lives,
 Your honours are your own.

Phil. Then with consent
 Be reconcil'd on all sides: Please you Fathers
 To take your places.

Pos. Let us again ascend,
 With joy and thankfulness to Heaven: and now
 To other business Lords.

Enter Gaspero, and Melitus, with Gonzalo.

Mel. Two hours and more Sir,
 The Senate hath been set.

Gonz. And I not know it?
 Who sits with them?

Mel. My Lord, the Prince of *Cyprus*.

Gonz. *Gaspero*,
 Why how comes that to pass?

Gas. Some weighty cause
 I warrant you.

Gonz. Now Lords the business? ha?
 Who's here, *Erota*?

Porp. Secretarie do your charge
 Upon that Traitor.

Gonz. Traitor?

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Gas. Yes, *Gonzalo*, Traitor,
Of treason to the peace and state of *Candy*,
I do arrest thee.

Gonz. Me? thou Dog?

Enter Fernando, and Michael.

Mich. With Licence
From this grave Senate, I arrest thee likewise
Of treason to the State of *Venice*.

Gonz. Ha?

Is *Michael* here? nay then I see
I am undone.

Erot. I shall not be your Queen,
Your Dutchess, or your Empress.

Gonz. Dull, dull brain.

O I am fool'd!

Gas. Look Sir, do you know this hand? (to *Venice*,

Mic. Do you know this Seal? First, Lords, he writes
To make a perfect league, during which time
He would in private keep some Troops in pay,
Bribe all the Centinels throughout this Kingdom,
Corrupt the Captains; at a Banquet poyson
The Prince, and greatest Peers, and in conclusion
Yield *Candy* slave to *Venice*.

Gas. Next, he contracted
With the Illustrious Princess, the Lady *Erota*,
In hope of marriage with her, to deliver
All the *Venetian* gallantry, and strength,
Upon their first arrival, to the mercy
Of her and *Candy*.

Erot. This is true, *Gonzalo*.

Gonz. Let it be true: what then?

Pos. My Lord Ambassadors,
What's your demand?

Mich. As likes the State of *Candy*,
Either to sentence him as he deserves
Here, or to send him like a slave to *Venice*.

Porph. We shall advise upon it.

Gonz. O the Devils,
That had not thrust this trick into my pate—

THE LAWS OF CANDY ACT V

A Politician fool? destruction plague

Candy and *Venice* both.

Pos. *Porp.* Away with him.

Mel. Come Sir, I'll see you safe. [*Exeunt Gonz. Mel.*]

Erot. Lords, e're you part

Be witness to another change of wonder ;

Antinous, now be bold, before this presence,

Freely to speak, whether or no I us'd

The humblest means affection could contrive,

To gain thy love.

Ant. Madam, I must confess it,

And ever am your servant.

Erot. Yes *Antinous*,

My servant, for my Lord thou shalt be never :

I here disclaim the interest thou hadst once

In my too passionate thoughts. Most noble Prince,

If yet a relique of thy wonted flames

Live warm within thy bosom, then I blush not

To offer up the assurance of my faith,

To thee that hast deserv'd it best.

Phil. O Madam,
You play with my calamity.

Erot. Let heaven
Record my truth for ever.

Phil. With more joy
Than I have words to utter, I accept it.
I also pawn you mine.

Ero. The man that in requital
Of noble and un-sought affection
Grows cruel, never lov'd, nor did *Antinous*.
Yet herein (Prince) ye are beholding to him ;
For his neglect of me humbled a pride,
Which to a vertuous wife had been a Monster.

Phil. For which I'll rank him my deserving friend.

Ant. Much comfort dwell with you, as I could wish
To him I honour most.

Cas. O my *Antinous*,
My own, my own good son.

Fer. One suit I have to make.

Phil. To whom *Fernando* ?

SC. I THE LAWS OF CANDY

Fer. Lord *Cassilane* to you.

Cas. To me?

Fer. This Lady

Hath promised to be mine.

Ann. Your blessing Sir;

Brother your love.

Ant. You cannot Sir bestow her

On a more noble Gentleman.

Cas. Saist thou so?

Antinous I confirm it. Here *Fernando*,

Live both as one; she is thine.

Ant. And herein Sister,

I honour you for your wise settled love.

This is a day of Triumph, all Contentions

Are happily accorded: *Candy's* peace

Secur'd, and *Venice* vow'd a worthy friend.

[*Exeunt.*

THE FALSE ONE. A TRAGEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Julius Cæsar, *Emperour of Rome.*
 Ptolomy, *King of Ægypt.*
 Achoreus, *an honest Counsellor,*
 Priest of Isis.
 Photinus, *a Politician, minion to*
 Ptolomy.
 Achilles, *Captain of the Guard to*
 Ptolomy.
 Septimius, *a revolted Roman Villain.*
 Labienus, *a Roman Souldier, and*
 Nuncio.
 Apollodorus, *Guardian to Cleopatra.*
 Antonie, } *Cæsars Captains.*
 Dolabella, }

Sceva, *a free Speaker, also Captain*
 to Cæsar.
Guard.
Three lame Souldiers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Ægypt. Cæsar's*
 Mistris.
 Arsino, *Cleopatra's Sister.*
 Eros, *Cleopatra's waiting Woman.*

The Scene Ægypt.

The principal Actors were,

<i>John Lowin.</i>	}	<i>Joseph Taylor.</i>
<i>John Underwood.</i>		<i>Nicholas Toolie.</i>
<i>Robert Benfield.</i>		<i>John Rice.</i>
<i>Richard Sharpe.</i>		<i>George Birch.</i>

*Actus Primus. Scena Prima.**Enter Achilles, and Achoreus.*

[*Ach.*] I Love the King, nor do dispute his power,
 (For that is not confin'd, nor to be censur'd
 By me, that am his Subject) yet allow me
 The liberty of a Man, that still would be
 A friend to Justice, to demand the motives
 That did induce young *Ptolomy*, or *Photinus*,
 (To whose directions he gives up himself,
 And I hope wisely) to commit his Sister,
 The Princess *Cleopatra* (if I said
 The Queen (*Achillas*) 'twere (I hope) no treason,
 She being by her Fathers Testament
 (Whose memory I bow to) left Co-heir
 In all he stood possest of.

Achil. 'Tis confest
 (My good *Achoreus*) that in these Eastern Kingdoms
 Women are not exempted from the Sceptre,
 But claim a privilege, equal to the Male;
 But how much such divisions have ta'en from
 The Majesty of *Egypt*, and what factions
 Have sprung from those partitions, to the ruine
 Of the poor Subject, (doubtful which to follow,)
 We have too many, and too sad examples,
 Therefore the wise *Photinus*, to prevent
 The Murthers, and the Massacres, that attend
 On disunited Government, and to shew
 The King without a Partner, in full splendour,
 Thought it convenient the fair *Cleopatra*,
 (An attribute not frequent to the Climate)
 Should be committed in safe Custody,
 In which she is attended like her Birth,
 Until her Beauty, or her royal Dowre,
 Hath found her out a Husband.

Ach. How this may
 Stand with the rules of policy, I know not;
 Most sure I am, it holds no correspondence
 With the Rites of *Egypt*, or the Laws of Nature;

But grant that *Cleopatra* can sit down
With this disgrace (though insupportable)
Can you imagine, that *Romes* glorious Senate
(To whose charge, by the will of the dead King
This government was deliver'd) or great *Pompey*,
(That is appointed *Cleopatra's* Guardian
As well as *Ptolomies*) will e're approve
Of this rash counsel, their consent not sought for,
That should authorize it?

Achil. The Civil war
In which the *Roman* Empire is embarqu'd
On a rough Sea of danger, does exact
Their whole care to preserve themselves, and gives them
No vacant time to think of what we do,
Which hardly can concern them.

Ach. What's your opinion
Of the success? I have heard, in multitudes
Of Souldiers, and all glorious pomp of war,
Pompey is much superiour.

Achil. I could give you
A Catalogue of all the several Nations
From whence he drew his powers: but that were tedious.
They have rich arms, are ten to one in number,
Which makes them think the day already won;
And *Pompey* being master of the Sea,
Such plenty of all delicates are brought in,
As if the place on which they are entrench'd,
Were not a Camp of Souldiers, but *Rome*,
In which *Lucullus* and *Apicius* joyn'd,
To make a publique Feast: they at *Dirachium*
Fought with success; but knew not to make use of
Fortunes fair offer: so much I have heard
Cæsar himself confess.

Ach. Where are they now?

Achil. In *Thessalie*, near the *Pharsalian* plains
Where *Cæsar* with a handfull of his Men
Hems in the greater number: his whole troops
Exceed not twenty thousand, but old Souldiers
Flesh'd in the spoils of *Germany* and *France*,
Inur'd to his Command, and only know

To fight and overcome; And though that *Famine*
Raigns in his Camp, compelling them to tast
Bread made of roots, forbid the use of man,
(Which they with scorn threw into *Pompeys* Camp
As in derision of his Delicates)
Or corn not yet half ripe, and that a Banquet:
They still besiege him, being ambitious only
To come to blows, and let their swords determine
Who hath the better Cause.

Enter Septi[m]ius.

Ach. May Victory
Attend on't, where it is.

Achil. We every hour
Expect to hear the issue.

Sep. Save my good Lords;
By *Isis* and *Osiris*, whom you worship;
And the four hundred gods and goddesses
Ador'd in *Rome*, I am your honours servant.

Ach. Truth needs, *Septimius*, no oaths.

Achil. You are cruel,
If you deny him swearing, you take from him
Three full parts of his language.

Sep. Your Honour's bitter,
Confound me, where I love I cannot say it,
But I must swear't: yet such is my ill fortune,
Nor vows, nor protestations win belief,
I think, and (I can find no other reason)
Because I am a *Roman*.

Ach. No *Septimius*,
To be a *Roman* were an honour to you,
Did not your manners, and your life take from it,
And cry aloud, that from *Rome* you bring nothing
But *Roman* Vices, which you would plant here,
But no seed of her vertues.

Sep. With your reverence
I am too old to learn.

Ach. Any thing honest,
That I believe, without an oath.

Sep. I fear

Your Lordship has slept ill to night, and that
Invites this sad discourse: 'twill make you old
Before your time :—O these vertuous Morals,
And old religious principles, that fool us !
I have brought you a new Song, will make you laugh,
Though you were at your prayers.

A[c]b. What is the subject ?

Be free *Septimius*.

Sep. 'Tis a Catalogue

Of all the Gamesters of the Court and City,
Which Lord lyes with that Lady, and what Gallant
Sports with that Merchants wife ; and does relate
Who sells her honour for a Diamond,
Who, for a tisew robe: whose husband's jealous,
And who so kind, that, to share with his wife,
Will make the match himself :

Harmless conceits,

Though fools say they are dangerous : I sang it
The last night at my Lord *Photinus* table.

Acb. How ? as a Fidler ?

Sep. No Sir, as a Guest,

A welcom guest too : and it was approv'd of
By a dozen of his friends, though they were touch'd in't :
For look you, 'tis a kind of merriment,
When we have laid by foolish modesty
(As not a man of fashion will wear it)
To talk what we have done ; at least to hear it ;
If meerily set down, it fires the blood,
And heightens Crest-faln appetite.

Acb. New doctrine !

Achil. Was't of your own composing ?

Sep. No, I bought it

Of a skulking Scribler for two Ptolomies :
But the hints were mine own ; the wretch was fearfull :
But I have damn'd my self, should it be question'd,
That I will own it.

Acb. And be punished for it :

Take heed : for you may so long exercise
Your scurrilous wit against authority,
The Kingdoms Counsels ; and make profane Jest,

(Which to you (being an atheist) is nothing)
 Against Religion, that your great maintainers
 (Unless they would be thought Co-partners with you)
 Will leave you to the Law : and then, *Septimius*,
 Remember there are whips.

Sep. For whore's I grant you,
 When they are out of date, till then are safe too,
 Or all the Gallants of the Court are Eunuchs,
 And for mine own defence I'll only add this,
 I'll be admitted for a wanton tale
 To some most private Cabinets, when your Priest-hood
 (Though laden with the mysteries of your goddess)
 Shall wait without unnoted : so I leave you
 To your pious thoughts. [Exit.

Achil. 'Tis a strange impudence,
 This fellow does put on.

Ach. The wonder great,
 He is accepted of.

Achil. Vices, for him,
 Make as free way as vertues doe for others.
 'Tis the times fault : yet Great ones still have grace'd
 To make them sport, or rub them o're with flattery,
 Observers of all kinds.

Enter Photinus, and Septimius.

Ach. No more of him,
 He is not worth our thoughts : a Fugitive
 From *Pompey's* army : and now in a danger
 When he should use his service.

Achil. See how he hangs
 On great *Photinus* Ear.

Sep. Hell, and the furies,
 And all the plagues of darkness light upon me :
 You are my god on earth : and let me have
 Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter.

Pho. Thou art believ'd : dost thou want mony ?

Sep. No Sir.

Pho. Or hast thou any suite ? these ever follow
 Thy vehement protestations.

Sep. You much wrong me ;

How can I want, when your beams shine upon me,
Unless employment to express my zeal
To do your greatness service? do but think
A deed so dark, the Sun would blush to look on,
For which Man-kind would curse me, and arm all
The powers above, and those below against me:
Command me, I will on.

Pho. When I have use,
I'll put you to the test.

Sep. May it be speedy,
And something worth my danger: you are cold,
And know not your own powers: this brow was fashion'd
To wear a Kingly wreath, and your grave judgment,
Given to dispose of monarchies, not to govern
A child's affairs, the peoples eye's upon you,
The Souldier courts you: will you wear a garment
Of sordid loyalty when 'tis out of fashion?

Pho. When *Pompey* was thy General, *Septimius*,
Thou saidst as much to him.

Sep. All my love to him,
To *Cæsar*, *Rome*, and the whole world is lost
In the Ocean of your Bounties: I have no friend,
Project, design, or Countrey, but your favour,
Which I'll preserve at any rate.

Pho. No more;
When I call on you, fall not off: perhaps
Sooner than you expect, I may employ you,
So leave me for a while.

Sep. Ever your Creature.

[*Exit.*

Pho. Good day *Achoreus*; my best friend *Achillas*,
Hath fame deliver'd yet no certain rumour
Of the great *Roman Action*?

Achil. That we are
To enquire, and learn of you Sir: whose grave care
For *Egypt's* happiness, and great *Ptolomies* good,
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.

Enter Ptolomy, Labienus, Guard.

Pho. I'll not boast,
What my Intelligence costs me: but 'ere long

You shall know more. The King, with him a *Roman*.

Ach. The scarlet livery of unfortunate war
Dy'd deeply on his face.

Achil. 'Tis *Labienus*

Cæsars Lieutenant in the wars of *Gaul*,
And fortunate in all his undertakings:
But since these Civil jars he turn'd to *Pompey*,
And though he followed the better Cause
Not with the like success.

Pho. Such as are wise
Leave falling buildings, flye to those that rise;
But more of that hereafter.

Lab. In a word, Sir,
These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,
Speak *Pompey's* loss: to tell you of the Battail,
How many thousand several bloody shapes
Death wore that day in triumph: how we bore
The shock of *Cæsars* charge: or with what fury
His Souldiers came on as if they had been
So many *Cæsars*, and like him ambitious
To tread upon the liberty of *Rome*:
How Fathers kill'd their Sons, or Sons their Fathers,
Or how the *Roman* Piles on either side
Drew *Roman* blood, which spent, the Prince of weapons,
(The sword) succeeded, which in Civil wars
Appoints the Tent on which wing'd victory
Shall make a certain Stand; then, how the Plains
Flow'd o're with blood, and what a cloud of vulturs
And other birds of prey, hung o're both armies,
Attending when their ready Servitors,
(The Souldiers, from whom the angry gods
Had took all sense of reason, and of pity)
Would serve in their own carkasses for a feast,
How *Cæsar* with his Javelin force'd them on
That made the least stop, when their angry hands
Were lifted up against some known friends face;
Then coming to the body of the army
He shews the sacred *Senate*, and forbids them
To wast their force upon the Common Souldier,
Whom willingly, if e're he did know pity,

He would have spar'd.

Ptol. The reason *Labienus*?

Lab. Full well he knows, that in their blood he was
To pass to Empire, and that through their bowels
He must invade the Laws of *Rome*, and give
A period to the liberty of the world.
Then fell the *Lepidi*, and the bold *Corvini*,
The fam'd *Torquati*, *Scipio's*, and *Marcelli*,
(Names next to *Pompeys*, most renown'd on Earth)
The Nobles, and the Commons lay together,
And Pontique, Punique, and *Assyrian* blood
Made up one crimson Lake: which *Pompey* seeing,
And that his, and the fate of *Rome* had left him
Standing upon the Rampier of his Camp,
Though scorning all that could fall on himself,
He pities them whose fortunes are embarqu'd
In his unlucky quarrel; cries aloud too
That they should sound retreat, and save themselves:
That he desir'd not, so much noble blood
Should be lost in his service, or attend
On his misfortunes: and then, taking horse
With some few of his friends, he came to *Lesbos*,
And with *Cornelia*, his Wife, and Sons,
He's touch'd upon your shore: the King of *Parthia*,
(Famous in his defeature of the *Crassi*)
Offer'd him his protection, but *Pompey*
Relying on his Benefits, and your Faith,
Hath chosen *Ægypt* for his Sanctuary,
Till he may recollect his scattered powers,
And try a second day: now *Ptolomy*,
Though he appear not like that glorious thing
That three times rode in triumph, and gave laws
To conquer'd Nations, and made Crowns his gift
(As this of yours, your noble Father took
From his victorious hand, and you still wear it
At his devotion) to do you more honour
In his declin'd estate, as the straightst Pine
In a full grove of his yet flourishing friends,
He flies to you for succour, and expects
The entertainment of your Fathers friend,

And Guardian to your self.

Ptol. To say I grieve his fortune
As much as if the Crown I wear (his gift)
Were ravish'd from me, is a holy truth,
Our Gods can witness for me: yet, being young,
And not a free disposer of my self;
Let not a few hours, borrowed for advice,
Beget suspicion of unthankfulness,
(Which next to Hell I hate) pray you retire,
And take a little rest, and let his wounds
Be with that care attended, as they were
Carv'd on my flesh: good *Labienus*, think
The little respite, I desire shall be
Wholly employ'd to find the readiest way
To doe great *Pompey* service.

Lab. May the gods
(As you intend) protect you.

[*Exit.*]

Ptol. Sit: sit all,
It is my pleasure: your advice, and freely.

Ach. A short deliberation in this,
May serve to give you counsel: to be honest,
Religious and thankfull, in themselves
Are forcible motives, and can need no flourish
Or gloss in the perswader; your kept faith,
(Though *Pompey* never rise to th' height he's fallen from)
Cæsar himself will love; and my opinion
Is (still committing it to graver censure)
You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard
Of all you can call yours.

Ptol. What's yours, (*Photinus*?)

Pho. *Achoreus* (great *Ptolomy*) hath counsell'd
Like a Religious, and honest man,
Worthy the honour that he justly holds
In being Priest to *Isis*: But alas,
What in a man, sequester'd from the world,
Or in a private person, is prefer'd,
No policy allows of in a King,
To be or just, or thankfull, makes Kings guilty,
And faith (though prais'd) is punish'd that supports
Such as good Fate forsakes: joyn with the gods,

Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched,
The Stars are not more distant from the Earth
Than profit is from honesty; all the power,
Prerogative, and greatness of a Prince
Is lost, if he descend once but to steer
His course, as what's right, guides him: let him leave
The Scepter, that strives only to be good,
Since Kingdoms are maintain'd by force and blood.

Ach. Oh wicked!

Ptol. Peace: goe on.

Pho. Proud *Pompey* shews how much he scorns your youth,
In thinking that you cannot keep your own
From such as are or'e come. If you are tired
With being a King, let not a stranger take
What nearer pledges challenge: resign rather
The government of *Ægypt* and of *Nile*
To *Cleopatra*, that has title to them,
At least defend them from the *Roman* gripe,
What was not *Pompeys*, while the wars endured,
The Conquerour will not challenge; by all the world
Forsaken and despis'd, your gentle Guardian
His hopes and fortunes desperate, makes choice of
What Nation he shall fall with: and pursu'd
By their pale ghosts, slain in this Civil war,
He flies not *Cæsar* only, but the Senate,
Of which, the greater part have cloi'd the hunger
Of sharp *Pharsalian* fowl, he flies the Nations
That he drew to his Quarrel, whose Estates
Are sunk in his: and in no place receiv'd,
Hath found out *Ægypt*, by him yet not ruin'd:
And [*Ptolomy*], things consider'd, justly may
Complain of *Pompey*: wherefore should he stain
Our *Ægypt*, with the spots of civil war?
Or make the peaceable, or quiet *Nile*
Doubted of *Cæsar*? wherefore should he draw
His loss, and overthrow upon our heads?
Or choose this place to suffer in? already
We have offended *Cæsar*, in our wishes,
And no way left us to redeem his favour
But by the head of *Pompey*.

Ach. Great *Osiris*,
Defend thy *Ægypt* from such cruelty,
And barbarous ingratitude!

Pho. Holy trifles,
And not to have place in designs of State;
This sword, which Fate commands me to unsheath,
I would not draw on *Pompey*, if not vanquish'd.
I grant it rather should have pass'd through *Cæsar*,
But we must follow where his fortune leads us;
All provident Princes measure their intents
According to their power, and so dispose them:
And thinkst thou (*Ptolomy*) that thou canst prop
His Ruines, under whom sad *Rome* now suffers?
Or 'tempt the Conquerours force when 'tis confirm'd?
Shall we, that in the Battail sate as Neuters
Serve him that's overcome? No, no, he's lost.
And though 'tis noble to a sinking friend
To lend a helping hand, while there is hope
He may recover, thy part not engag'd
Though one most dear, when all his hopes are dead,
To drown him, set thy foot upon his head.

Ach. Most execrable Counsel.

Pho. To be follow'd,
'Tis for the Kingdoms safety.

Ptol. We give up
Our absolute power to thee: dispose of it
As reason shall direct thee.

Pho. Good *Achillas*,
Seek out *Septimius*: do you but sooth him,
He is already wrought: leave the dispatch
To me of *Labienus*: 'tis determin'd
Already how you shall proceed: nor Fate
Shall alter it, since now the dye is cast,
But that this hour to *Pompey* is his last.

[*Exit.*]

SCENA II.

Enter Apollodorus, Eros, Arsino.

Apol. Is the Queen stirring, *Eros*?

Eros. Yes, for in truth

She touch'd no bed to night.

Apol. I am sorry for it,
And wish it were in me, with my hazard,
To give her ease.

Ars. Sir, she accepts your will,
And does acknowledge she hath found you noble,
So far, as if restraint of liberty
Could give admission to a thought of mirth,
She is your debtor for it.

Apol. Did you tell her
Of the sports I have prepar'd to entertain her?
She was us'd to take delight, with her fair hand,
To angle in the *Nile*, where the glad fish
(As if they knew who 'twas sought to deceive 'em)
Contended to be taken: other times
To strike the Stag, who wounded by her arrows,
Forgot his tears in death, and kneeling thanks her
To his last gasp, then prouder of his Fate,
Than if with Garlands Crown'd, he had been chosen
To fall a Sacrifice before the altar
Of the Virgin Huntress: the King, nor great *Photinus*
Forbid her any pleasure; and the Circuit
In which she is confin'd, gladly affords
Variety of pastimes, which I would
Encrease with my best service.

Eros. O, but the thought
That she that was born free, and to dispense
Restraint, or liberty to others, should be
At the devotion of her Brother, whom
She only knows her equal, makes this place
In which she lives (though stor'd with all delights)
A loathsome dungeon to her.

Apol. Yet, (howe're
She shall interpret it) I'll not be wanting
To do my best to serve her: I have prepar'd
Chose Musick near her Cabinet, and compos'd
Some few lines, (set unto a solemn time)
In the praise of imprisonment. Begin Boy.

The SONG.

Look out bright eyes, and bless the air :
 Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up-beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Though your body be confin'd,
And soft Love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check, nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly then, and dare
Even the Fetters that you wear.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. But that we are assur'd this tastes of duty,
 And love in you, my *Guardian*, and desire
 In you, my *Sister*, and the rest, to please us,
 We should receive this, as a sawcy rudeness
 Offer'd our private thoughts. But your intents
 Are to delight us : alas, you wash an *Ethiop* :
 Can *Cleopatra*, while she does remember
 Whose Daughter she is, and whose Sister ? (O
 I suffer in the name) and that (in Justice)
 There is no place in *Ægypt*, where I stand,
 But that the tributary Earth is proud
 To kiss the foot of her, that is her Queen,
 Can she, I say, that is all this, e're relish
 Of comfort, or delight, while base *Photinus*,
 Bond-man *Achillas*, and all other monsters
 That reign o're *Ptolomy*, make that a Court,
 Where they reside, and this, where I, a Prison ?
 But there's a *Rome*, a *Senate*, and a *Cæsar*,
 (Though the great *Pompey* lean to *Ptolomy*)
 May think of *Cleopatra*.

Ap. *Pompey*, Madam ?

Cleo. What of him ? speak : if ill, *Apollodorus*, -
 It is my happiness : and for thy news
 Receive a favour (*Kings* have kneel'd in vain for)
 And kiss my hand.

Ap. He's lost.

Cleo. Speak it again!

Ap. His army routed: he fled and pursu'd
By the all-conquering *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Whither bends he?

Ap. To *Egypt*.

Cleo. Ha! in person?

Ap. 'Tis receiv'd

For an undoubted truth.

Cleo. I live again,

And if assurance of my love, and beauty
Deceive me not, I now shall find a Judge
To do me right: but how to free my self,
And get access? the *Guards* are strong upon me,
This door I must pass through. *Apollodorus*,
Thou often hast profess'd (to do me service,)
Thy life was not thine own.

Ap. I am not alter'd;

And let your excellency propound a means,
In which I may but give the least assistance,
That may restore you, to that you were born to,
(Though it call on the anger of the King,
Or, (what's more deadly) all his Minion
Photinus can do to me) I, unmov'd,
Offer my throat to serve you: ever provided,
It bear some probable shew to be effected.
To lose my self upon no ground, were madness,
Not loyal duty.

Cleo. Stand off: to thee alone,

I will discover what I dare not trust
My Sister with, *Cæsar* is amorous,
And taken more with the title of a Queen,
Than feature or proportion, he lov'd *Eunoe*,
A *Moor*, deformed too, I have heard, that brought
No other object to inflame his blood,
But that her Husband was a King, on both
He did bestow rich presents; shall I then,
That with a princely birth, bring beauty with me,
That know to prize my self at mine own rate,
Despair his favour? art thou mine?

Ap. I am.

Cleo. I have found out a way shall bring me to him,
 Spight of *Photinus* watches; if I prosper,
 (As I am confident I shall) expect
 Things greater than thy wishes; though I purchase
 His grace with loss of my virginity,
 It skills not, if it bring home Majesty. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Septimius, with a head, Achilles, Guard.

Sep. 'TIS here, 'tis done, behold you fearfull viewers,
 Shake, and behold the model of the world here,
 The pride, and strength, look, look again, 'tis finish'd;
 That, that whole Armies, nay whole nations,
 Many and mighty Kings, have been struck blind at,
 And fled before, wing'd with their fears and terrors,
 That steel war waited on, and fortune courted,
 That high plum'd honour built up for her own;
 Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,
 Behold that child of war, with all his glories;
 By this poor hand made breathless, here (my *Achillas*)
Egypt, and *Cæsar*, owe me for this service,
 And all the conquer'd Nations.

Ach. Peace *Septimius*,

Thy words sound more ungratefull than thy actions,
 Though sometimes safety seek an instrument
 Of thy unworthy nature, thou (loud boaster)
 Think not she is bound to love him too, that's barbarous.
 Why did not I, if this be meritorious,
 And binds the King unto me, and his bounties,
 Strike this rude stroke? I'll tell thee (thou poor *Roman*)
 It was a sacred head, I durst not heave at,
 Not heave a thought.

Sep. It was.

Ach. I'll tell thee truly,
 And if thou ever yet heard'st tell of honour,
 I'll make thee blush: It was thy General's;
 That mans that fed thee once, that mans that bred thee,
 The air thou breath'dst was his; the fire that warm'd thee,

From his care kindled ever, nay, I'll show thee,
(Because I'll make thee sensible of the business,
And why a noble man durst not touch at it)
There was no piece of Earth, thou putst thy foot on
But was his conquest; and he gave thee motion.
He triumph'd three times, who durst touch his person?
The very walls of *Rome* bow'd to his presence,
Dear to the Gods he was, to them that fear'd him
A fair and noble Enemy. Didst thou hate him?
And for thy love to *Cæsar*, sought his ruine?
Arm'd in the red *Pharsalian* fields, *Septimius*,
Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glorious,
Where Kings were fair competitors for honour,
Thou shouldst have come up to him, there have fought him,
There, Sword to Sword.

Sep. I kill'd him on commandment,
If Kings commands be fair, when you all fainted,
When none of you durst look—

Ach. On deeds so barbarous,
What hast thou got?

Sep. The Kings love, and his bounty,
The honour of the service, which though you rail at,
Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams on me,
Will dignifie the cause, and make me glorious:
And I shall live.

Ach. A miserable villain,
What reputation, and reward belongs to it
Thus (with the head) I seize on, and make mine;
And be not impudent to ask me why, Sirrah,
Nor bold to stay, read in mine eyes the reason:
The shame and obloquy I leave thine own,
Inherit those rewards, they are fitter for thee,
Your oyl's spent, and your snuff stinks: go out basely.

Sep. The King will yet consider. [Exit.]

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Photinus.

Achil. Here he comes Sir.

Ach. Yet if it be undone: hear me great Sir,
If this inhumane stroak be yet unstrucken,
If that adored head be not yet sever'd

From the most noble Body, weigh the miseries,
The desolations that this great Eclipse works,
You are young, be provident: fix not your Empire
Upon the Tomb of him will shake all *Egypt*,
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand Spirits,
(Great as himself) in every hand a thunder;
Destructions darting from their looks, and sorrows
That easy womens eyes shall never empty.

Pho. You have done well; and 'tis done, see *Achillas*,
And in his hand the head.

Ptol. Stay come no nearer,
Me thinks I feel the very earth shake under me,
I do remember him, he was my guardian,
Appointed by the Senate to preserve me:
What a full Majesty sits in his face yet?

Pho. The King is troubled: be not frightened Sir,
Be not abus'd with fears; his death was necessary,
If you consider, Sir, most necessary,
Not to be miss'd: and humbly thank great *Isis*,
He came so opportunely to your hands;
Pity must now give place to rules of safety.
Is not victorious *Cæsar* new arriv'd,
And enter'd *Alexandria*, with his friends,
His *Navy* riding by to wait his charges?
Did he not beat this *Pompey*, and pursu'd him?
Was not this great man, his great enemy?
This Godlike vertuous man, as people held him,
But what fool dare be friend to flying vertue?

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Dolabella, Sceva.

I hear their Trumpets, 'tis too late to stagger,
Give me the head, and be you confident:
Hail Conquerour, and head of all the world,
Now this head's off.

Cæsar. Ha?

Pho. Do not shun me, *Cæsar*,
From kingly *Ptolomy* I bring this present,
The Crown, and sweat of thy *Pharsalian* labour:
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before thy victory had no name, *Cæsar*,

Thy travel and thy loss of blood, no recompence,
Thou dreamst of being worthy, and of war;
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers,
Here they take life: here they inherit honour,
Grow fixt, and shoot up everlasting triumphs:
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the Princely *Ptolomy*,
That offers with this head (most mighty *Cæsar*)
What thou would'st once have given for it, all *Egypt*.

Ach. Nor do not question it (most royal Conquerour)
Nor dis-esteem the benefit that meets thee,
Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer:
Yet let me tell thee (most imperious *Cæsar*)
Though he oppos'd no strength of Swords to win this,
Nor labour'd through no showres of darts, and lances:
Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly,
An inward war: he was his Grand-sires Guest;
Friend to his Father, and when he was expell'd
And beaten from this Kingdom by strong hand,
And had none left him, to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend, in such a misery;
Then in stopt *Pompey*; took his feeble fortune:
Strengthen'd, and cherish'd it, and set it right again,
This was a love to *Cæsar*.

Sceva. Give me, hate, Gods.

Pho. This *Cæsar* may account a little wicked,
But yet remember, if thine own hands, Conquerour,
Had fallen upon him, what it had been then?
If thine own sword had touch'd his throat, what that way!
He was thy Son in Law, there to be tainted,
Had been most terrible: let the worst be render'd,
We have deserv'd for keeping thy hands innocent.

Cæsar. Oh *Sceva*, *Sceva*, see that head: see Captains,
The head of godlike *Pompey*.

Sceva. He was basely ruin'd,
But let the Gods be griev'd that suffer'd it,
And be you *Cæsar*—

Cæsar. Oh thou Conquerour,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity:
Thou awe of Nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?

What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluckt thee on
To trust thy sacred life to an *Egyptian* ;
The life and light of *Rome*, to a blind stranger,
That honorable war ne'r taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance shew'd what a man was,
That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets ;
And loose lascivious pleasures? to a Boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life to know thy goodness ;
And leave thy Nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him (distrusted) that in tears falls with thee?
(In soft relenting tears) hear me (great *Pompey*)
(If thy great spirit can hear) I must task thee :
Thou hast most unnobly rob'd me of my victory,
My love, and mercy.

Ant. O how brave these tears shew !

How excellent is sorrow in an Enemy !

Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.

Cæsar. *Egyptians*, dare you think your high *Pyramides*,
Built to out-dare the Sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy Kings lye rak'd in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? no, (brood of *Nilus*)
Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven ;
No *Pyramides* set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness
To which I leave him : take the head away,
And (with the body) give it noble burial,
Your Earth shall now be bless'd to hold a *Roman*,
Whose braveries all the worlds-Earth cannot ballance.

See. If thou bee'st thus loving, I shall honour thee,
But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,
And be right glad of what they seem to weep for,
There are such kind of Philosophers ; now do I wonder
How he would look if *Pompey* were alive again,
But how he would set his face?

Cæsar. You look now, King,
And you that have been Agents in this glory,
For our especial favour?

Ptol. We desire it.

Cæsar. And doubtless you expect rewards.

Scæva. Let me give 'em :

I'll give 'em such as nature never dreamt of,
I'll beat him and his Agents (in a mortar)
Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.

Cæsar. Peace : I forgive you all, that's recompence :
You are young, and ignorant, that pleads your pardon,
And fear it may be more than hate provok'd ye,
Your Ministers, I must think, wanted judgment,
And so they err'd : I am bountiful to think this ;
Believe me most bountiful ; be you most thankful,
That bounty share amongst ye : if I knew
What to send you for a present, King of *Egypt*,
(I mean a head of equal reputation
And that you lov'd) though it were your brightest Sisters,
(But her you hate) I would not be behind ye.

Ptol. Hear me, (Great *Cæsar*.)

Cæs. I have heard too much,
And study not with smooth shews to invade
My noble Mind as you have done my Conquest.
Ye are poor and open : I must tell ye roundly,
That Man that could not recompence the Benefits,
The great and bounteous services of *Pompey*,
Can never dote upon the Name of *Cæsar* ;
Though I had hated *Pompey*, and allow'd his ruine,
[I gave you no commission to performe it :]
Hasty to please in Blood are seldome trusty ;
And but I stand environ'd with my Victories,
My Fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths, and friends about my Person,
I durst not try ye, nor expect a Courtesie,
Above the pious love you shew'd to *Pompey*.
You have found me merciful in arguing with you ;
Swords, Hangmen, Fires, Destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of Kingdoms, and whole Ruines
Are wont to be my Orators ; turn to tears,
You wretched and poor seeds of Sun-burnt *Egypt*,
And now you have found the nature of a Conquerour,
That you cannot decline with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light will be himself still,
Know how to meet his Worth with humane Courtesies,

Go, and embalm those bones of that great Souldier ;
 Howl round about his Pile, fling on your Spices,
 Make a *Sabeian* Bed, and place this *Phoenix*
 Where the hot Sun may emulate his Vertues,
 And draw another *Pompey* from his ashes
 Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the Worthies.

Ptol. We will do all.

Cæs. You have rob'd him of those tears
 His Kindred and his Friends kept sacred for him ;
 The Virgins of their Funeral Lamentations :
 And that kind Earth that thought to cover him,
 (His Countries Earth) will cry out 'gainst your Cruelty,
 And weep unto the Ocean for revenge,
 Till *Nilus* raise his seven heads and devour ye ;
 My grief has stopt the rest : when *Pompey* liv'd
 He us'd you nobly, now he is dead use him so. [Exit.

Ptol. Now, where's your confidence ? your aim (*Photinus*)
 The Oracles, and fair Favours from the Conquerour
 You rung into mine Ears ? how stand I now ?
 You see the tempest of his stern displeasure,
 The death of him you urged a Sacrifice
 To stop his Rage, presaging a full ruine ;
 Where are your Counsels now ?

Acho. I told you, Sir,
 (And told the truth) what danger would flye after ;
 And though an Enemy, I satisfied you
 He was a *Roman*, and the top of Honour ;
 And howsoever this might please Great *Cæsar*,
 I told ye that the foulness of his Death,
 The impious baseness—

Pho. Peace, you are a Fool,
 Men of deep ends must tread as deep ways to 'em ;
Cæsar I know is pleas'd, and for all his sorrows
 (Which are put on for forms and meer dissemblings)
 I am confident he's glad ; to have told ye so,
 And thank ye outwardly, had been too open,
 And taken from the Wisdom of a Conquerour.
 Be confident and proud ye have done this service ;
 Ye have deserv'd, and ye will find it highly :
 Make bold use of this benefit, and be sure

You keep your Sister, (the high-soul'd *Cleopatra*)
Both close and short enough, she may not see him;
The rest, if I may counsel, Sir—

Ptol. Do all;

For in thy faithful service rests my safety.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Septimius.

Sept. Here's a strange alteration in the Court;
Mens Faces are of other setts and motions,
Their minds of subtler stuff; I pass by now
As though I were a Rascal, no man knows me,
No Eye looks after; as I were a Plague
Their doors shut close against me; and I wondred at
Because I have done a meritorious Murther;
Because I have pleas'd the Time, does the Time plague me?
I have known the day they would have hug'd me for it,
For a less stroke than this have done me Reverence;
Open'd their Hearts and secret Closets to me,
Their Purses, and their Pleasures, and bid me wallow.
I now perceive the great Thieves eat the less,
And the huge Leviathans of Villany
Sup up the merits, nay the men and all
That do them service, and spowt 'em out again
Into the air, as thin and unregarded
As drops of Water that are lost i'th' Ocean:
I was lov'd once for swearing, and for drinking,
And for other principal Qualities that became me,
Now a foolish unthankful Murther has undone me,
If my Lord *Photinus* be not merciful

Enter Photinus.

That set me on; And he comes, now Fortune.

Pho. *Cæsars* unthankfulness a little stirs me,
A little frets my blood; take heed, proud *Roman*,
Provoke me not, stir not mine anger farther;
I may find out a way unto thy life too,
(Though arm'd in all thy Victories) and seize it.
A Conquerour has a heart, and I may hit it.

Sept. May it please your Lordship?

Pho. O *Septimius*!

Sept. Your [Lordship] knows my wrongs.

Pho. Wrongs?

Sept. Yes, my Lord,

How the Captain of the Guard, *Achillas*, slights me.

Pho. Think better of him, he has much befriended thee,
Shew'd thee much love in taking the head from thee.

The times are alter'd (Souldier) *Cæsar's* angry,

And our design to please him lost and perish'd;

Be glad thou art unnam'd, 'tis not worth the owning;

Yet, that thou maist be useful—

Sept. Yes, my Lord,

I shall be ready.

Pho. For I may employ thee

To take a rub or two out of my way,

As time shall serve, say that it be a Brother?

Or a hard Father?

Sept. 'Tis most necessary,

A Mother, or a Sister, or whom you please, Sir.

Pho. Or to betray a noble Friend?

Sept. 'Tis all one.

Pho. I know thou wilt stir for Gold.

Sept. 'Tis all my motion.

Pho. There, take that for thy service, and farewell;

I have greater business now.

Sept. I am still your own, Sir.

Pho. One thing I charge thee, see me no more, *Septimius*,
Unless I send. [Exit.

Sept. I shall observe your hour.

So, this brings something in the mouth, some savour;

This is the Lord I serve, the Power I worship,

My Friends, Allies, and here lies my Allegiance.

Let People talk as they please of my rudeness,

And shun me for my deed; bring but this to 'em,

(Let me be damn'd for blood) yet still I am honourable,

This God creates new tongues, and new affections;

And though I had kill'd my Father, give me Gold

I'll make men swear I have done a pious Sacrifice;

Now I will out-brave all; make all my Servants,

And my brave deed shall be writ in Wine, for vertuous. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, Sceva.

Cæs. Keep strong Guards, and with wary eyes (my friends)
There is no trusting to these base *Egyptians*;
They that are false to pious benefits,
And make compell'd necessities their faiths
Are Traitors to the gods.

Ant. We'll call ashore
A Legion of the best.

Cæs. Not a Man, *Antony*,
That were to shew our fears, and dim our greatness:
No, 'tis enough my Name's ashore.

Sce. Too much too,
A sleeping *Cæsar* is enough to shake them;
There are some two or three malicious Rascals
Train'd up in Villany, besides that *Cerberus*
That *Roman Dog*, that lick'd the blood of *Pompey*.

Dol. 'Tis strange, a *Roman* Souldier?

Sce. You are cozen'd,
There be of us as be of all other Nations,
Villains, and Knaves; 'tis not the name contains him,
But the obedience; when that's once forgotten,
And Duty flung away, then welcome Devil.
Photinus and *Achillas*, and this Vermine
That's now become a natural Crocodile
Must be with care observ'd.

Ant. And 'tis well counsel'd
No Confidence, nor trust—

Sce. I'll trust the Sea first,
When with her hollow murmurs she invites me,
And clutches in her storms, as politick Lions
Conceal their Claws; I'll trust the Devil first.

Cæs. Go to your rests, and follow your own Wisedoms,
And leave me to my thoughts: pray no more complement,
Once more strong Watches.

Dol. All shall be observ'd, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Cæs. I am dull and heavy, yet I cannot sleep,
How happy was I in my lawful Wars,
In *Germany*, and *Gaul*, and *Britanny*!

When every night with pleasure I set down
 What the day ministred ! The sleep came sweetly :
 But since I undertook this home-division,
 This civil War, and past the *Rubicon* ;
 What have I done that speaks an ancient *Roman* ?
 A good, great man ? I have enter'd *Rome* by force,
 And on her tender Womb (that gave me life)
 Let my insulting Souldiers rudely trample,
 The dear Veins of my Country I have open'd,
 And sail'd upon the torrents that flow'd from her,
 The bloody streams that in their confluence
 Carried before 'em thousand desolations ;
 I rob'd the Treasury, and at one gripe
 Snatch'd all the wealth, so many worthy triumphs
 Plac'd there as sacred to the Peace of *Rome* ;
 I raz'd *Massilia*, in my wanton anger :
Petreius and *Afranius* I defeated :
Pompey I overthrew : what did that get me ?
 The slubber'd Name of an authoriz'd Enemy. [*Noise within.*
 I hear some Noise ; they are the Watches sure.
 What Friends have I ty'd fast by these ambitions ?
Cato, the Lover of his Countries freedom,
 Is now past into *Africk* to affront me,
Juba (that kill'd my friend) is up in Arms too ;
 The Sons of *Pompey* are Masters of the Sea,
 And from the reliques of their scatter'd faction,
 A new head's sprung ; Say I defeat all these too ;
 I come home crown'd an honourable Rebel.
 I hear the Noise still, and it still comes nearer ;
 Are the Guards fast ? Who waits there ?

Enter Sceva with a Packet, Cleopatra in it.

Sce. Are ye awake Sir ?

Cæs. I'th' name of Wonder.

Sce. Nay, I am a Porter,

A strong one too, or else my sides would crack, Sir,
 And my sins were as weighty, I should scarce walk with 'em.

Cæs. What hast thou there ?

Sce. Ask them which stay without,
 And brought it hither, your Presence I deny'd 'em,

And put 'em by; took up the load my self,
They say 'tis rich, and valu'd at the Kingdome,
I am sure 'tis heavy; if you like to see it
You may: if not, I'll give it back.

Cæs. Stay *Sceva*,
I would fain see it.

Sce. I'll begin to work then;
No doubt, to flatter ye they have sent ye something,
Of a rich value, Jewels, or some rich Treasure;
May be a Rogue within to do a mischief;
I pray you stand farther off, if there be villany,
Better my danger first; he shall 'scape hard too,
Ha! what art thou?

Cæs. Stand farther off, good *Sceva*,
What heavenly Vision! do I wake or slumber?
Farther off that hand, Friend.

Sce. What Apparition?
What Spirit have I rais'd? sure 'tis a Woman,
She looks like one; now she begins to move too:
A tempting Devil, o' my life; go off, *Cæsar*,
Bless thy self, off: a Bawd grown in mine old days?
Bawdry advanc'd upon my back? 'tis noble:
Sir, if you be a Souldier come no nearer,
She is sent to dispossess you of your honour,
A Spunge, a Spunge to wipe away your Victories:
And she would be cool'd, Sir, let the Souldiers trim her!
They'll give her that she came for, and dispatch her;
Be loyal to your self. Thou damned Woman,
Dost thou come hither with thy flourishes,
Thy flaunts, and faces to abuse mens manners?
And am I made the instrument of Bawdry?
I'll find a Lover for ye, one that shall hug ye.

Cæs. Hold, on thy life, and be more temperate,
Thou Beast.

Sce. Thou Beast?

Cæs. Could'st thou be so inhumane,
So far from noble Men, to draw thy Weapon
Upon a thing divine?

Sce. Divine, or humane,
They are never better pleas'd, nor more at hearts ease,

Than when we draw with full intent upon 'em.

Cæs. Move this way (Lady)

'Pray ye let me speak to ye.

Sc. And Woman, you had best stand.

Cæs. By the gods,

But that I see her here, and hope her mortal,
I should imagine some celestial sweetness,
The treasure of soft love.

Sc. Oh, this sounds mangily,

Poorly, and scurvily in a Souldiers mouth:
You had best be troubled with the Tooth-ach too,
For Lovers ever are, and let your Nose drop
That your celestial Beauty may befriend ye;
At these years do you learn to be fantastical?
After so many bloody fields, a Fool?
She brings her Bed along too, she'll lose no time,
Carries her Litter to lye soft, do you see that?
Invites ye like a Gamester: note that impudence,
For shame reflect upon your self, your honour,
Look back into your noble parts, and blush:
Let not the dear sweat of the hot *Pharsalia*,
Mingle with base *Embraces*; am I he
That have receiv'd so many wounds for *Cæsar*?
Upon my Target groves of darts still growing?
Have I endur'd all hungers, colds, distresses,
And (as I had been bred that Iron that arm'd me)
Stood out all weathers, now to curse my fortune?
To ban the blood I lost for such a General?

Cæsar. Offend no more: be gone.

Sc. I will, and leave ye,

Leave ye to womens wars, that will proclaim ye:
You'll conquer *Rome* now, and the Capitol
With Fans, and Looking-glasses, farewell *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Now I am private Sir, I dare speak to ye:

But thus low first, for as a God I honour ye.

Sc. Lower you'll be anon.

Cæsar. Away.

Sc. And privater,
For that you covet all.

Cæsar. Tempt me no farther.

[*Exit.*

Cleo. Contemn me not, because I kneel thus, *Cæsar*,
I am a Queen, and coheir to this country,
The Sister to the mighty *Ptolomy*,
Yet one distress'd, that flyes unto thy justice,
One that layes sacred hold on thy protection
As on an holy Altar, to preserve me.

Cæsar. Speak Queen of beauty, and stand up.

Cleo. I dare not,
'Till I have found that favour in thine eyes,
That godlike great humanity to help me,
Thus, to thy knees must I grow (sacred *Cæsar*,)
And if it be not in thy will, to right me,
And raise me like a Queen from my sad ruines,
If these soft tears cannot sink to thy pity,
And waken with their murmurs thy compassions;
Yet for thy nobleness, for vertues sake,
And if thou beest a man, for despis'd beauty,
For honourable conquest, which thou doat'st on,
Let not those cankers of this flourishing Kingdom,
Photinus, and *Achillas*, (the one an Eunuch,
The other a base bondman) thus raign over me.
Seize my inheritance, and leave my Brother
Nothing of what he should be, but the Title,
As thou art wonder of the world.

Cæsar. Stand up then
And be a Queen, this hand shall give it to ye,
Or choose a greater name, worthy my bounty:
A common love makes Queens: choose to be worshipped,
To be divinely great, and I dare promise it;
A suitor of your sort, and blessed sweetness,
That hath adventur'd thus to see great *Cæsar*,
Must never be denied, you have found a patron
That dare not in his private honour suffer
So great a blemish to the Heaven of beauty:
The God of love would clap his angry wings,
And from his singing bow let flye those arrows
Headed with burning griefs, and pining sorrows,
Should I neglect your cause, would make me monstrous,
To whom and to your service I devote me.

Enter Sceva.

Cleo. He is my conquest now, and so I'll work him,
The conquerour of the world will I lead captive.

Sce. Still with this woman? tilting still with Babies?
As you are honest think the Enemy,
Some valiant Foe indeed now charging on ye:
Ready to break your ranks, and fling these—

Cæsar. - Hear me,
But tell me true, if thou hadst such a treasure,
(And as thou art a Souldier, do not flatter me)
Such a bright gem, brought to thee, wouldst thou not
Most greedily accept?

Sce. Not as an Emperour,
A man that first should rule himself, then others;
As a poor hungry Souldier, I might bite, Sir,
Yet that's a weakness too: hear me, thou Tempter:
And hear thou *Cæsar* too, for it concerns thee,
And if thy flesh be deaf, yet let thine honour,
The soul of a commander, give ear to me,
Thou wanton bane of war, thou guiled Lethargy,
In whose embraces, ease (the rust of Arms)
And pleasure, (that makes Souldiers poor) inhabites.

Cæsar. Fye, thou blasphem'st.

Sce. I do, when she is a goddess.
Thou melter of strong minds, dar'st thou presume
To smother all his triumphs, with thy vanities,
And tye him like a slave, to thy proud beauties?
To thy imperious looks? that Kings have follow'd
Proud of their chains? have waited on? I shame Sir. [*Exit.*

Cæsar. Alas thou art rather mad: take thy rest *Sceva*,
Thy duty makes thee erre, but I forgive thee:
Go, go I say, shew me no disobedience:
'Tis well, farewell, the day will break dear Lady,
My Souldiers will come in; please you retire,
And think upon your servant.

Cleo. Pray you Sir, know me,
And what I am.

Cæsar. The greater, I more love ye,
And you must know me too.

Cleo. So far as modesty,
And majesty gives leave Sir, ye are too violent.

Cæsar. You are too cold to my desires.

Cleo. Swear to me,
And by your self (for I hold that oath sacred)
You will right me as a Queen—

Cæsar. These lips be witness,
And if I break that oath—

Cleo. You make me blush Sir,
And in that blush interpret me.

Cæsar. I will do,
Come let's go in, and blush again: this one word,
You shall believe.

Cleo. I must, you are a conquerour. [Exeunt.]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ptolomy, Photinus.

Pho. Good Sir, but hear.
Ptol. No more, you have undone me,
That, that I hourly fear'd, is faln upon me,
And heavily, and deadly.

Pho. Hear a remedy.

Ptol. A remedy now the disease is ulcerous?
And has infected all? your secure negligence
Has broke through all the hopes I have, and ruin'd me:
My Sister is with *Cæsar*, in his chamber,
All night she has been with him; and no doubt
Much to her honour.

Pho. Would that were the worst, Sir,
That will repair it self: but I fear mainly,
She has made her peace with *Cæsar*.

Ptol. 'Tis most likely,
And what am I then?

Pho. 'Plague upon that Rascal
Apollod[or]us, under whose command,
Under whose eye—

Enter Achilles.

Ptol. Curse on you all, ye are wretches.

Pho. 'Twas providently done, *Achillas*.

Achil. Pardon me. (watchfull.

Pho. Your guards were rarely wise, and wondrous

Achil. I could not help it, if my life had lain for't,

Alas, who would suspect a pack of bedding,

Or a small Truss of household furniture?

And as they said, for *Cæsars* use: or who durst

(Being for his private chamber) seek to stop it?

I was abus'd.

Enter Achoreus.

Ach. 'Tis no hour now for anger:

No wisdom to debate with fruitless choler,

Let us consider timely what we must do,

Since she is flown to his protection,

From whom we have no power to sever her,

Nor force conditions—

Ptol. Speak (good *Achoreus*)

Ach. Let indirect and crooked counsels vanish,

And straight, and fair directions—

Pho. Speak your mind Sir.

Ach. Let us choose *Cæsar*, (and endear him to us),

An Arbitrator in all differences

Betwixt you, and your Sister; this is safe now:

And will shew off, most honourable.

Pho. Base,

Most base and poor; a servile, cold submission:

Hear me, and pluck your hearts up, like stout Counsellours,

Since we are sensible this *Cæsar* loathes us,

And have begun our fortune with great *Pompey*,

Be of my mind.

Ach. 'Tis most uncomely spoken,

And if I say most bloodily, I lye not:

The law of hospitality it poysons,

And calls the Gods in question that dwell in us,

Be wise O King.

Ptol. I will be: go my counsellour,

To *Cæsar* go, and do my humble service:

To my fair Sister my commends negotiate,

And here I ratifie what e're thou treat'st on.

Ach. Crown'd with fair peace, I go.

[*Exit.*

Ptol. My love go with thee,

And from my love go you, you cruel vipers :

You shall know now I am no ward, *Photinus.*

[*Exit.*

Pho. This for our service?

Princes do their pleasures,

And they that serve obey in all disgraces :

The lowest we can fall to, is our graves,

There we shall know no difference : heark *Achillas,*

I may do something yet, when times are ripe,

To tell this raw unthankfull King.

Achil. Photinus,

What e're it be I shall make one : and zealously :

For better dyc attempting something nobly,

Than fall disgraced.

Pho. Thou lov'st me and I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Antony, Dolabella, Sceva.

Dol. Nay there's no rowsing him : he is bewitch'd sure,
His noble blood curdled, and cold within him ;
Grown now a womans warrior.

Sce. And a tall one :
Studies her fortifications, and her breaches,
And how he may advance his ram to batter
The Bullwork of her chastitie.

Ant. Be not too angry,
For by this light, the woman's a rare woman,
A Lady of that catching youth, and beauty,
That unmatch'd sweetness—

Dol. But why should he be fool'd so ?
Let her be what she will, why should his wisdom,
His age, and honour—

Ant. Say it were your own case,
Or mine, or any mans, that has heat in him :
'Tis true at this time when he has no promise
Of more security than his sword can cut through,
I do not hold it so discreet : but a good face, Gentlemen,

And eyes that are the winningst Orators :
A youth that opens like perpetual spring,
And to all these, a tongue that can deliver
The Oracles of Love—

Sc. I would you had her,
With all her Oracles, and Miracles,
She were fitter for your turn.

Ant. Would I had, *Sceva*,
With all her faults too : let me alone to mend 'em,
O'that condition I made thee mine heir.

Sc. I had rather have your black horse, than your harlots.

Dol. *Cæsar* writes *Sonnetts* now, the sound of war
Is grown too boystrous for his mouth : he sighs too.

Sc. And learns to fiddle most melodiously,
And sings, 'twould make your ears prick up, to hear him Gent.
Shortly she'll make him spin : and 'tis thought
He will prove an admirable maker of Bonelace,
And what a rare gift will that be in a General !

Ant. I would he could abstain.

Sc. She is a witch sure,
And works upon him with some damn'd enchantment.

Dol. How cunning she will carry her behaviours,
And set her countenance in a thousand postures,
To catch her ends !

Sc. She will be sick, well, sullen,
Merry, coy, over-joy'd, and seem to dye
All in one half hour, to make an asse of him :
I make no doubt she will be drunk too damnably,
And in her drink will fight, then she fits him.

Ant. That thou shouldst bring her in !

Sc. 'Twas my blind fortune,
My Souldiers told me, by the weight 'twas wicked :
Would I had carried *Milo's* Bull a furlong,
When I brought in this Cow-Calf : he has advanced me
From an old Souldier, to a bawd of memory :
O, that the Sons of *Pompey* were behind him,
The honour'd *Cato*, and fierce *Juba* with 'em,
That they might whip him from his whore, and rowze him :
That their fierce Trumpets, from his wanton trances,
Might shake him like an Earth-quake.

Enter Septimius.

Ant. What's this fellow ?

Dol. Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men by their clothes.

Ant. By my faith he is brave indeed : he's no commander ?

Sc. Yes, he has a *Roman* face, he has been at fair wars
And plenteous too, and rich, his Trappings shew it.

Sep. And they will not know me now, they'l never know
Who dare blush now at my acquaintance ? ha ? (me.
Am I not totally a span-new Gallant,
Fit for the choycest eyes ? have I not gold ?
The friendship of the world ? if they shun me now
(Though I were the arrantest rogue, as I am well forward)
Mine own curse, and the Devils too light on me.

Ant. Is't not *Septimius* ?

Sc. Yes.

Dol. He that kill'd *Pompey* ?

Sc. The same Dog, Scab ; that guilded botch, that rascal.

Dol. How glorious villany appears in *Egypt* !

Sep. Gallants, and Souldiers, sure they do admire me.

Sc. Stand further off, thou stinkest.

Sep. A likely matter :

These Cloaths smell mustily, do they not, Gallants ?
They stink, they stink, alas poor things, contemptible.
By all the Gods in *Egypt*, the perfumes
That went to trimming these cloathes, cost me—

Sc. Thou stinkest still.

Sep. The powdering of this head too—

Sc. If thou hast it,

I'll tell thee all the Gumms in sweet *Arabia*
Are not sufficient, were they burnt about thee,
To purge the scent of a rank Rascal from thee.

Ant. I smell him now : fie, how the Knave perfumes him,
How strong he scents of Traitor !

Dol. You had an ill Millener,
He laid too much of the Gum of Ingratitude
Upon your Coat, you should have washt off that Sir,
Fie, how it choaks ! too little of your loyaltie,
Your honesty, your faith, that are pure Ambers ;
I smell the rotten smell of a hired Coward,

A dead Dog is sweeter.

Sep. Ye are merry Gentlemen,
And by my troth, such harmless mirth takes me too,
You speak like good blunt Souldiers; and 'tis well enough:
But did you live at Court, as I do, Gallants,
You would refine, and learn an apter language;
I have done ye simple service on your *Pompey*,
You might have lookt him yet this brace of twelve months
And hunted after him, like foundred Beagles,
Had not this fortunate hand—

Ant. He brags on't too:
By the good Gods, rejoyces in't; thou wretch
Thou most contemptible Slave.

Sce. Dog, mangy Mongrel,
Thou murdring mischief, in the shape of Souldier
To make all Souldiers hatefull; thou disease
That nothing but the Gallows can give ease to.—

Dol. Thou art so impudent, that I admire thee,
And know not what to say.

Sep. I know your anger
And why you prate thus: I have found your melancholy:
Ye all want mony, and you are liberal Captains,
And in this want will talk a little desperately:
Here's gold, come share; I love a brave Commander:
And be not peevish, do as *Cæsar* does:
He's merry with his wench now, be you jovial,
And let's all laugh and drink: would he have partners?
I do consider all your wants, and weigh 'em,
He has the Mistris, you shall have the maids,
I'll bring 'em to ye, to your arms.

Ant. I blush,
All over me, I blush, and sweat to hear him:
Upon my conscience, if my arms were on now
Through them I should blush too: pray ye let's be walking.

Sce. Yes, yes: but e're we goe, I'll leave this lesson,
And let him study it: first Rogue, then Pander,
Next Devil that will be; get thee from mens presence,
And where the name of Souldier has been heard of
Be sure thou live not: to some hungry desert
Where thou canst meet with nothing but thy conscience,

And that in all the shapes of all thy vill[anie]s
Attend thee still, where bruit Beasts will abhor thee,
And even the Sun will shame to give thee light,
Goe hide thy head: or if thou think'st it fitter
Goe hang thy self.

Dol. Hark to that clause.

Sce. And that speedily,

That nature may be eas'd of such a Monster. [Exit.]

Sep. Yet all this moves not me: nor reflects on me:
I keep my gold still, and my confidence,
Their want of breeding makes these fellows murmur,
Rude valors, so I let 'em pass; rude honours:
There is a wench yet, that I know, affects me
And company for a King: a young plump villain,
That when she sees this gold, she'l leap upon me.

Enter Eros.

And here she comes: I am sure of her at midnight,
My pretty *Eros* welcom.

Eros. I have business.

Sep. Above my love, thou canst not.

Eros. Yes indeed Sir,

Far, far above.

Sep. Why, why so coy? 'pray ye tell me
We are alone.

Eros. I am much asham'd we are so.

Sep. You want a new Gown now, & a handsom Petticoat,
A Skarf, and some odd toys: I have gold here ready,
Thou shal[t] have any thing.

Eros. I want your absence:

Keep on your way, I care not for your company.

Sep. How? how? you are very short: do you know me
And what I have been to ye? (*Eros?*)

Eros. Yes I know ye:

And I hope I shall forget ye: Whilst you were honest
I lov'd ye too.

Sep. Honest? come prethee kiss me.

Eros. I kiss no knaves, no Murderers, no Beasts,
No base betrayers of those men that fed 'em,
I hate their looks; and though I may be wanton,

I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase,
 Purchase so foully got; I pray ye unhand me
 I had rather touch the plague, than one unworthy:
 Goe seek some Mistris that a horse may marry,
 And keep her company, she is too good for ye. [Exit.

Sep. Marry this goes near; now I perceive I am hatefull,
 When this light stuff can distinguish, it grows dangerous,
 For mony, seldom they refuse a Leper:
 But sure I am more odious, more diseas'd too:

Enter three lame Souldiers.

It sits cold here; what are these? three poor Souldiers?
 Both poor and lame: their misery may make 'em
 A little look upon me, and adore me,
 If these will keep me company, I am made yet.

1 Sol. The pleasure *Cæsar* sleeps in, makes us miserable,
 We are forgot, our maims and dangers laugh'd at;
 He Banquets, and we beg.

2 Sol. He was not wont
 To let poor Souldiers that have spent their Fortunes,
 Their Bloods, and limbs, walk up and down like vagabonds.

Sep. Save ye good Souldiers: good poor men, heaven help
 You have born the brunt of war, and shew the story. (ye:

1 Sol. Some new commander sure.

Sep. You look (my good friends)
 By your thin faces, as you would be Suitors.

2 Sol. To *Cæsar*, for our means, Sir.

Sep. And 'tis fit Sir.

3 Sol. We are poor men, and long forgot.

Sep. I grieve for it:
 Good Souldiers should have good rewards, and favours,
 I'll give up your petitions, for I pity ye,
 And freely speak to *Cæsar*.

All. O we honour ye.

1 Sol. A good man sure ye are: the Gods preserve ye.

Sep. And to relieve your wants the while, hold Soldiers,
 Nay 'tis no dream: 'tis good gold: take it freely,
 'Twill keep ye in good heart.

2 Sol. Now goodness quit ye.

Sep. I'll be a friend to your afflictions,

And eat, and drink with ye too, and we'l be merry :
And every day I'le see ye.

1 *Sol.* You are a Souldier,
And one sent from the Gods, I think.

Sep. I'le cloth ye,
Ye are lame, and then provide good lodging for ye :
And at my Table, where no want shall meet ye.

Enter Sceva.

All. Was never such a man.

1 *Sold.* Dear honour'd Sir,
Let us but know your name, that we may worship ye.

2 *Sold.* That we may ever thank.

Sep. Why, call me any thing,
No matter for my name, that may betray me.

Sce. A cunning thief, call him *Septimius*, Souldiers,
The villain that kill'd *Pompey*.

All. How ?

S[ce]. Call him the shame of men. *[Exit.*

1 *Sold.* O that this mony
Were weight enough to break thy brains out : fling all :
And fling our curses next : let them be mortal,
Out bloody wolf, dost thou come guiled over,
And painted with thy charitie, to poyson us ?
2 *Sold.* I know him now : may never Father own thee,
But as a monstrous birth shun thy base memory :
And if thou hadst a Mother (as I cannot
Believe thou wert a natural Burden) let her womb
Be curs'd of women for a bed of vipers.

3 *Sol.* Me thinks the ground shakes to devour this rascal,
And the kind air turns into foggs and vapours,
Infectious mists, to crown his villanies.
Thou maist go wander, like a thing heaven hated.

1 *Sold.* And valiant minds hold poysonous to remember.
The Hangman will not keep thee company,
He has an honourable house to thine,
No, not a thief though thou couldst save his life for't
Will eat thy bread, nor one, for thirst starv'd, drink with

2 *Sol.* Thou art no company for an honest dog, (thee.
And so we'l leave thee to a ditch (thy destiny.) *[Exeunt.*

Sep. Contemn'd of all? and kickt too? now I find it;
 My valour's fled too, with mine honesty,
 For since I would be knave I must be Coward:
 This 'tis to be a Traitor, and betrayer.
 What a deformity dwells round about me!
 How monstrous shews that man, that is ungratefull!
 I am afraid the very beasts will tear me,
 Inspir'd with what I have done: the winds will blast me:
 Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me,
 The wages of my fact, my soul's opprest;
 Honest and noble minds, you find most rest. [Exit.

SCENA III.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Photinus, Achillas.

Ptol. I have commanded, and it shall be so,
 A preparation I have set o' foot,
 Worthy the friendship and the fame of *Cæsar*,
 My Sisters favours shall seem poor and wither'd:
 Nay she her self, (trim'd up in all her beautys)
 Compar'd to what I'll take his eyes withall,
 Shall be a dream.

Pho. Do you mean to shew the glory,
 And wealth of *Egypt*?

Ptol. Yes: and in that lustre,
Rome shall appear in all her famous Conquests,
 And all her riches of no note unto it.

Ach. Now you are reconcil'd to your fair Sister,
 Take heed Sir, how you step into a danger:
 A danger of this precipice: but note Sir,
 For what *Rome* ever rais'd her mighty armies;
 First for ambition, then for wealth: 'tis madness,
 Nay more, a secure impotence, to tempt
 An armed Guest: feed not an eye, that conquers,
 Nor teach a fortunate sword the way to be covetous.

Ptol. Ye judge amiss, and far too wide to alter me,
 Yet all be ready, as I gave direction:
 The secret way of all our wealth appearing
 Newly, and handsomely: and all about it:
 No more disswading: 'tis my will.

Ach. I grieve for't.

Ptol. I will dazel *Cæsar*, with excess of glory.

Pho. I fear you'l curse your will, we must obey ye.
[*Exit.*

SCENA IV.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, Sceva, above.

Cæsar. I wonder at the glory of this Kingdom,
And the most bounteous preparation,
Still as I pass, they court me with.

Sceva. I'll tell ye :
In *Gaul*, and *Germany*, we saw such visions,
And stood not to admire 'em, but possess 'em :
When they are ours, they are worth our admiration.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. The young Queen comes : give room.

Cæsar. Welcom (my dearest)
Come bless my side.

Sceva. I marry : here's a wonder,
As she appears now, I am no true Souldier,
If I be not readie to recant.

Cleo. Be merry Sir,
My Brother will be proud to do you honour
That now appears himself.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Achilles, Photinus, Apollodorus.

Pto. Haile to great *Cæsar*
My Royal Guest, first I will feast thine eyes
With wealthy *Ægypt's* store, and then thy palate,
And wait my self upon thee. [*Treasure brought in.*

Cæsar. What rich Service !
What mines of treasure !

Cleo. My *Cæsar*,
What do you admire ? pray ye turn, and let me talk to ye.
Have ye forgot me Sir ? how, a new object ?
Am I grown old o'th' sudden, *Cæsar* ?

Cæsar. Tell me
From whence comes all this wealth ?

Cleo. Is your eye that way ?

And all my Beauties banisht?

Ptol. I'll tell thee *Cæsar*,

We owe for all this wealth to the old *Nilus*:

We need no dropping rain to cheer the husband-man,

Nor Merchant that ploughs up the Sea, to seek us;

Within the wealthy womb of reverent *Nilus*,

All this is nourish'd: who to do thee honour,

Comes to discover his seven Deities,

(His conceal'd heads) unto thee: see with pleasure.

Cæsar. The matchless wealth of this Land!

Cleo. Come, ye shall hear me.

Cæsar. Away: let me imagine.

Cleo. How? frown on me?

The eyes of *Cæsar* wrapt in storms?

Cæsar. I am sorry:

But let me think—

Musick, SONG.

Enter Isis, and three Labourers.

Isis, the Goddess of this Land,
 Bids thee (great *Cæsar*) understand
 And mark our Customes, and first know,
 With greedy eyes these watch the flow
 Of plenteous *Nilus*: when he comes,
 With Songs, with Daunces, Timbrels, Drums
 They entertain him, cut his way,
 And give his proud Heads leave to play:
 Nilus himself shall rise, and show
 His matchless wealth in Over-flow.

Labourers SONG.

Come let us help the reverend Nile,
 He's very old (alas the while)
 Let us dig him easie wayes,
 And prepare a thousand Playes:
 To delight his streams let's sing
 A loud welcom to our Spring.
 This way let his curling Heads
 Fall into our new made Beds.

*This way let his wanton spawns,
Frisk, and glide it o're the Lawns.
This way profit comes, and gain :
How he tumbles here amain !
How his waters haste to fall
Into our Channels ! Labour all
And let him in : Let Nilus flow,
And perpetuall plenty show.
With Incense let us bless the brim,
And as the wanton fishes swim,
Let us Gums, and Garlands fling,
And loud our Timbrels ring.
Come (old Father) come away,
Our labour is our holy day.*

Isis. **H**ere comes the aged River now
With Garlands of great Pearl, his Brow
Begirt and rounded : In his Flow
All things take life ; and all things grow.
A thousand wealthy Treasures still,
To do him service at his will
Follow his rising Flood, and pour
Perpetuall blessings in our store.
Hear him : and next there will advance,
His sacred Heads to tread a Dance,
In honour of my Royal Guest,
Mark them too : and you have a Feast.

Cleo. A little dross betray me ?

Cæsar. I am asham'd I warr'd at home, (my friends)
When such wealth may be got abroad : what honour ?
Nay everlasting glory had Rome purchas'd,
Had she a just cause but to visit Ægypt ?

Nilus SONG, and Dance.

Make room for my rich waters fall,
and bless my Flood,
Nilus comes flowing, to you all
increase and good.
Now the Plants and Flowers shall spring,
And the merry Plough-man sing

*In my bidden waves I bring
Bread, and wine, and every thing.
Let the Damsells sing me in :
Sing aloud that I may rise :
Your holy Feasts and hours begin,
And each hand bring a Sacrifice.*

*Now my wanton Pearls I show
That to Ladies fair necks grow.*

*Now my gold
And treasures that can ne're be told,
Shall bless this Land, by my rich Flow,
And after this, to crown your Eyes,
My bidden holy head arise.*

Cæsar. The wonder of this wealth so troubles me,
I am not well: good-night.

Scæ. I am glad ye have it:

Now we shall stir again.

Ptol. Thou wealth, still haunt him.

Scæ. A greedy spirit set thee on: we are happy.

Ptol. Lights: lights for *Cæsar*, and attendance.

Cleo. Well,

I shall yet find a time to tell thee *Cæsar*,
Thou hast wrong'd her Love: the rest here.

Ptol. Lights along still:

Musick, and Sacrifice to sleep for *Cæsar*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Ptolomy, Photinus, Achillas, Achoreus.

Ach. **I** Told ye carefully, what this would prove to,
What this inestimable wealth and glory
Would draw upon ye: I advis'd your Majesty
Never to tempt a Conquering Guest: nor add
A bait, to catch a mind, bent by his Trade
To make the whole world his.

Pho. I was not heard Sir:

Or what I said, lost, and contemn'd: I dare say,
(And freshly now) 'twas a poor weakness in ye,
A glorious Childishness: I watch'd his eye,

And saw how Faulcon-like it tow'r'd, and flew
Upon the wealthy Quarry: how round it mark'd it:
I observ'd his words, and to what it tended;
How greedily he ask'd from whence it came,
And what Commerce we held for such abundance:
The shew of *Nilus*, how he laboured at
To find the secret wayes the Song delivered.

Ach. He never smil'd, I noted, at the pleasures,
But fixt his constant eyes upon the treasure;
I do not think his ears had so much leisure
After the wealth appear'd, to hear the Musique?
Most sure he has not slept since, his mind's troubled
With objects that would make their own still labour.

Pho. Your Sister he ne're gaz'd on: that's a main note,
The prime beauty of the world had no power over him.

Ach. Where was his mind the whilst?

Pho. Where was your carefulness
To shew an armed thief the way to rob ye?
Nay, would you give him this, 'twill excite him
To seek the rest. Ambition feels no gift,
Nor knows no bounds, indeed ye have done most weakly.

Ptol. Can I be too kind to my noble friend?

Pho. To be unkind unto your noble self, but savours
Of indiscretion, and your friend has found it.
Had ye been train'd up in the wants and miseries
A souldier marches through, and known his temperance
In offer'd courtesies, you would have made
A wiser Master of your own, and stronger.

Ptol. Why, should I give him all, he would return it:
'Tis more to him, to make Kings.

Pho. Pray be wiser,
And trust not with your lost wealth, your lov'd liberty.
To be a King still at your own discretion
Is like a King; to be at his, a vassail.
Now take good counsel, or no more take to ye
The freedom of a Prince.

Achil. 'Twill be too late else:
For, since the Masque, he sent three of his Captains
(Ambitious as himself) to view again
The glory of your wealth.

Pho. The next himself comes,
Not staying for your courtesie, and takes it.

Ptol. What counsel, my *Achoreus*?

Ach. I'll goe pray Sir,
(For that is best counsel now) the gods may help' ye. [*Ex.*

Pho. I found ye out a way but 'twas not credited,
A most secure way: whither will ye flye now? (follow.

Achil. For when your wealth is gone, your power must

Pho. And that diminisht also, what's your life worth?
Who would regard it?

Ptol. You say true.

Achil. What eye
Will look upon King *Ptolomy*? if they do look,
It must be in scorn:

For a poor King is a monster;
What ear remember ye? 'twill be then a courtesie

(A noble one) to take your life too from ye:

But if reserv'd, you stand to fill a victory,
As who knows Conquerours minds? though outwardly
They bear fair streams.

O Sir, does this not shake ye?

If to be honyed on to these afflictions—

Ptol. I never will: I was a Fool.

Pho. For then Sir

Your Countreys cause falls with ye too, and fetter'd:

All *Ægypt* shall be plough'd up with dishonour.

Ptol. No more: I am sensible: and now my spirit
Burns hot within me.

Achil. Keep it warm and fiery.

Pho. And last be counsel'd.

Ptol. I will, though I perish.

Pho. Goe in; we'll tell you all: and then we'll execute.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Cleopatra, Arsino, Eros.

Ars. You are so impatient.

Cleo. Have I not cause?

Women of common Beauties, and low Births,

When they are slighted, are allow'd their angers,
Why should not I (a Princess) make him know
The baseness of his usage?

Ars. Yes: 'tis fit:

But then again you know what man.

Cleo. He is no man:

The shadow of a Greatness hangs upon him,
And not the virtue: he is no Conquerour,
H'as suffer'd under the base dross of Nature:
Poorly delivered up his power to wealth,
(The god of bed-rid men) taught his eyes treason
Against the truth of love: he has rais'd rebellion:
Defi'd his holy flames.

Eros. He will fall back again,
And satisfie your Grace.

Cleo. Had I been old,
Or blasted in my bud, he might have shew'd
Some shadow of dislike: But, to prefer
The lustre of a little art, *Arsino*,
And the poor glow-worm light of some faint Jewels,
Before the life of Love, and soul of Beauty,
Oh how it vexes me! he is no Souldier,
(All honourable Souldiers are Loves servants)
He is a Merchant; a meer wandring Merchant,
Servile to gain: he trades for poor Commodities,
And makes his Conquests, thefts; some fortunate Captains
That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,
Have flung the name of happy *Cæsar* on him,
Himself ne're won it: he is so base and covetous,
He'll sell his sword for gold.

Ars. This is too bitter.

Cleo. Oh I could curse my self, that was so foolish,
So fondly childish to believe his tongue,
His promising tongue, e're I could catch his temper,
I had trash enough to have cloy'd his eyes withal,
His covetous eyes; such as I scorn to tread on:
Richer than e're he saw yet, and more tempting;
Had I known he had stoop'd at that, I had sav'd mine honour,
I had been happy still: but let him take it,
And let him brag how poorly I am rewarded:

Let him goe conquer still weak wretched Ladies :
 Love has his angry Quiver too, his deadly,
 And when he finds scorn, armed at the strongest :
 I am a fool to fret thus, for a fool :
 An old blind fool too : I lose my health ? I will not :
 I will not cry : I will not honour him
 With tears diviner than the gods he worships :
 I will not take the pains to curse a poor thing.

Eros. Doe not : you shall not need.

Cleo. Would I were prisoner
 To one I hate, that I might anger him,
 I will love any man, to break the heart of him :
 Any, that has the heart and will to kill him.

Ars. Take some fair truce.

Cleo. I will goe study mischief,
 And put a look on, arm'd with all my cunnings,
 Shall meet him like a Basilisque, and strike him :
 Love, put destroying flames into mine eyes,
 Into my smiles, deceits, that I may torture him,
 That I may make him love to death, and laugh at him.

Enter Apollodorus.

Ap. *Cæsar* commends his Service to your Grace.

Cleo. His service ? what's his service ?

Eros. Pray ye be patient,
 The noble *Cæsar* loves still.

Cleo. What's his will ?

Ap. He craves access unto your Highness.

Cleo. No :

Say no : I will have none to trouble me.

Ars. Good Sister.

Cleo. None I say : I will be private.
 Would thou hadst flung me into *Nilus*, keeper,
 When first thou gav'st consent, to bring my body
 To this unthankfull *Cæsar*.

Ap. 'Twas your will, Madam,
 Nay more, your charge upon me, as I honoured ye :
 You know what danger I endured.

Cleo. Take this,
 And carry it to that Lordly *Cæsar* sent thee :

There's a new Love, a handsom one, a rich one :
One that will hug his mind : bid him make love to it :
Tell the ambitious Broker, this will suffer—

Enter Cæsar.

Ap. He enters.

Cleo. How ?

Cæsar. I do not use to wait, Lady,
Where I am, all the dores are free, and open.

Cleo. I gness so, by your rudeness.

Cæsar. Ye are not angry ?

Things of your tender mold, should be most gentle ;
Why do you frown ? good gods, what a set-anger
Have you forc'd into your face ! Come, I must temper ye :
What a coy smile was there, and a disdainfull !
How like an ominous flash it broke out from ye !
Defend me, Love, Sweet, who's has anger'd ye ?

Cleo. Shew him a glass ; that false face has betrai'd me :
That base heart wrought me—

Cæsar. Be more sweetly angry ;
I wrong'd ye fair ?

Cleo. Away with your foul flatteries :
They are too gross : but that I dare be angry,
And with as great a god as *Cæsar* is,
To shew how poorly I respect his memory,
I would not speak to ye.

Cæsar. Pray ye undoe this riddle,
And tell me-how I have vext ye ?

Cleo. Let me think first
Whether I may put on a Patience
That will with honour suffer me : know, I hate ye,
Let that begin the story : Now I'll tell ye.

Cæsar. But do it milder : In a noble Lady,
Softness of spirit, and a sober nature,
That moves like summer winds, cool, and blows sweetness ;
Shews blessed like her self.

Cleo. And that great blessedness
You first reap'd of me : till you taught my nature
Like a rude storm to talk aloud, and thunder,
Sleep was not gentler than my soul, and stiller ;

You had the Spring of my affections :
And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taste of :
You must expect the winter of mine anger :
You flung me off, before the Court disgrac'd me,
When in the pride I appear'd of all my beauty,
Appear'd your *Mistress* ; took into your eyes
The common-strumpet love of hated lucre,
Court'd with covetous heart, the slave of nature,
Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of glory,
And minds adorn'd with noble love, would kick at :
Souldiers of royal mark, scorn such base purchase :
Beauty and honour are the marks they shoot at ;
I spake to ye then ; I courted ye, and woo'd ye :
Call'd ye dear *Cæsar*, hung about ye tenderly :
Was proud to appear your friend.

Cæsar. You have mistaken me.

Cleo. But neither Eye, nor Favour, not a Smile
Was I blessed back with ; but shook off rudely,
And, as ye had been sold to sordid infamy,
You fell before the Images of treasure,
And in your soul you worship'd : I stood slighted,
Forgotten and contemn'd ; my soft embraces,
And those sweet kisses you call'd Elyzium,
As letters writ in sand, no more remembred :
The name and glory of your *Cleopatra*
Laugh'd at, and made a story to your Captains,
Shall I endure ?

Cæsar. You are deceiv'd in all this,
Upon my life you are, 'tis your much tenderness.

Cleo. No, no, I love not that way ; you are cozen'd :
I love with as much ambition as a Conquerour,
And where I love, will triumph.

Cæsar. So you shall :
My heart shall be the Chariot that shall bear ye,
All I have won shall wait upon ye : By the gods
The bravery of this womans mind, has fired me :
Dear *Mistress* shall I but this night ?—

Cleo. How *Cæsar* ?
Have I let slip a second vanity
That gives thee hope ?

Cæsar. You shall be absolute,
And Reign alone as Queen: you shall be any thing.

Cleo. Make me a maid again, and then I'll hear thee;
Examine all thy art of War, to do that;
And if thou find'st it possible, I'll love thee:
Till when, farewell, unthankfull.

Cæsar. Stay.

Cleo. I will not.

Cæsar. I command.

Cleo. Command, and goe without, Sir.
I do command thee be my slave for ever,
And vex while I laugh at thee.

Cæsar. Thus low, beauty.

Cleo. It is too late; when I have found thee absolute,
The man that Fame reports thee, and to me,
May be I shall think better. Farewel Conquerour. [*Exit.*

Cæsar. She mocks me too: I will enjoy her Beauty:
I will not be deni'd; I'll force my longing.
Love is best pleas'd, when roundly we compel him,
And as he is Imperious, so will I be.
Stay fool, and be advis'd: that dulls the appetite,
Takes off the strength and sweetness of delight.
By Heaven she is a miracle, I must use
A handsom way to win: how now; what fear
Dwells in your faces? you look all distracted.

Enter Sceva, Anthony, Dolabella.

Sceva. If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing,
Not of our selves: fear of your poor declining:
Our lives and deaths are equall benefits,
And we make louder prayers to dye nobly,
Than to live high, and wantonly: whilst you are secure here,
And offer Hecatombs of lazie kisses
To the lewd god of love, and cowardize,
And most lasciviously dye in delights,
You are begirt with the fierce *Alexandrians*.

Dol. The spawn of *Egypt* flow about your Palace,
Arm'd all: and ready to assault.

Ant. Led on
By the false and base *Photinus* and his Ministers;

No stirring out; no peeping through a loop-hole,
But straight saluted with an armed Dart.

See. No parley: they are deaf to all but danger,
They swear they will fley us, and then dry our Quarters:
A rasher of a salt lover, is such a Shooing-horn:
Can you kiss away this conspiracy, and set us free?
Or will the Giant god of love fight for ye?
Will his fierce war-like bow kill a Cock-sparrow?
Bring out the Lady, she can quel this mutiny:
And with her powerfull looks strike awe into them:
She can destroy, and build again the City,
Your Goddesses have mighty gifts: shew 'em her fair breasts,
The impregnable Bulworks of proud Love, and let 'em
Begin their battery there: she will laugh at 'em;
They are not above a hundred thousand, Sir.
A mist, a mist, that when her Eyes break out,
Her powerfull radiant eyes, and shake their flashes,
Will fley before her heats.

Cæsar. Begirt with Villains?

S[ce]. They come to play you, and your Love a Huntsup.
You were told what this same whorson wenching, long agoe would
You are taken napping now: has not a Souldier, (come to:
A time to kiss his friend, and a time to consider,
But he must lye still digging, like a Pioneer,
Making of mines, and burying of his honour there?
'Twere good you would think—

Dol. And time too, or you will find else
A harder task, than Courting a coy Beauty.

Ant. Look out and then believe.

See. No, no, hang danger:
Take me provoking broth, and then goe to her:
Goe to your Love, and let her feel your valour;
Charge her whole body, when the sword's in your throat (Sir),
You may cry, *Cæsar*, and see if that will help ye.

Cæsar. I'll be my self again, and meet their furies,
Meet, and consume their mischiefs: make some shift, *Sceva*,
To recover the Fleet, and bring me up two Legions,
And you shall see me, how I'll break like thunder
Amongst these beds of slimy Eeles, and scatter 'em.

See. Now ye speak sense I'll put my life to the hazard,

Before I goe, No more of this warm Lady,
She will spoil your sword-hand.

Cæsar. Goe: come, let's to Counsel
How to prevent, and then to execute.

SCENA III.

Enter Souldiers.

1 *Sold.* Did ye see this Penitence?

2 *Sold.* Yes: I saw, and heard it.

3 *Sold.* And I too: look'd upon him, and observ'd it,
He's the strangest *Septimius* now—

1 *Sold.* I heard he was altered,
And had given away his Gold to honest uses:
Cry'd monstrously.

2 *Sold.* He cries abundantly:
He is blind almost with weeping.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis most wonderfull
That a hard hearted man, and an old Souldier
Should have so much kind moisture: when his Mother dy'd
He laugh'd aloud, and made the wickedst Ballads—

1 *Sold.* 'Tis like enough: he never lov'd his Parents;
Nor can I blame him, for they ne'r lov'd him.
His Mother dream'd before she was deliver'd
That she was brought abed with a Buzzard, and ever after
She whistl'd him up to th' world: his brave clothes too
He has flung away, and goes like one of us now:
Walks with his hands in's pockets, poor and sorrowfull,
And gives the best instructions.—

2 *Sold.* And tells stories
Of honest and good people that were honour'd,
And how they were remembred: and runs mad
If he but hear of any ungratefull person,
A bloody, or betraying man—

3 *Sold.* If it be possible
That an Arch-Villain may ever be recovered,
This penitent Rascal will put hard: 'twere worth our labour
To see him once again.

Enter Septimius.

1 *Sold.* He spares us that labour,
For here he comes.

Sep. —Bless ye my honest friends,
Bless ye from base unworthy men; come not near me,
For I am yet too taking for your company.

1 *Sold.* Did I not tell ye?

2 *Sold.* What book's that?

1 *Sold.* No doubt

Some excellent Salve for a sore heart: are you
Septimius, that base knave, that betray'd *Pompey*?

Sep. I was, and am; unless your honest thoughts
Will look upon my penitence, and save me,
I must be ever Villain: O good Souldiers
You that have *Roman* hearts, take heed of falsehood:
Take heed of blood; take heed of foul ingratitude.
The Gods have scarce a mercy for those mischiefs,
Take heed of pride, 'twas that that brought me to it.

2 *Sol.* This fellow would make a rare speech at the gallows.

[3] *Sol.* 'Tis very fit he were hang'd to edifie us:

Sep. Let all your thoughts be humble, and obedient,
Love your Commanders, honour them that feed ye:
Pray, that ye may be strong in honesty
As in the use of arms; Labour, and diligently
To keep your hearts from ease, and her base issues,
Pride, and ambitious wantonness, those spoil'd me.
Rather lose all your limbs, than the least honesty,
You are never lame indeed, till loss of credit
Benumb ye through: Scarrs, and those maims of honour
Are memorable crutches, that shall bear
When you are dead, your noble names to Eternity.

1 *Sol.* I cry.

2 *Sol.* And so do I.

3 *Sol.* An excellent villain.

1 *Sol.* A more sweet pious knave I never heard yet.

2 *Sol.* He was happie he was Rascal, to come to this.

Enter Achoreus.

Who's this? a Priest?

Sep. O stay, most holy Sir!

And by the Gods of *Egypt*, I conjure ye,
(*Isis*, and great *Osiris*) pity me,
Pity a loaden man, and tell me truly
With what most humble Sacrifice I may
Wash off my sin, and appease the powers that hate me?
Take from my heart those thousand thousand furies,
That restless gnaw upon my life, and save me.
Orestes bloody hands fell on his Mother,
Yet, at the holy altar he was pardon'd.

Ach. *Orestes* out of madness did his murther,
And therefore he found grace: thou (worst of all men)
Out of cold blood, and hope of gain, base lucre,
Slew'st thine own Feeder: come not near the altar,
Nor with thy reeking hands pollute the Sacrifice,
Thou art markt for shame eternal.

[*Exit.*

Sep. Look all on me,
And let me be a story left to time
Of blood and Infamy, how base and ugly
Ingratitude appears, with all her profits,
How monstrous my hop'd grace, at Court! good souldiers
Let neither flattery, nor the witching sound
Of high and soft preferment, touch your goodness:
To be valiant, old, and honest, O what blessedness—

1 *Sold.* Dost thou want any thing?

Sep. Nothing but your prayers.

2 *Sol.* Be thus, and let the blind Priest do his worst,
We have gods as well as they, and they will hear us.

3 *Sol.* Come, cry no more: thou hast wep't out twenty
(*Pompeys.*

Enter Photinus, Achillas.

Pho. So penitent?

Achil. It seems so.

Pho. Yet for all this

We must employ him.

1 *Sol.* These are the arm'd Souldier leaders:
Away: and let's toth' Fort, we shall be snapt else.

[*Exeunt.*

Pho. How now? why thus? what cause of this defection?

Achil. Why dost thou weep?

Sep. Pray leave me, you have ruin'd me,

You have made me a famous Villain.

Pho. Does that touch thee?

Achil. He will be hard to win: he feels his lewdness.

Pho. He must be won, or we shall want our right hand.
This fellow dares, and knows, and must be heartned.
Art thou so poor to blench at what thou hast done?
Is Conscience a comrade for an old Soldier?

Achil. It is not that: it may be some disgrace
That he takes heavily; and would be cherish'd,
Septimius ever scorn'd to shew such weakness.

Sep. Let me alone; I am not for your purpose,
I am now a new man.

Pho. We have new affairs for thee,
Those that would raise thy head.

Sep. I would 'twere off,
And in your bellies for the love you bear me.
I'll be no more Knave: I have stings enough
Already in my breast.

Pho. Thou shalt be noble:
And who dares think then that thou art not honest?

Achil. Thou shalt command in Chief, all our strong Forces
And if thou serv'st an use, must not all justifie it?

S[e]p. I am Rogue enough.

Pho. Thou wilt be more, and baser:
A poor Rogue is all Rogues: open to all shames:
Nothing to shadow him: dost thou think crying
Can keep thee from the censure of the Multitude?
Or to be kneeling at the altar save thee?

'Tis poor and servile:

Wert thou thine own Sacrifice

'Twould seem so low, people would spit the fire out.

Achil. Keep thy self glorious still, though ne're so stain'd,
And that will lessen it, if not work it out.
To goe complaining thus, and thus repenting
Like a poor Girl that had betrai'd her maide[n]-head—

Sep. I'll stop mine ears.

Achil. Will shew so in a Souldier,
So simply, and so ridiculously, so tamely—

Pho. If people would believe thee, 'twere some honesty,
And for thy penitence would not laugh at thee

(As sure they will) and beat thee for thy poverty:
If they would allow thy foolery, there were some hope.

Sep. My foolery?

Pho. Nay, more than that, thy misery,
Thy monstrous misery.

A[c]hil. He begins to hearken:
Thy misery so great, men will not bury thee.

Sep. That this were true!

Pho. Why does this conquering *Cæsar*
Labour through the worlds deep Seas of toyls and troubles,
Dangers, and desperate hopes? to repent afterwards?
Why does he slaughter thousands in a Battel,
And whip his Country with the sword? to cry for't?
Thou killd'st great *Pompey*; he'l kill all his kindred,
And justifie it: nay raise up *Trophies* to it.
When thou hear'st him repent, (he's held most holy too)
And cry for doing daily bloody murders,
Take thou example, and go ask forgiveness,
Call up the thing thou nam'st thy conscience,
And let it work: then 'twill seem well *Septimius*.

Sep. He does all this.

Achil. Yes; and is honour'd for it;
Nay call'd the honour'd *Cæsar*, so maist thou be:
Thou wert born as near a Crown as he.

Sep. He was poor.

Pho. And desperate bloody tricks got him this credit.

Sep. I am afraid you will once more—

Pho. Help to raise thee:
Off with thy pining black, it dulls a Souldier,
And put on resolution like a man,
A noble Fate waits on thee.

Sep. I now feel
My self returning Rascal speedily.
O that I had the power—

Achil. Thou shalt have all:
And do all through thy power, men shall admire thee,
And the vices of *Septimius* shall turn vertues.

Sep. Off: off: thou must off: off my cowardize,
Puling repentance off.

Pho. Now thou speakst nobly.

Sep. Off my dejected looks : and welcom impudence :
 My daring shall be Deity, to save me :
 Give me instructions, and put action on me :
 A glorious cause upon my swords point, Gentlemen,
 And let my wit, and valour work : you will raise me,
 And make me out-dare all my miseries ?

Pho. All this, and all thy wishes.

Sep. Use me then,
 Womanish fear farewell : I'll never melt more,
 Lead on, to some great thing, to wake my spirit :
 I cut the Cedar *Pompey*, and I'll fell
 This huge Oak *Cæsar* too.

Pho. Now thou singst sweetly :

And *Ptolomy* shall crown thee for thy service.

Achil. He's well wrought : put him on apace for cooling.
 [Exeunt.]

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella.

Ant. THE tumult still encreases.

Cæsar. O my fortune !
 My lustfull folly rather ! but 'tis well,
 And worthily I am made a bondsmans prey,
 That after all my glorious victories,
 In which I pass'd so many Seas of dangers,
 When all the Elements conspir'd against me,
 Would yield up the dominion of this head
 To any mortal power : so blind and stupid,
 To trust these base *Egyptians*, that proclaim'd
 Their perjuries, in noble *Pompeys* death,
 And yet that could not warn me.

Dol. Be still *Cæsar*,
 Who ever lov'd to exercise his fate,
 Where danger look't most dreadful.

Ant. If you fall,
 Fall not alone : let the King and his Sister
 Be buried in your ruins : on my life
 They both are guilty : reason may assure you

Photinus nor *Achillas* durst attempt you,
Or shake one Dart, or sword, aim'd at your safety,
Without their warrant.

Cæsar. For the young King I know not
How he may be misled; but for his Sister
(Unequall'd *Cleopatra*) 'twere a kind
Of blasphemy to doubt her: ugly treason
Durst never dwell in such a glorious building,
Nor can so clear and great a spirit, as hers is,
Admit of falsehood.

Ant. Let us seize on him then:
And leave her to her fortune.

Dol. If he have power
Use it to your security, and let
His honesty acquit him: if he be false
It is too great an honour he should dye
By your victorious hand.

Cæsar. He comes: and I
Shall do as I find cause.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Apollodorus.

Ptol. Let not great *Cæsar*
Impute the breach of hospitality,
To you (my guest) to me; I am condemn'd,
And my rebellious subjects lift their hands
Against my head: and would they aim'd no farther,
Provided that I fell a sacrifice
To gain you safety: that this is not feign'd,
The boldness of my innocence may confirm you:
Had I been privy to their bloody plot,
I now had led them on, and given fair gloss
To their bad cause, by being present with them:
But I that yet taste of the punishment,
In being false to *Pompey*, will not make
A second fault to *Cæsar* uncompe'd
With such as have not yet shook off obedience,
I yield my self to you, and will take part
In all your dangers.

Cæsar. This pleads your excuse,
And I receive it.

Ach. If they have any touch
Of justice, or religion, I will use
The authority of our Gods, to call them back
From their bad purpose.

Apo. This part of the palace
Is yet defensible: we may make it good,
Till your powers rescue us.

Cæsar. *Cæsar* besieg'd?
O stain to my great actions: 'twas my custom,
An Army routed, as my feet had wings
To be first in the chase: nor walls, nor Bulworks
Could guard those that escap'd the Battels fury
From this strong Arm; and I to be enclos'd?
My heart! my heart! but 'tis necessity,
To which the Gods must yield, and I obey,
'Till I redeem it by some glorious way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA II.

Enter Photinus, Achilles, Septimius, Souldiers.

Pho. There's no retiring now, we are broke in:
The deed past hope of pardon: if we prosper
'Twill be stil'd lawfull, and we shall give laws
To those that now command us: stop not at
Or loyalty, or duty: bold ambition,
To dare and power to do, gave the first difference
Between the King, and subject, *Cæsars Motto*,
Aut Cæsar aut Nihil, each of us must claim,
And use it as our own.

Achil. The deed is bloody
If we conclude in *Ptolomies* death.

Pho. The better,
The globe of Empire must be so manur'd.

Sep. *Rome*, that from *Romulus* first took her name,
Had her walls water'd with a Crimson showr
Drain'd from a Brothers heart: nor was she rais'd
To this prodigious height, that overlooks
Three full parts of the Earth, that pay her tribute,
But by enlarging of her [n]arrow bounds
By the Sack of Neighbour Cities, not made hers

Till they were Cemented with the Blood of those
That did possess 'em: *Cæsar, Ptolomy*,
(Now I am steel'd) to me are empty names
Esteem'd as *Pompeys* was.

Pho. Well said *Septimius*,
Thou now art right again.

Achil. But what course take we
For the Princess *Gleopatra*?

Pho. Let her live
Awhile to make us sport: she shall authorize
Our undertakings to the ignorant people,
As if what we do were by her command:
But our *triumvirat* Government once confirm'd,
She bears her Brother company, that's my Province:
Leave me to work her.

Achil. I will undertake
For *Ptolomy*.

Sep. *Cæsar* shall be my task,
And as in *Pompey* I began a name
I'll perfect it in *Cæsar*.

*Enter (above) Cæsar, Ptolomy, Achoreus,
Apollodorus, Antony, Dolabella.*

Pho. 'Tis resolv'd then,
We'll force our passage.

Achil. See, they do appear
As they desir'd a Parley.

Pho. I am proud yet
I have brought 'em to capitulate.

Ptol. Now, *Photinus*?

Pho. Now, *Ptolomy*?

Ptol. No addition?

Pho. We are equal,
Though *Cæsars* name were put into the scale,
In which our worth is weigh'd.

Cæs. Presumptuous Villain,
Upon what grounds hast thou presum'd to raise
Thy servile hand against the King, or me,
That have a greater name?

Pho. On those, by which

Thou didst presume to pass the *Rubicon*
 Against the Laws of *Rome*; and at the name
 Of Traitor smile; as thou didst when *Marcellus*,
 The Consul, with the *Senates* full consent
 Pronounc'd thee for an Enemy to thy Country,
 Yet thou wentst on, and thy rebellious Cause
 Was crown'd with fair success: Why should we fear then?
 Think on that, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. O the gods! be brav'd thus,
 And be compell'd to bear this from a Slave
 That would not brook Great *Pompey* his Superiour?

Achil. Thy glories now have toucht the highest point,
 And must descend.

Pho. Despair, and think we stand
 The Champions of *Rome*, to wreak her wrongs,
 Upon whose liberty thou hast set thy foot.

Sept. And that the Ghosts of all those noble *Romans*
 That by thy Sword fell in this Civil War
 Expect revenge.

Ant. Dar'st thou speak, and remember
 There was a *Pompey*?

Pho. There is no hope to 'scape us:
 If that against the odds we have upon you
 You dare come forth, and fight, receive the honour
 To dye like *Romans*, if ye faint, resolve
 To starve like Wretches; I disdain to change
 Another syllable with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ant. Let us dye nobly;
 And rather fall upon each others Sword
 Than come into these Villains hands.

Cæs. That Fortune,
 Which to this hour hath been a Friend to *Cæsar*,
 Though for a while she cloath her Brow with frowns,
 Will smile again upon me: who will pay her,
 Or sacrifice, or Vows, if she forsake
 Her best of works in me? or suffer him,
 Whom with a strong hand she hath led triumphant
 Through the whole western world, and *Rome* acknowledg'd
 Her Sovereign Lord, to end in-gloriously
 A life admir'd by all? The threatned danger

Must by a way more horrid be avoided,
And I will run the hazard ; Fire the Palace,
And the rich Magazines that neighbour it,
In which the Wealth of *Egypt* is contain'd:
Start not, it shall be so ; that while the people
Labour in quenching the ensuing flames,
Like *Cæsar*, with this handful of my friends
Through Fire, and Swords I force a passage to
My conquering Legions. King, if thou dar'd follow
Where *Cæsar* leads, or live or dye a Free-man ;
If not, stay here a Bond-man to thy Slave,
And dead, be thought unworthy of a Grave.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Septimius.

Sept. I feel my resolution melts again
And that I am not Knave alone, but fool,
In all my purposes. The Devil, *Photinus*,
Employs me as a Property, and grown useless
Will shake me off again ; he told me so
When I kill'd *Pompey* ; nor can I hope better,
When *Cæsar* is dispatch'd ; Services done
For such as only study their own ends,
Too great to be rewarded, are return'd
With deadly hate ; I learn'd this Principle
In his own School, yet still he fools me, well ;
And yet he trusts me : Since I in my nature
Was fashion'd to be false, wherefore should I
That kill'd my General, and a *Roman*, one
To whom I ow'd all nourishments of life,
Be true to an *Egyptian* ? To save *Cæsar*,
And turn *Photinus*'s plots on his own head,
As it is in my power, redeem my credit,
And live to lye and swear again in fashion,
Oh, 'twere a master-piece ! ha !—me *Cæsar*,
How's he got off ?

*Enter Cæsar, Ptolomy, Antony, Dolabella, Achoreus,
Apollodorus, Souldiers.*

Cæs. The fire has took,
And shews the City like a second *Troy*,
The Navy too is scorch'd, the people greedy
To save their Wealth and Houses, whilst their Souldiers
Make spoil of all; only *Achillas's* Troops
Make good their Guard, break through them, we are safe;
I'll lead you like a Thunder-bolt.

Sept. Stay, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Who's this? the Dog, *Septimius*?

Ant. Cut his throat.

Dol. You bark'd but now, fawn you so soon?

Sept. O hear me,

What I'll deliver is for *Cæsars* safety,
For all your good.

Ant. Good from a mouth like thine, (days!
That never belch'd but blasphemy, and treason on Festival

Sept. I am an altered man, altered indeed,
And will give you cause to say I am a *Roman*.

Dol. Rogue, I grant thee.

Sept. Trust me, I'll make the passage smooth, and easie
For your escape.

Ant. I'll trust the Devil sooner,
And make a safer Bargain.

Sept. I am trusted
With all *Photinus's* secrets.

Ant. There's no doubt then
Thou wilt be false.

Sept. Still to be true to you.

Dol. And very likely.

Cæs. Be brief, the means?

Sept. Thus, *Cæsar*,
To me alone, but bound by terrible oaths
Not to discover it, he hath reveal'd
A dismal Vault, whose dreadful mouth does open
A mile beyond the City: in this Cave
Lye but two hours conceal'd.

Ant. If you believe him,

He'll bury us alive.

Dol. I'll flye in the Air first.

Sept. Then in the dead of night I'll bring you back
Into a private room, where you shall find

Photinus, and *Achillas*, and the rest

Of their Commanders close at Council.

Cæs. Good, what follows?

Sept. Fall me fairly on their throats,
Their heads cut off and shorn, the multitude
Will easily disperse.

Cæs. O Devil! away with him;
Nor true to Friend nor Enemy? *Cæsar* scorns
To find his safety, or revenge his wrongs
So base a way; or owe the means of life
To such a leprous Traytor. I have tow'r'd
For Victory like a Faulcon in the Clouds,
Nor dig'd for't like a Mole; our Swords and Cause
Make way for us, and that it may appear
We took a noble Course, and hate base Treason,
Some Souldiers that would merit *Cæsar*'s favour,
Hang him on yonder Turret, and then follow
The lane this Sword makes for you. [*Exit.*

1 Sold. Here's a Belt,
Though I dye for it I'll use it.

2 Sold. 'Tis too good
To truss a Cur in.

Sept. Save me, here's Gold.

1 Sold. If *Rome*
Were offered for thy ransom, it could not help thee.

2 Sold. Hang not an arse.

1 Sold. Goad him on with thy Sword;
Thou dost deserve a worser end, and may
All such conclude so, that their friends betray. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter (severally) Arsino, Eros, Cleopatra.

Ars. We are lost.

Eros. Undone.

Ars. Confusion, Fire, and Swords,

And fury in the Souldiers face more horrid
Circle us round.

Eros. The Kings Command they laugh at,
And jeer at *Cæsars* threats.

Ars. My Brother seiz'd on
By the *Roman*, as thought guilty of the tumult,
And forc'd to bear him company, as mark'd out
For his protection or revenge.

Eros. They have broke
Into my Cabinet; my Trunks are ransack'd.

Ars. I have lost my jewels too: but that's the least:
The barbarous Rascals, against all humanity,
Or sense of pity, have kill'd my little Dog,
And broke my Monkeys Chain.

Eros. They rifled me:
But that I could endure, would they proceed no further.

Ars. O my Sister!

Eros. My Queen, my Mistress!

Ars. Can you stand unmov'd
When the Earth-quake of Rebellion shakes the City,
And the Court trembles?

Cleo. Yes, *Arsino*,
And with a Masculine Constancy deride
Fortunes worst malice, as a Servant to
My Vertues, not a Mistress; then we forsake
The strong Fort of our selves, when we once yield,
Or shrink at her assaults; I am still my self,
And though disrob'd of Sovereignty, and ravish'd
Of ceremonious duty, that attends it,
Nay, grant they had slav'd my Body, my free mind
Like to the Palm-tree walling fruitful *Nile*,
Shall grow up straighter and enlarge it self
'Spight of the envious weight that loads it with:
Think of thy Birth (*Arsino*) common burdens
Fit common Shoulders; teach the multitude
By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at;
The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch,
Their dim eyes (darkened by their narrow souls)
Cannot arrive at.

Ars. I am new created,

And owe this second being to you (best Sister)
For now I feel you have infus'd into me
Part of your fortitude.

Eros. I still am fearful;
I dare not tell a lie; you that were born
Daughters and Sisters unto Kings, may nourish
Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble handmaid
Must not presume to rival.

Cleo. Yet (my *Eros*)
Though thou hast profited nothing by observing
The whole course of my life, learn in my death,
Though not to equal, yet to imitate
Thy fearless Mistress.

Enter Photinus.

Eros. O, a man in Arms!
His Weapon drawn too?

Cleo. Though upon the point
Death sate, I'll meet it, and outdare the danger.

Pho. Keep the Watch strong, and guard the passage sure
That leads unto the Sea.

Cleo. What Sea of rudeness
Breaks in upon us? or what Subjects Breath
Dare raise a storm, when we command a calm?
Are Duty and Obedience fled to Heaven?
And in their room ambition and pride
Sent into *Egypt*? That Face speaks thee, *Photinus*,
A thing thy Mother brought into the World;
My Brother's and my Slave: but thy behaviour,
Oppos'd to that, an insolent intruder
Upon that Sovereignty thou shouldst bow to.
If in the Gulph of base ingratitude,
All loyalty to *Ptolomy* the King
Be swallowed up, remember who I am,
Whose Daughter and whose Sister; or suppose
That is forgot too; let the name of *Cæsar*
Which Nations quake at, stop the desperate madness
From running headlong on to thy Confusion.
Throw from thee quickly those rebellious Arms,
And let me read submission in thine Eyes;

Thy wrongs to us we will not only pardon,
But be a ready advocate to plead for thee
To *Cæsar*, and my Brother.

Pho. Plead my Pardon?

To you I bow, but scorn as much to stoop thus,
To *Ptolomy* or *Cæsar*, Nay, the gods,
As to put off the figure of a man,
And change my Essence with a sensual Beast;
All my designs, my counsels, and dark ends
Were aim'd to purchase you.

Cleo. How durst thou, being
The scorn of baseness, nourish such a thought?

Pho. They that have power are royal; and those base
That live at the devotion of another.

What birth gave *Ptolomy*, or fortune *Cæsar*,
By Engines fashion'd in this *Protean* Anvil
I have made mine; and only stoop at you,
Whom I would still preserve free to command me;
For *Cæsar*'s frowns, they are below my thoughts,
And but in these fair Eyes I still have read
The story of a supream Monarchy,
To which all hearts with mine gladly pay tribute,
Photinus's Name had long since been as great
As *Ptolomies* e'r was, or *Cæsars* is,
This made me as a weaker tye to unloose
The knot of Loyalty, that chain'd my freedom,
And slight the fear that *Cæsars* threats might cause,
That I and they might see no Sun appear
But *Cleopatra* in the *Egyptian* Sphear.

Cleo. O Giant-like Ambition! married to
Cymmerian darkness! inconsiderate Fool,
(Though flatter'd with self-love) could'st thou believe,
Were all Crowns on the Earth made into one,
And that (by Kings) set on thy head; all Scepters,
Within thy grasp, and laid down at my feet,
I would vouchsafe a kiss to a no-man?
A guelled Eunuch?

Pho. Fairest, that makes for me,
And shews it is no sensual appetite,
But true love to the greatness of thy Spirit,

That when that you are mine shall yield me pleasures,
Hymen, though blessing a new married Pair
Shall blush to think on, and our certain issue,
The glorious splendor of dread Majesty,
Whose beams shall dazel *Rome*, and aw the world,
My wants in that kind others shall supply,
And I give way to it.

Cleo. Baser than thy Birth;
Can there be gods, and hear this, and no thunder
Ram thee into the Earth?

Pho. They are asleep,
And cannot hear thee;
Or with open Eyes,
Did *Jove* look on us, I would laugh and swear
That his artillery is cloy'd by me:
Or if that they have power to hurt, his Bolts
Are in my hand.

Cleo. Most impious!

Pho. They are dreams,
Religious Fools shake at: yet to assure thee,
If *Nemesis*, that scourges pride and scorn,
Be any thing but a name, she lives in me;
For by my self (an oath to me more dreadful
Than *Stix* is to your gods) weak *Ptolomy* dead,
And *Cæsar* (both being in my toil) remov'd,
The poorest Rascals that are in my Camp
Shall in my presence quench their lustful heat
In thee, and young *Arsino*, while I laugh
To hear you howl in vain:
I deride those gods,
That you think can protect you.

Cleo. To prevent thee,
In that I am the Mistress of my Fate;
So hope I of my sister to confirm it.
I spit at thee, and scorn thee.

Pho. I will tame
That haughty courage, and make thee stoop too.

Cleo. Never,
I was born to command, and will dye so.

Enter Achilles, and Souldiers, with the Body of Ptolomy.

Pho. The King dead? this is a fair entrance to
Our future happiness.

Ars. Oh my dear Brother!

Cleo. Weep not, *Arsino*, common women do so,
Nor lose a tear for him, it cannot help him;
But study to dye nobly.

Pho. *Cæsar* fled!

'Tis deadly aconite to my cold heart,
It choaks my vital Spirits: where was your care?
Did the Guards sleep?

Achil. He rowz'd them with his Sword;
We talk of *Mars*, but I am sure his Courage
Admits of no comparison but it self,
And (as inspir'd by him) his following friends
With such a confidence as young Eagles prey
Under the large wing of their fiercer Dam,
Brake through our Troops and scatter'd them, he went on
But still pursu'd by us, when on the sudden,
He turn'd his head, and from his Eyes flew terrour;
Which strook in us no less fear and amazement,
Than if we had encounter'd with the lightning
Hurl'd from *Jove's* cloudy Brow.

Cleo. 'Twas like my *Cæsar*.

Achil. We faln back, he made on, and as our fear
Had parted from us with his dreadful looks,
Again we follow'd; but got near the Sea;
On which his Navy anchor'd; in one hand
Holding a Scroll he had above the waves,
And in the other grasping fast his Sword,
As it had been a Trident forg'd by *Vulcan*
To calm the raging Ocean, he made away
As if he had been *Neptune*, his friends like
So many *Tritons* follow'd, their bold shouts
Yielding a chearful musick; we showr'd darts
Upon them, but in vain, they reach'd their ships
And in their safety we are sunk; for *Cæsar*
Prepares for War.

Pho. How fell the King?

THE FALSE ONE

*We treat not of what boldness she did dye,
Nor of her fatal Love to Antony.
What we present and offer to your view,
Upon their faiths the Stage yet never knew.
Let Reason then first to your Wills give laws,
And after judge of them and of their cause.*

Epilogue.

*I Now should wish another had my place,
But that I hope to come off, and with Grace;
And but express some sign that you are pleas'd,
We of our doubts, they of their fears are eas'd.
I would beg further (Gentlemen) and much say
In favour of our selves, them, and the Play;
Did I not rest assur'd, the most I see
Hate Impudence, and cherish Modestie.*

THE Little French Lawyer. A COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Dinant, *a Gentleman that formerly loved, and still pretended to love Lamira.*

Cleremont, *a merry Gentleman, his Friend.*

Champernell, *a lame old Gentleman, Husband to Lamira.*

Vertaign, *a Noble-man, and a Judge.*

Beaupre, *Son to Vertaign.*

Verdone, *Nephew to Champernell.*

Monsieur La Writh, *a wrangling Advocate, or the Little Lawyer.*

Sampson, *a foolish Advocate, Kinsman to Vertaign.*

Provost.

Gentlemen.

Clients.

Servants.

WOMEN.

Lamira, *Wife to Champernell, and Daughter to Vertaign.*

Anabell, *Niece to Champernell.*

Old Lady, *Nurse to Lamira.*

Charlotte, *Waiting Gentlewoman to Lamira.*

The Scene France.

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Taylor.

John Lowin.

John Underwood.

Robert Benfield.

}

Nicholas Toolie.
William Egleston.
Richard Sharpe.
Thomas Holcomb.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Dinant, a[n]d Cleremont.

Din. D Isswade me not.

Clere. It will breed a brawl.

Din. I care not, I wear a Sword.

Cler. And wear discretion with it,
Or cast it off, let that direct your arm,
'Tis madness else, not valour, and more base
Than to receive a wrong.

Din. Why would you have me
Sit down with a disgrace, and thank the doer?
We are not Stoicks, and that passive courage
Is only now commendable in Lackies,
Peasants, and Tradesmen, not in men of rank
And qualitie, as I am.

Cler. Do not cherish
That daring vice, for which the whole age suffers.
The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore
Was spent in honourable action,
Or to defend, or to enlarge the Kingdom,
For the honour of our Country, and our Prince,
Pours it self out with prodigal expence
Upon our Mothers lap, the Earth that bred us
For every trifle; and these private Duells,
Which had their first original from the *Fr[enc]h*
(And for which, to this day, we are justly censured)
Are banisht from all civil Governments:
Scarce three in *Venice*, in as many years;
In *Florence*, they are rarer, and in all
The fair Dominions of the *Spanish* King,
They are never heard of: Nay, those neighbour Countries,
Which gladly imitate our other follies,
And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
Begin now to detest them.

Din. Will you end yet—

Cler. And I have heard that some of our late Kings,
For the lie, wearing of a Mistris favour,
A cheat at Cards or Dice, and such like causes,

Have lost as many gallant Gentlemen,
As might have met the great *Turk* in the field
With confidence of a glorious *Victorie*,
And shall we then—

Din. No more, for shame no more,
Are you become a Patron too? 'tis a new one,
No more on't, burn't, give it to some Orator,
To help him to enlarge his exercise,
With such a one it might do well, and profit
The Curat of the Parish, but for *Cleremont*,
The bold, and undertaking *Cleremont*,
To talk thus to his friend, his friend that knows him,
Dinant that knows his *Cleremont*, is absurd,
And meer Apocrypha.

Cler. Why, what know you of me?

Din. Why if thou hast forgot thy self, I'll tell thee,
And not look back, to speak of what thou wert
At fifteen, for at those years I have heard
Thou wast flesh'd, and enter'd bravely.

Cler. Well Sir, well.

Din. But yesterday, thou wast the common second,
Of all that only knew thee, thou hadst bills
Set up on every post, to give thee notice
Where any difference was, and who were parties;
And as to save the charges of the Law
Poor men seek arbitrators, thou wert chosen
By such as knew thee not, to compound quarrels:
But thou wert so delighted with the sport,
That if there were no just cause, thou wouldst make one,
Or be engag'd thy self: This goodly calling
Thou hast followed five and twenty years, and studied
The Criticisms of contentions, and art thou
In so few hours transform'd? certain this night
Thou hast had strange dreams, or rather visions.

Clere. Yes, Sir,

I have seen fools, and fighters, chain'd together,
And the Fighters had the upper hand, and whipt first,
The poor Sots laughing at 'em. What I have been
It skills not, what I will be is resolv'd on.

Din. Why then you'll fight no more?

Cler. Such is my purpose.

Din. On no occasion?

Cler. There you stagger me.

Some kind of wrongs there are which flesh and blood
Cannot endure.

Din. Thou wouldst not willingly
Live a protested coward, or be call'd one?

Cler. Words are but words.

Din. Nor wouldst thou take a blow? (enemy)

Cler. Not from my friend, though drunk, and from an
I think much less.

Din. There's some hope of thee left then,
Wouldst thou hear me behind my back disgrac'd?

Cler. Do you think I am a rogue? they that should do it
Had better been born dumb.

Din. Or in thy presence
See me o'recharg'd with odds?

Cler. I'd fall my self first.

Din. Would'st thou endure thy Mistris be taken from thee,
And thou sit quiet?

Cler. There you touch my honour,
No French-man can endure that.

Di[n]. Pl—— upon thee,
Why dost thou talk of Peace then? that dar'st suffer
Nothing, or in thy self, or in thy friend
That is unmanly?

Cler. That I grant, I cannot:
But I'll not quarrel with this Gentleman
For wearing stammel Breeches, or this Gamester
For playing a thousand pounds, that owes me nothing;
For this mans taking up a common Wench
In raggs, and lowsie, then maintaining her
Caroach'd in cloth of Tissue, nor five hundred
Of such like toyes, that at no part concern me;
Marry, where my honour, or my friend is questioned,
I have a Sword, and I think I may use it
To the cutting of a Rascals throat, or so,
Like a good Christian.

Din. Thou art of a fine Religion,
And rather than we'll make a Schism in friendship

I will be of it: But to be serious,
Thou art acquainted with my tedious love-suit
To fair *Lamira*?

Cler. Too well Sir, and remember
Your presents, courtship, that's too good a name,
Your slave-like services, your morning musique;
Your walking three hours in the rain at midnight,
To see her at her window, sometimes laugh'd at,
Sometimes admitted, and vouchsaf'd to kiss
Her glove, her skirt, nay, I have heard, her slippers,
How then you triumph'd?
Here was love forsooth.

Din. These follies I deny not,
Such a contemptible thing my dotage made me,
But my reward for this—

Cler. As you deserv'd,
For he that makes a goddess of a Puppet,
Merits no other recompence.

Din. This day friend,
For thou art so—

Cler. I am no flatterer.

Din. This proud, ingratefull she, is married to
Lame Champernel.

Cler. I know him, he has been
As tall a Sea-man, and has thriv'd as well by't,
The loss of a legg and an arm deducted, as any
That ever put from *Marscilles*: you are tame,
Pl—— on't, it mads me; if it were my case,
I should kill all the family.

Din. Yet but now
You did preach patience.

Cler. I then came from confession,
And 'twas enjoyn'd me three hours for a penance,
To be a peaceable man, and to talk like one,
But now, all else being pardon'd, I begin
On a new Tally, Foot do any thing,
I'll second you.

Din. I would not willingly
Make red, my yet white conscience, yet I purpose
In the open street, as they come from the Temple,

THE LITTLE

ACT I

(For this way they must pass,) to speak my wrongs,
And do it boldly. [*Musick plays.*]

Cler. Were thy tongue a Cannon,
I would stand by thee, boy, they come, upon 'em.

Din. Observe a little first.

Cler. This is fine fidling.

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Lamira, Nurse, Beaupre,
Verdoëne. *An Epithalamium.*

SONG at the Wedding.

*C*ome away, bring on the Bride
And place her by her Lovers side :
You fair troop of Maids attend her,
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her.
Blush, and wish, you Virgins all,
Many such fair nights may fall.

Chorus.

*Hymen, fill the house with joy,
All thy sacred fires employ :
Bless the Bed with holy love,
Now fair orb of Beauty move.*

Din. Stand by, for I'll be heard.

Verta. This is strange rudeness.

Din. 'Tis courtship, ballanced with injuries,
You all look pale with guilt, but I will dy
Your cheeks with blushes, if in your sear'd veins
There yet remain so much of honest blood
To make the colour ; first to ye my Lord,
The Father of this Bride, whom you have sent
Alive into her grave.

Champ. How ? to her grave ?

Dina. Be patient Sir, I'll speak of you anon
You that allow'd me liberal access,
To make my way with service, and approv'd of
My birth, my person, years, and no base fortune :
You that are rich, and but in this held wise too,
That as a Father should have look'd upon

Your Daughter in a husband, and aim'd more
At what her youth, and heat of blood requir'd
In lawfull pleasures, than the parting from
Your Crowns to pay her dower: you that already
Have one foot in the grave, yet study profit,
As if you were assur'd to live here ever;
What poor end had you, in this choice? in what
Deserve I your contempt? my house, and honours
At all parts equal yours, my fame as fair,
And not to praise my self, the City ranks me
In the first file of her most hopefull Gentry:
But *Champernel* is rich, and needs a nurse,
And not your gold: and add to that, he's old too,
His whole estate in likelihood to descend
Upon your Family; Here was providence,
I grant, but in a Nobleman base thrift:
No Merchants, nay, no Pirates, sell for Bondmen
Their Country-men, but you, a Gentleman,
To save a little gold, have sold your Daughter
To worse than slaverie.

Cler. This was spoke home indeed.

Beau. Sir, I shall take some other time to tell you,
That this harsh language was delivered to
An old man, but my Father.

Din. At your pleasure.

Cler. Proceed in your design, let me alone,
To answer him, or any man.

Verd. You presume
Too much upon your name, but may be couzen'd.

Din. But for you, most unmindfull of my service,
For now I may upbraid you, and with honour,
Since all is lost, and yet I am a gainer,
In being deliver'd from a torment in you,
For such you must have been, you to whom nature
Gave with a liberal hand most excellent form,
Your education, language, and discourse,
And judgement to distinguish, when you shall
With feeling sorrow understand how wretched
And miserable you have made your self,
And but your self have nothing to accuse,

Can you with hope from any beg compassion?
But you will say, you serv'd your Fathers pleasure,
Forgetting that unjust commands of Parents
Are not to be obey'd, or that you are rich,
And that to wealth all pleasure else are servants,
Yet but consider, how this wealth was purchas'd,
'Twill trouble the possession.

Champ. You Sir know
I got it, and with honour.

Din. But from whom?
Remember that, and how: you'l come indeed
To houses bravely furnish'd, but demanding
Where it was bought, this Souldier will not lie,
But answer truly, this rich cloth of Arras
I made my prize in such a Ship, this Plate
Was my share in another; these fair Jewels,
Coming a shore, I got in such a Village,
The Maid, or Matron kill'd, from whom they were ravish'd,
The Wines you drink are guilty too, for this,
This *Candie* Wine, three Merchants were undone,
These Suckets break as many more: in brief,
All you shall wear, or touch, or see, is purchas'd
By lawless force, and you but revel in
The tears, and grones of such as were the owners.

Champ. 'Tis false, most basely false.

Verta. Let losers talk.

Din. Lastly, those joyes, those best of joyes, which *Hymen*
Freely bestows on such, that come to tye
The sacred knot be blesses, won unto it
By equal love, and mutual affection,
Not blindly led with the desire of riches,
Most miserable you shall never taste of.
This Marriage night you'l meet a Widows bed,
Or failing of those pleasures all Brides look for,
Sin in your wish it were so.

Champ. Thou art a Villain,
A base, malititious slanderer.

Cler. Strike him.

Din. No, he is not worth a blow.

Champ. O that I had thee

In some close vault, that only would yield room
To me to use my Sword, to thee no hope
To run away, I would make thee on thy knees,
Bite out the tongue that wrong'd me.

Verta. Pray you have patience.

Lamira. This day I am to be your Sovereign,
Let me command you.

Champ. I am lost with rage,
And know not what I am my self, nor you :
Away, dare such as you, that love the smoke
Of peace more than the fire of glorious War,
And like unprofitable drones, feed on
Your grandsires labours, that, as I am now,
Were gathering Bees, and fill'd their Hive, this Country
With brave triumphant spoils, censure our actions ?
You object my prizes to me, had you seen
The horreur of a Sea-fight, with what danger
I made them mine ; the fire I fearless fought in,
And quench'd it in mine enemies blood, which straight
Like oyle pour'd out on't, made it burn anew ;
My Deck blown up, with noise enough to mock
The lowdest thunder, and the desperate fools
That Boorded me, sent, to defie the tempests
That were against me, to the angrie Sea,
Frighted with men thrown o're ; no victory,
But in despight of the four Elements,
The Fire, the Air, the Sea, and sands hid in it
To be atchiev'd, you would confess poor men,
(Though hopeless, such an honourable way
To get or wealth, or honour) in your selves
He that through all these dreadfull passages
Pursued and overtook them, unaffrighted,
Deserves reward, and not to have it stil'd
By the base name of theft.

Din. This is the Courtship,
That you must look for, Madam.

Cler. 'Twill do well,
When nothing can be done, to spend the night with :
Your tongue is sound good Lord, and I could wish
For this young Ladyes sake this leg, this arm,

And there is something else, I will not name,
(Though 'tis the only thing that must content her)
Had the same vigour.

Champ. You shall buy these scoffs
With your best blood: help me once noble anger,
(Nay stir not, I alone must right my self)
And with one leg transport me, to correct
These scandalous praters: O that noble wounds [Falls.
Should hinder just revenge! D'ye jear me too?
I got these, not as you do, your diseases
In Brothels, or with riotous abuse
Of wine in Taverns; I have one leg shot,
One arm disabled, and am honour'd more,
By losing them, as I did, in the face
Of a brave enemy, than if they were
As when I put to Sea; you are *French-men* only,
In that you have been laied, and cur'd, goe to:
You mock my leg, but every bone about you,
Makes you good Almanack-makers, to foretell
What weather we shall have.

Din. Put up your Sword.

Cler. Or turn it to a Crutch, there't may b[e] usefull,
And live on the relation to your Wife
Of what a brave man you were once.

Din. And tell her,
What a fine vertue 'tis in a young Lady
To give an old man pap.

Cler. Or hire a Surgeon
To teach her to roul up your broken limbs.

Din. To make a Pultess, and endure the scent
Of oils, and nasty Plasters.

Verta. Fie Sir, fie,
You that have stood all dangers of all kinds, to
Yield to a Rivalls scoffe?

Lamira. Shed tears upon
Your Wedding day? this is unmanly Gentlemen.

Champ. They are tears of anger: O that I should live
To play the woman thus! All powerfull heaven,
Restore me, but one hour, that strength again,
That I had once, to chastise in these men

Their folies, and ill manners, and that done,
When you please, I'll yield up the fort of life,
And do it gladly.

Cler. We ha' the better of him,
We ha' made him cry.

Verdo. You shall have satisfaction.
And I will do it nobly, or disclaim me.

Beaup. I say no more, you have a Brother, Sister,
This is your wedding day, we are in the street,
And howsoever they forget their honour,
'Tis fit I lose not mine, by their example.

Vert. If there be Laws in *Paris*, look to answer
This insolent affront.

Cler. You that live by them,
Study 'em for heavens sake; for my part I know not
Nor care not what they are. Is the[re] ought else
That you would say;

Din. Nothing, I have my ends.
Lamira weeps, I have said too much I fear;
So dearly once I lov'd her, that I cannot
Endure to see her tears. [*Exeunt Dinant, and Cleremont.*]

Champ. See you perform it,
And do it like my Nephew.

Verdo. If I fail in't
Ne'r know me more, Cousin *Beaupre*.

Champ. Repent not
What thou hast done, my life, thou shalt not find
I am decrepit; in my love and service,
I will be young, and constant, and believe me,
For thou shalt find it true, in scorn of all
The scandals these rude men have thrown upon me
I'll meet thy pleasures with a young mans ardour,
And in all circumstances of a Husband,
Perform my part.

Lamira. Good Sir, I am your servant,
And 'tis too late now, if I did repent,
(Which as I am a virgin yet, I do not)
To undoe the knot, that by the Church is tyed.
Only I would beseech ye, as you have
A good opinion of me, and my vertues,

For so you have pleas'd to stile my innocent weakness,
That what hath pass'd be[t]ween *Dinant* and me,
Or what now in your hearing he hath spoken,
Beget not doubts, or fears.

Champ. I apprehend you,
You think I will be jealous; as I live
Thou art mistaken sweet; and to confirm it
Discourse with whom thou wilt, ride where thou wilt,
Feast whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt,
For I will have no other guards upon thee
Than thine own thoughts.

Lamira. I'll use this liberty
With moderation Sir.

Beaup. I am resolv'd.
Steal off, I'll follow you.

Champ. Come Sir, you droop;
Till you find cause, which I shall never give,
Dislike not of your Son in Law.

Verta. Sir, you teach me
The language I should use; I am most happy
In being so near you. [Exeunt *Verdone, and Beaupre.*

Lamira. O my fears! good nurse
Follow my Brother unobserv'd, and learn
Which way he takes.

Nurs. I will be carefull Madam. [Exit Nurse.

Champ. Between us complements are superfluous,
On Gentlemen, th' affront we have met here
We'll think upon hereafter, 'twere unfit
To cherish any thought to breed unrest,
Or to our selves, or to our Nuptial feast. [Exeunt.

Enter Dinant, and Cleremont.

Cler. We shall have sport, ne'r fear't.

Din. What sport I prethee?

Cler. Why we must fight, I know it, and I long for't,
It was apparent in the fiery eye
Of young *Verdone, Beaupre* look'd pale and shook too,
Familiar signs of anger. They are both brave fellows
Tri'd and approv'd, and I am proud to encounter
With men, from whom no honour can be lost;

They will play up to a man, and set him off.
 When e're I go to the field, heaven keep me from
 The meeting of an unflesh'd youth or, Coward,
 The first, to get a name, comes on too hot,
 The Coward is so swift in giving ground,
 There is no overtaking him without
 A hunting Nag, well breath'd too.

Din. All this while,
 You ne'r think on the danger.

Cler. Why 'tis no more
 Than meeting of a dozen friends at Supper,
 And drinking hard; mischief comes there unlook'd for,
 I am sure as suddain, and strikes home as often,
 For this we are prepar'd.

Din. *Lamira* Loves
 Her Brother *Beaupre* dearly.

Cler. What of that?

Din. And should he call me to account for what
 But now I spake, nor can I with mine honour
 Recant my words, that little hope is left me,
 E're to enjoy what (next to Heaven) I long for,
 Is taken from me.

Cer. Why what can you hope for,
 She being now married?

Din. Oh my *Cleremont*,
 To you all secrets of my heart lye open,
 And I rest most secure that whatsoe're
 I lock up there, is as a private thought,
 And will no farther wrong me. I am a *French-man*,
 And for the greater part we are born Courtiers,
 She is a woman, and however yet,
 No heat of service had the power to melt
 Her frozen Chastity, time and opportunitie
 May work her to my ends, I confess ill ones,
 And yet I must pursue 'em: now her marriage,
 In probabilitie, will no way hurt,
 But rather help me.

Cler. Sits the wind there? pray you tell me
 How far off dwells your love from lust?

Din. Too near,

But prethee chide me not.

Cler. Not I, goe on boy,
I have faults my self, and will not reprehend
A crime I am not free from: for her Marriage,
I do esteem it (and most batchellors are
Of my opinion) as a fair protection,
To play the wanton without loss of honour.

Din. Would she make use of't so, I were most happy.

Cler. No more of this. Judge now,
Whether I have the gift of prophecie.

Enter Beaupre, and Verdone.

Beaup. Monsieur *Dinant*,
I am glad to find you, Sir.

Din. I am at your service.

Verd. Good Monsieur *Cleremont*, I have long wish'd
To be known better to you.

Cler. My desires
Embrace your wishes Sir.

Beaup. Sir, I have ever
Esteem'd you truly noble, and profess
I should have been most proud, to have had the honour
To call you Brother, but my Fathers pleasure
Denied that happiness. I know no man lives,
That can command his passions, and therefore
Dare not condemn the late intemperate language
You were pleas'd to use to my Father and my Sister,
He's old and she a woman, I most sorrie
My honour does compel me to entreat you,
To do me the favour, with your sword to meet me
A mile without the Citie.

Din. You much honour me.
In the demand, I'll gladly wait upon you.

Beaup. O Sir you teach me what to say: the time?

Din. With the next Sun, if you think fit.

Beaup. The place?

Din. Near to the vineyard eastward from the Citie.

Beaup. I like it well, this Gentleman if you please
Will keep me company.

Cler. That is agreed on;

And in my friends behalf I will attend him.

Verd. You shall not miss my service.

Beaup. Good day Gentlemen. [*Ex. Beaup. and Verd.*]

Din. At your Commandment.

Gler. Proud to be your servants.

I think there is no Nation under Heaven
That cut their enemies throats with complement,
And such fine tricks as we do : If you have
Any few Prayers to say, this night you may
Call 'em to mind and use 'em, for my self,
As I have little to lose, my care is less,
So till to morrow morning I bequeath you
To your devotions ; and those paid, but use
That noble courage I have seen, and we
Shall fight, as in a Castle.

Din. Thou art all honour,
Thy resolution would steel a Coward,
And I most fortunate in such a Friend ;
All tenderness and nice respect of woman
Be now far from me, reputation take
A full possession of my heart, and prove
Honour the first place holds, the second Love. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lamira, Charlotte.

Lami. Sleeps my Lord still, *Charlotte* ?

Char. Not to be wak'd.

By your Ladships cheerfull looks I well perceive
That this night the good Lord hath been
At an unusual service, and no wonder
If he rest after it.

Lamira. You are very bold.

Char. Your Creature Madam, and when you are pleas'd
Sadness to me's a stranger, your good pardon
If I speak like a fool, I could have wisht
To have ta'ne your place to night, had bold *Dinant*
Your first and most obsequious servant tasted
Those delicates, which by his lethargie
As it appears, have cloy'd my Lord.

Lamira. No, more.

Charl. I am silenc'd, Madam.

Lamira. Saw you my nurse this morning?

Charl. No Madam.

Lamira. I am full of fears.

[*Knock within.*]

Who's that?

Charl. She you enquir'd for.

Lamira. Bring her in, and leave me.

[*Exit Charlotte.*]

Now nurse what news?

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O Ladie dreadfull ones.

They are to fight this morning, there's no remedie.

I saw my Lord your Brother, and *Verdone*

Take horse as I came by.

Lamira. Where's *Cleremont*?

Nurse. I met him too, and mounted.

Lamira. Where's *Dinant*?

Nurse. There's all the hope, I have staid him with a trick,
If I have done well so.

Lamira. What trick?

Nurse. I told him,

Your Ladiship laid your command upon him,
To attend you presently, and to confirm it,
Gave him the ring he oft hath seen you wear,
That you bestowed on me: he waits without
Disguis'd, and if you have that power in him,
As I presume you have, it is in you
To stay or alter him.

Lamira. Have you learnt the place,
Where they are to encounter?

Nurse. Yes 'tis where

The Duke of *Burgundie* met *Lewis* th' eleventh.

Lamir. Enough, I will reward thee liberally, [*Exit Nurse.*]
Goe bring him in: full dear I loved *Dinant*,
While it was lawfull, but those fires are quench'd,
I being now anothers, truth forgive me
And let dissimulation be no crime,
Though most unwillingly I put it on
To guard a Brothers safetie.

Enter Dinant.

Din. Now your pleasure,
Though ill you have deserv'd it, you perceive
I am still your fool, and cannot but obey
What ever you command.

Lamira. You speak, as if
You did repent it, and 'tis not worth my thanks then,
But there has been a time, in which you would
Receive this as a favour.

Din. Hope was left then
Of recompence.

Lamira. Why I am still *Lamira*,
And you *Dinant*, and 'tis yet in my power,
I dare not say I'll put it into act,
To reward your love and service.

Din. There's some comfort.

Lami. But think not that so low I prize my fame,
To give it up to any man that refuses
To buy it, or with danger of performance
Of what I shall enjoin him.

Din. Name that danger
Be it of what horrid shape soever Ladie
Which I will shrink at; only at this instant
Be speedie in't.

Lamira. I'll put you to the trial:
You shall not fight to day, do you start at that?
Not with my Brother, I have heard your difference,
Mine is no *Helens* beauty to be purchas'd
With blood, and so defended, if you look for
Favours from me, deserve them with obedience,
There's no way else to gain 'em.

Din. You command
What with mine honour I cannot obey,
Which lies at pawn against it, and a friend
Equally dear as that, or life, engag'd,
Not for himself, but me.

Lamira. Why, foolish man,
Dare you sollicite me to serve your lust,

In which not only I abuse my Lord,
My Father, and my family, but write whore,
Though not upon my forehead, in my conscience,
To be read hourly, and yet name your honour?
Yours suffers but in circumstance; mine in substance.
If you obey me, you part with some credit,
From whom? the giddy multitude; but mankind
Will censure me, and justly.

Din. I will lose,
What most I do desire, rather than hazard
So dear a friend, or write my self a coward,
'Tis better be no man.

Lamira. This will not do;
Why, I desire not, you should be a coward,
Nor do I weigh my Brothers life with yours,
Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him fairly,
Let me not suffer for you, I am careless.

Din. Suffer for me?

Lamira. For you, my kindness to you
Already brands me with a strumpets name.

Din. O that I knew the wretch!

Lamira. I will not name him,
Nor give you any Character to know him;
But if you dare, and instantly ride forth
At the west port of the City, and defend there
My reputation, against all you meet,
For two hours only, I'll not swear *Dinant*,
To satisfie, (though sure I think I shall)
What ever you desire, if you denie this,
Be desperate, for willingly, by this light,
I'll never see thee more.

Din. Two hours, do you say?

Lamira. Only two hours.

Din. I were no Gentleman,
Should I make scruple of it; this favour arms me,
And boldly I'll perform it.

[*Exit.*

Lamira. I am glad on't.
This will prevent their meeting yet, and keep
My Brother safe, which was the mark I shot at.

[*Exit.*

*Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.**Enter Cleremont, as in the field.*

Cler. I Am first i'th' field, that honour's gain'd of our side,
 Pray Heaven I may get off as honourable,
 The hour is past, I wonder *Dinant* comes not,
 This is the place, I cannot see him yet;
 It is his quarel too that brought me hither,
 And I ne'r knew him yet, but to his honour
 A firm and worthy Friend, yet I see nothing,
 Nor Horse nor man, 'twould vex me to be left here,
 To th' mercy of two swords, and two approv'd ones.
 I never knew him last.

*Enter Beaupre, and Verdone.**Beaup.* You are well met *Cleremont*.

Verdo. You are a fair Gentleman, and love your friend Sir.
 What are you ready? the time has overta'ne us.

Beaup. And this you know the place.*Cler.* No *Dinant* yet?

Beaup. We come not now to argue, but to do;
 We wait you Sir.

Cler. There's no time past yet Gentlemen,
 We have day enough: is't possible he comes not?
 You see I am ready here, and do but stay
 Till my Friend come, walk but a turn or two,
 'Twill not be long.

Verd. We came to fight.

Cler. Ye shall fight Gentlemen,
 And fight enough, but a short turn or two,
 I think I see him, set up your watch, we'll fight by it.

Beaup. That is not he; we will not be deluded.

Cler. Am I bob'd thus? pray take a pipe of tobacco,
 Or sing but some new air; by that time, Gentlemen—

Verd. Come draw your Sword, you know the custome
 First come, first serv'd. (here Sir,

Cler. Though it be held a custom,
 And practised so, I do not hold it honest;
 What honour can you both win on me single?

Beaup. Yield up your Sword then.

Cler. Yield my Sword? that's Hebrew;
I'll be first cut a p[ie]ces; hold but a while,
I'll take the next that comes.

Enter an old Gentleman.

You are an old Gentleman?

Gent. Yes indeed am I, Sir.

Cler. And wear no Sword?

Gent. I need none, Sir.

Cler. I would you did, and had one;

I want now such a foolish courtesie.

You see these Gentlemen?

Gent. You want a second.

In good Faith Sir, I was never handsom at it,
I would you had my Son, but he's in *Italy*,
A proper Gentleman; you may do well gallants
If your quarrel be not capital, to have more mercy,
The Gentleman may do his Country—

Cler. Now I beseech you, Sir,
If you dare not fight, do not stay to beg my pardon.
There lies your way.

Gent. Good morrow Gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Verd. You see your fortune,
You had better yield your Sword.

Cler. Pray ye stay a little.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Upon mine honestie, you shall be fought with;
Well, *Dinant*, well, these wear swords and seem brave fellows.
As you are Gentlemen, one of you supply me.
I want a Second now to meet these gallants,
You know what honour is.

1 *Gent.* Sir you must pardon us,
We goe about the same work, you are ready for;
And must fight presently, else we were your servants.

2 *Gent.* God speed you, and good day. [Exit *Gent.*

Cler. Am I thus Colted?

Beaup. Come either yield—

Cler. As you are honest Gentlemen,

Stay but the next, and then I'll take my fortune,
And if I fight not like a man—Fy *Dinant*,
Cold now and treacherous.

Enter Monsieur La-writ, within.

La-Writ. I understand your causes.
Yours about corn, yours about pins and glasses,
Will you make me mad, have I not all the parcells?
And his Petition too, about Bell-founding?
Send in your witnesses, what will you have me do?
Will you have me break my heart? my brains are melted;
And tell your Master, as I am a Gentleman,
His Cause shall be the first, commend me to your Mistris,
And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,
And tall enough for her—I shall dispatch you too,
I know your cause, for transporting of Farthingales
Trouble me no more, I say again to you,
No more vexation: bid my wife send me some puddings;
I have a Cause to run through, requires puddings,
Puddings enough. Farewel.

Cler. God speed you, Sir.

Beaup. Would he would take this fellow.

Verd. A rare Youth.

Cler. If you be not hastie, Sir.

La-writ. Yes, I am hastie,
Exceeding hastie, Sir, I am going to the Parliament,
You understand this bag, if you have any business
Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
And pay your Fees.

Cler. 'Faith, Sir, I have a business,
But it depends upon no Parliament.

La-writ. I have no skill in't then.

Cler. I must desire you,
'Tis a Sword matter, Sir.

La-writ. I am no Cutler,
I am an Advocate, Sir.

Beaup. How the thing looks?

Verd. When he brings him to fight.

Cler. Be not so hastie,
You wear a good Sword.

La-writ. I know not that,
I never drew it yet, or whether it be a Sword—

Cler. I must entreat you try, Sir, and bear a part
Against these Gentlemen, I want a second;
Ye seem a man, and 'tis a noble office.

La-writ. I am a Lawyer, Sir, I am no fighter.

Cler. You that breed quarels, Sir, know best to satisfie.

Beaup. This is some sport yet.

Verd. If this fellow should fight. (coward,

La-writ. And for any thing I know, I am an arrant
Do not trust me, I think I am a coward.

Cler. Try, try, you are mistaken: walk on Gentlemen,
The man shall follow presently.

La-writ. Are ye mad Gentleman?
My business is within this half hour.

Cler. That's all one,
We'll dispatch within this quarter, there in that bottom,
'Tis most convenient Gentlemen.

Beaup. Well, we'll wait, Sir.

Verd. Why this will be a comick fight, you'l follow.

La-writ. As I am a true man, I cannot fight.

[*Ex.* Beaupre, Verdone.]

Cler. Away, away,
I know you can: I like your modesty,
I know you will fight and so fight, with such metal,
And with such judgement meet your enemies fury;
I see it in your eye, Sir.

La-writ. I'll be hang'd then;
And I charge you in the Kings name, name no more fighting.

Cler. I charge you in the Kings name, play the man,
Which if you do not quickly, I begin with you,
I'll make you dance, do you see your fiddlestick?
Sweet A[d]vocate thou shalt fight.

La-writ. Stand farther Gentleman,
Or I'll give you such a dust o'th' chapps—

Cler. Spoke bravely,
And like thy self, a noble Advocate:
Come to thy tools.

La-writ. I do not say I'll fight;

Cler. I say thou shalt, and bravely.

La-writ. If I do fight;
I say, if I do, but do not depend upon't,
And yet I have a foolish itch upon me,
What shall become of my Writings?

Cler. Let 'em ly by,
They will not run away, man.

La-writ. I may be kill'd too,
And where are all my causes then? my business?
I will not fight, I cannot fight, my Causes—

Cler. Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand causes,
Thou art a man to fight for any cause,
And carry it with honour.

La-writ. Hum, say you so? if I should
Be such a coxcombe to prove valiant now—

Cler. I know thou art most valiant.

La-writ. Do you think so?
I am undone for ever, if it prove so,
I tell you that, my honest friend, for ever;
For I shall ne're leave quarrelling.
How long must we fight? for I cannot stay,
Nor will not stay, I have business.

Cler. We'll do't in a minute, in a moment.

La-writ. Here will I hang my bag then, it may save
I never lov'd cold Iron there. (my belly,

Cler. You do wisely.

La-writ. Help me to pluck my Sword out then, quickly,
'Thas not seen Sun these ten years. (quickly,

Cler. How it grumbles!
This Sword is vengeance angry.

La-writ. Now I'll put my hat up,
And say my prayers as I goe; away boy,
If I be kill'd, remember the little Lawyer. [Exeunt.

Enter Beaupre.

Beaup. They are both come on, that may be a stubborn
Take you that ground, (rascal,

Enter La-writ.

I'll stay here, fight bravely. (play,

La-writ. To't chearfully my boyes, you'll let's have fair

None of your foyning tricks.

Beaup. Come forward Monsieur; [Fight.
What hast thou there? a pudding in thy belly?
I shall see what it holds.

La-writ. Put your spoon home then:
Nay, since I must fight, have at you without wit, Sir:
God a mercy bagg.

Beaup. Nothing but bumbast in ye?
The Rogue winks and fights. (sword.

La-writ. Now your fine fencing, Sir: [Beau. loses his
Stand off, thou diest on point else, [La-writ treads on it.
I have it, I have it: yet further off:
I have his Sword.

Cler. Then keep it, be sure you keep it.

La-writ. I'll put it in my mouth else.
Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,
And look another way, or I'll be with you,
Is this all? I'll undertake within these two daies
To furnish any Cutler in this Kingdom.

Beau. Pox, what fortune's this? disarm'd by a puppie?
A snail? a Dog?

La-writ. No more o' these words Gentleman,
Sweet Gentleman no more, do not provoke me,
Go walk i'th' horse-fair; whistle Gentleman,
What must I do now?

Enter Cleremont, pursued by Verdone.

Cler. Help me, I am almost breathless.

La-writ. With all my heart, there's a cold pye for you, Sir.

Cler. Thou strik'st me, fool.

La-writ. Thou fool, stand further off then,
Deliver, deliver.

Cler. Hold fast. [He strikes up the others heels,

La-writ. I never fail in't, and takes his Sword too.
There's twelve pence, go buy you two leaden Daggers,
Have I done well?

Cler. Most like a Gentleman.

Beau. And we two basely lost.

Verd. 'Tis but a fortune,
We shall yet find an hour. [Ex. Beau. Verd. sad.

Cler. I shall be glad on't.

La-writ. Where's my cloak, and my trinkets?
Or will you fight any longer, for a crash or two?

Cler. I am your noble friend, Sir.

La-writ. It may be so.

Cler. What honour shall I do you,
For this great courtesie?

La-writ. All I desire of ye, (on't,
Is to take the quarrel to your self, and let me hear no more
I have no liking to't, 'tis a foolish matter,
And help me to put up my Sword.

Cler. Most willingly.
But I am bound to gratifie you, and I must not leave you.

La-writ. I tell you, I will not be gratified,
Nor I will hear no more on't: take the Swords too,
And do not anger me but leave me quietly.
For the matter of honour, 'tis at your own disposeure,
And so, and so. [Exit *La-writ.*

Cler. This is a most rare Lawyer:
I am sure most valiant. Well *Dinant*, as you satisfie me,
I say no more: I am loaden like an Armorer. [Exit *Cler.*

Enter Dinant.

Din. To be dispatcht upon a sleeveless errand?
To leave my friend engag'd, mine honour tainted?
These are trim things. I am set here like a *Perdue*,
To watch a fellow, that has wrong'd my Mistris,
A scurvy fellow that must pass this way,
But what this scurvy fellow is, or whence,
Or whether his name be *William* or *John*,
Or *Anthony* or *Dick*, or any thing, I know not;
A scurvy rascally fellow I must aim at,
And there's the office of an *Asse* flung on me.
Sure *Cleremont* has fought, but how come off,
And what the world shall think of me hereafter:
Well, woman, woman, I must look your rascals,
And lose my reputation: ye have a fine power over us.
These two long hours I have trotted here, and curiously
Survey'd all goers by, yet find no rascal,
Nor any face to quarel with:

What's that? [La-writ sings within, then Enters.]

This is a rascally voice, sure it comes this way.

*La-writ. He strook so hard, the Bason broke,
And Tarquin heard the sound.*

Din. What Mister thing is this? let me survey it.

La-writ. And then he strook his neck in two.

Din. This may be a rascal, but 'tis a mad rascal,
What an Alphabet of faces he puts on!

Hey how it fences! if this should be the rogue,

As 'tis the likeliest rogue I see this day—

La-wr. Was ever man for Ladies sake? down, down.

Di. And what are you good Sir? down, down, down, down.

La-writ. What's that to you good Sir? down, down.

Din. A pox on you good Sir, down, down, down,
You with your Buckram bag, what make you here? (now.
And from whence come you? I could fight with my shadow

La-wr. Thou fierce man that like Sir *Lancelot* dost appear,
I need not tell thee what I am, nor eke what I make here.

Din. This is a precious knave, stay, stay, good *Tristram*,
And let me ask thy mightiness a question,
Did ye never abuse a Lady?

La-writ. Not; to abuse a Lady, is very hard, Sir.

Din. Say you so, Sir?

Didst thou never abuse her honour?

La-writ. Not; to abuse her honour, is impossible.

Din. Certain this is the rascal: What's thy name?

La-writ. My name is *Cock o' two*, use me respectively,
I will be *Cock* of three else.

Din. What's all this?

You say, you did abuse a Lady.

La-writ. You ly.

Din. And that you wrong'd her honour.

La-writ. That's two lyes,
Speak suddenly, for I am full of business. (goose,

Din. What art thou, or what canst thou be, thou pea-
That dar'st give me the ly thus? thou mak'st me wonder.

La-writ. And wonder on, till time make all things plain.

Din. You must not part so, Sir, art thou a Gentleman?

La-writ. Ask those upon whose ruins I am mounted.

Din. This is some Cavellero Knight o'th' Sun.

La-wr. I tell thee I am as good a Gentleman as the Duke;
I have atchieved—goe follow thy business.

Din. But for this Lady, Sir—

La-writ. Why, hang this Lady, Sir,
And the Lady Mother too, Sir, what have I to do with Ladies?

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. 'Tis the little Lawyers voice: has he got my way?
It should be hereabouts.

Din. Ye dry bisket rogue,
I will so swinge you for this blasphemie—
Have I found you out?

Cler. That should be *Dinants* tongue too. (*celot tho.*

La-wr. And I defy thee do thy worst: *O ho quoth Lan-*
And that thou shalt know, I am a true Gentleman,
And speak according to the phrase triumphant;
Thy Lady is a scurvy Lady, and a shitten Lady,
And though I never heard of her, a deboshed Lady,
And thou, a squire of low degree; will that content thee?
Dost [thou] way-lay me with Ladies? A pretty sword, Sir,
A very pretty sword, I have a great mind to't.

Din. You shall not lose your longing, rogue.

Cler. Hold, hold.

Hold *Dinant*, as thou art a Gentleman.

La-writ. As much as you will, my hand is in now.

Cler. I am your friend, Sir: *Dinant* you draw your sword
Upon the Gentleman preserv'd your honour:
This was my second, and did back me nobly,
For shame forbear.

Din. I ask your mercy, Sir, and am your servant now.

La-writ. May we not fight then?

Cler. I am sure you shall not now.

La-wr. I am sorry for't, I am sure I'll stay no longer then,
Not a jot longer: are there any more on ye afore?
I will sing still, Sir. [*Exit La-writ, singing.*

Din. I look now you should chide me, and 'tis fit,
And with much bitterness express your anger,
I have deserv'd: yet when you know—

Cler. I thank ye,
Do you think that the wrong you have off'red me,

The most unmanly wrong, unfriendly wrong—

Din. I do confess—

Cler. That boyish sleight—

Din. Not so, Sir.

Cler. That poor and base renouncing of your honour,
Can be allai'd with words?

Din. I give you way still.

Cler. Coloured with smooth excuses? Was it a friends part,
A Gentlemans, a mans that wears a Sword,
And stands upon the point of reputation,
To hide his head then, when his honour call'd him?
Call'd him aloud, and led him to his fortune?
To halt and slip the collar? by my life,
I would have given my life I had never known thee,
Thou hast eaten Canker-like into my judgement
With this disgrace, thy whole life cannot heal again.

Din. This I can suffer too, I find it honest.

Cler. Can you pretend an excuse now may absolve you,
Or any thing like honest, to bring you off?
Ingage me like an Asse?

Din. Will you but hear me?

Cler. Expose me like a Jade to tug, and hale through,
Laugh'd at, and almost hooted? your disgraces
Invite mens Swords and angers to dispatch me.

Din. If you will be patient. (friend,

Cler. And be abus'd still: But that I have call'd thee
And to that name allow a Sanctuary,
You should hear further from me, I would not talk thus:
But henceforth stand upon your own bottom, Sir,
And bear your own abuses, I scorn my sword
Should travel in so poor and empty quarrels.

Din. Ha' you done yet? take your whole swing of anger,
I'll bear all with content.

Cler. Why were you absent?

Din. You know I am no Coward, you have seen that,
And therefore, out of fear forsook you not:
You know I am not false, of a treacherous nature,
Apt to betray my friend, I have fought for you too;
You know no business, that concern'd my state,
My kindred, or my life.

Cler. Where was the fault then?

Din. The honour of that Lady I adore,
Her credit, and her name: ye know she sent for me,
And with what haste.

Cler. What was he that traduc'd?

Din. The man i'th' Moon, I think, hither I was sent,
But to what end—

Enter old Lady.

Cler. This is a pretty flim-flam.

O. La. I am glad I have met you Sir, I have been seeking,
And seeking every where.

Cler. And now you have found him,
Declare what business, our Embassadour. (Lady.

O. Lady. What's that to ye good man flouter? O Sir, my

Din. Prethee no more of thy Lady, I have too much on't.

Cler. Let me have a little, speak to me.

Old Lady. To you Sir?

'Tis more than time: All occasions set aside Sir,
Or whatsoever may be thought a business—

Din. What then?

Old Lady. Repair to me within this hour.

Cler. Where? (sent for.

O. Lady. What's that to you? come you, Sir, when y'are

Cler. God a mercy *Mumpsimus*,
You may goe *Dinant*, and follow this old Fairie,
Till you have lost your self, your friends, your credit,
And Hunt away your youth in rare adventures,
I can but grieve I have known you.

Old Lady. Will ye goe Sir?

I come not often to you with these blessings,
You m[a]y believe that thing there, and repent it,
That dogged thing.

Cler. Peace touchwood.

Din. I will not goe:

Goe bid your Lady seek some fool to fawn on her,
Some unexperienc'd puppie to make sport with,
I have been her mirth too long, thus I shake from me
The fetters she put on; thus her enchantments
I blow away like wind, no more her beauty—

Old Lady. Take heed Sir what you say.

Cler. Goe forward, *Dinant.*

Din. The charms shot from her eyes—

Old Lady. Be wise.

Cler. Be Valiant.

Din. That tongue that tells fair tales to mens destructions
Shall never rack me more.

Old Lady. Stay there.

Cler. Goe forward.

Din. I will now hear her, see her as a woman,
Survey her, and the power man has allow'd, Sir,
As I would do the course of common things,
Unmov'd, unstruck.

Cler. Hold there, and I forgive thee.

Din. She is not fair, and that that makes her proud,
Is not her own, our eyes bestow it on her,
To touch and kiss her is no blessedness,
A Sun-burnt Ethiops lip's as soft as her's.
Goe bid her stick some other triumph up,
And take into her favour some dull fool,
That has no pretious time to lose, no friends,
No honour, nor no life, like a bold Merchant,
A bold and banquerupt man, I have ventur'd all these,
And split my bottom: return this answer to her,
I am-awake again and see her mischiefs,
And am not now, on every idle errand,
And new coyn'd anger, to be hurried,
And then despis'd again, I have forgot her.

Cler. If this be true—

O. Lady. I am sorry, I have troubled you,
More sorrie, that my Lady has adventur'd
So great a favour in so weak a mind:
This hour you have refus'd that when you come to know it,
Will run you mad, and make you curse that fellow,
She is not fair, nor handsom, so I leave you.

Cler. Stay Lady, stay, but is there such a business?

O. Lady. You would break your neck 'twere yours.

Cler. My back, you would say.

O. La. But play the friends part still, Sir, and undoe him,
'Tis a fair office.

ACT III FRENCH LAWYER

Din. I have spoke too liberally.

O. Lady. I shall deliver what you say.

Cler. You shall be hang'd first,

You would fain be prating now; take the man with you.

O. Lady. Not I, I have no power.

Cler. You may goe *Dinant*.

O. Lady. 'Tis in's own will, I had no further charge, Sir,
Than to tell him what I did, which if I had thought
It should have been receiv'd so—

Cler. 'Faith you may,

You do not know how far it may concern you.

If I perceiv'd any trick in't.

Din. 'Twill end there.

Cler. 'Tis my fault then, there is an hour in fortune,
That must be still observ'd: you think I'll chide you,
When things must be, nay see, an he will hold his head up?
Would such a Lady send, with such a charge too?
Say she has plaid the fool, play the fool with her again,
The great fool, the greater still the better.
He shall goe with you woman.

Old Lady. As it please him,
I know the way alone else.

Din. Where is your Lady?

O. Lady. I shall direct you quickly.

Din. Well, I'll goe,

But what her wrongs will give me leave to say.

Cler. We'll leave that to your selves: I shall hear from you.

Din. As soon as I come off—

Cler. Come on then bravely;

Farewel till then, and play the man.

Din. You are merry;

All I expect is scorn: I'll lead you Lady. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Champernel, Lamira, Beaupre, Verdone, Charlotte.

Beaup. WE'll venture on him.

Cham. Out of my doors I charge thee, see me

Lami. Your Nephew? (no more.

Cham. I disclaim him,
He has no part in me, nor in my blood,
My Brother that kept fortune bound, and left
Conquest hereditary to his Issue
Could not beget a coward.

Verd. I fought, Sir,
Like a good fellow, and a Souldier too,
But men are men, and cannot make their fates:
Ascribe you to my Father what you please,
I am born to suffer.

Cham. All disgraces wretch.

Lam. Good Sir be patient.

Cham. Was there no tree,
(For to fall by a noble enemies sword,
A Coward is unworthy) nor no River,
To force thy life out backward or to drown it,
But that thou must survive thy i[n]famy?
And kill me with the sight of one I hate,
And gladly would forget?

Beaup. Sir, his misfortune
Deserves not this reproof.

Cham. In your opinion,
'Tis fit you two should be of one belief,
You are indeed fine gallants, and fight bravely
I'th' City with your tongues, but in the field
Have neither spirit to dare nor power to do,
Your swords are all lead there.

Beaup. I know no duty,
(How ever you may wreak your spleen on him,)
That binds me to endure this.

Cham. From *Dinant*
You'll suffer more; that ever cursed I,
Should give my honour up, to the defence
Of such a thing as he is, or my Lady
That is all Innocent, for whom a dove would
Assume the courage of a daring Eagle,
Repose her confidence in one that can
No better guard her. In contempt of you
I love *Dinant*, mine enemy, nay admire him,
His valour claims it from me, and with justice,

He that could fight thus, in a cause not honest,
His sword edg'd with defence of right and honour,
Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that speed too,
And kill as deadly.

Verd. You are as far from justice
In him you praise, as equitie in the censure
You load me with.

Beaup. *Dinant*? he durst not meet us.

Lam. How? durst not, Brother?

Beaup. Durst not, I repeat it.

Verd. Nor was it *Cleremont*'s valour that disarm'd us,
I had the better of him; for *Dinant*,
If that might make my peace with you, I dare
Write him a Coward upon every post,
And with the hazard of my life defend it.

Lam. If 'twere laid at the stake you'd lose it, Nephew.

Cham. Came he not, say you?

Verd. No, but in his room,
There was a Devil, hir'd from some Magician
I'th' shape of an Attorney.

Beau. 'Twas he did it.

Verd. And his the honour.

Beau. I could wish *Dinant*—

But what talk I of one that stept aside,
And durst not come?

Lam. I am such a friend to truth,
I cannot hear this: why do you detract
Thus poorly (I should say to others basely)
From one of such approv'd worth?

Cham. Ha! how's this?

Lam. From one so excellent in all that's noble,
Whose only weakness is excess of courage?
That knows no enemies, that he cannot master,
But his affections, and in them, the worst
His love to me.

Cham. To you?

Lam. Yes, Sir, to me,
I dare (for what is that which Innocence dares not)
To you profess it: and he shun'd not the Combat
For fear or doubt of these: blush and repent,

That you in thought e're did that wrong to valour.

Beaup. Why, this is rare.

Cham. 'Fore heaven, exceeding rare;
Why modest Lady, you that sing such Encomiums
Of your first Suiter—

Verd. How can ye convince us
In your reports?

Lam. With what you cannot answer,
'Twas my command that staid him.

Cham. Your command?

Lam. Mine, Sir, and had my will rank'd with my power,
And his obedience, I could have sent him
With more ease, weaponless to you, and bound,
Than have kept him back, so well he loves his honour
Beyond his life.

Cham. Better, and better still.

Lam. I wrought with him in private to divert him
From your assur'd destruction, had he met you.

Cham. In private?

Lam. Yes, and us'd all Arts, all Charms
Of one that knew her self the absolute Mistris
Of all his faculties.

Cham. Gave all rewards too
His service could deserve; did not he take
The measure of my sheets?

Lam. Do not look yellow,
I have cause to speak; frowns cannot fright me,
By all my hopes, as I am spotless to you,
If I rest once assur'd you do but doubt me,
Or curb me of that freedom you once gave me—

Cham. What then?

Lam. I'll not alone abuse your bed, that's nothing,
But to your more vexation, 'tis resolv'd on,
I'll run away, and then try if *Dinant*
Have courage to defend me.

Champ. Impudent!

Verd. And on the sudden—

Beau. How are ye transform'd
From what you were?

Lam. I was an innocent Virgin,

And I can truly swear, a Wife as pure
 As ever lay by Husband, and will dy so,
 Let me live unsuspected, I am no servant,
 Nor will be us'd like one: If you desire
 To keep me constant as I would be, let
 Trust and belief in you beget and nurse it;
 Unnecessary jealousies make more whores
 Than all baits else laid to entrap our frailties.

Beau. There's no contesting with her, from a child
 Once mov'd, she hardly was to be pleas'd,
 Yet I dare swear her honest.

Cham. So I think too,
 On better judgement: I am no Italian
 To lock her up; nor would I be a Dutchman,
 To have my Wife, my sovereign, to command me:
 I'll try the gentler way, but if that fail,
 Believe it, Sir, there's nothing but extreams
 Which she must feel from me.

Beau. That, as you please, Sir. (sweetly,

Charl. You have won the breeches, Madam, look up
 My Lord limps toward you.

Lam. You will learn more manners.

Charl. This is a fee, for counsel that's unask'd for.

Cham. Come, I mistook thee sweet, prethee forgive me,
 I never will be jealous: e're I cherish
 Such a mechanick humour, I'll be nothing;
 I'll say, *Dinant* is all that thou wouldst have him,
 Will that suffice?

Lam. 'Tis well, Sir.

Cham. Use thy freedom
 Uncheck'd, and unobserv'd, if thou wilt have it,
 These shall forget their honour, I my wrongs.
 We'll all dote on him, hell be my reward
 If I dissemble.

Lam. And that hell take me
 If I affect him, he's a lustfull villain,
 (But yet no coward) and sollicitates me
 To my dishonour, that's indeed a quarrel,
 And truly mine, which I will so revenge,
 As it shall fright such as dare only think

To be adulterers.

Cham. Use thine own waies,
I give up all to thee.

Beau. O women, women!
When you are pleas'd you are the least of evils.

Verd. I'le rime to't, but provokt, the worst of Devils.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Monsieur Sampson, and three Clients.

Samp. I know Monsieur *La-writ*.

1 Cly. Would he knew himself, Sir.

Samp. He was a pretty Lawyer, a kind of pretty Lawyer,
Of a kind of unable thing.

2 Cly. A fine Lawyer, Sir,
And would have fir'd you up a business,
And out of this Court into that.

Samp. Ye are too forward
Not so fine my friends, something he could have done,
But short short.

1 Cly. I know your worships favour,
You are Nephew to 'the Judge, Sir.

Samp. It may be so,
And something may be done, without trotting i'th' dirt, friends;
It may be I can take him in his Chamber,
And have an hours talk, it may be so,
And tell him that in's ear; there are such courtesies;
I will not say, I can.

3 Cly. We know you can, Sir. (*La-writ?*)

Sam. Peradventure I, peradventure no: but where's
Where's your sufficient Lawyer?

1 Cly. He's blown up, Sir.

2 Cly. Run mad and quarrels with the Dog he meets;
He is no Lawyer of this world now.

Sam. Your reason?
Is he defunct? is he dead?

2 Cly. No he's not dead yet, Sir;
But I would be loth to take a lease on's life for two hours:
Alas, he is possest Sir, with the spirit of fighting
And quarrels with all people; but how he came to it—

Samp. If he fight well and like a Gentleman,

The man may fight, for 'tis a lawfull calling.
 Look you my friends, I am a civil Gentleman,
 And my Lord my Uncle loves me.

3 *Cly.* We all know it, Sir. (business,

Sam. I think he does, Sir, I have business too, much
 Turn you some forty or fifty Causes in a week;
 Yet when I get an hour of vacancie,
 I can fight too my friends, a little does well,
 I would be loth to learn to fight.

1 *Cly.* But and't please you Sir,
 His fighting has neglected all our business,
 We are undone, our causes cast away, Sir,
 His not appearance.

Sam. There he fought too long,
 A little and fight well, he fought too long indeed friends;
 But ne'r the less things must be as they may,
 And there be wayes—

1 *Cly.* We know, Sir, if you please—

Sam. Something I'll do: goe rally up your Causes.

Enter La-writ, and a Gentleman, at the door.

2 *Cly.* Now you may behold Sir,
 And be a witness, whether we lie or no.

La-writ. I'll meet you at the Ordinary, sweet Gentlemen,
 And if there be a wench or two—

Gen. We'll have 'em.

La-writ. No handling any Duells before I come,
 We'll have no going else, I hate a coward.

Gent. There shall be nothing done.

La-writ. Make all the quarrels
 You can devise before I come, and let's all fight,
 There is no sport else.

Gent. We'll see what may be done, Sir.

1 *Cly.* Ha? Monsieur *La-writ.*

La-writ. Baffled in way of business,
 My causes cast away, Judgement against us?
 Why there it goes.

2 *Cly.* What shall we do the whilst Sir?

La-wr. Breed new dissensions, goe hang your selves
 'Tis all one to me; I have a new trade of living.

cli. Do you hear what he saies Sir?

Sam. The Gentleman speaks finely.

La-wr. Will any of you fight? Fighting's my occupation
If you find your selves aggriev'd.

Sam. A compleat Gentleman.

La-writ. Avant thou buckram budget of petitions,
Thou spittle of lame causes; I lament for thee,
And till revenge be taken—

Sam. 'Tis most excellent.

La-wr. There, every man chuse his paper, and his place.
I'll answer ye all, I will neglect no mans business
But he shall have satisfaction like a Gentleman,
The Judge may do and not do, he's but a Monsieur.

Sam. You have nothing of mine in your bag, Sir.

La-writ. I know not Sir,
But you may put any thing in, any fighting thing.

Sam. It is sufficient, you may hear hereafter.

La-writ. I rest your servant Sir.

Sam. No more words Gentlemen
But follow me, no more words as you love me,
The Gentleman's a noble Gentleman.
I shall do what I can, and then—

cli. We thank you Sir. [*Ex. Sam. and Clients.*]

Sam. Not a word to disturb him, he's a Gentleman.

La-writ. No cause go o' my side? the judge cast all?
And because I was honourably employed in action,
And not appear'd, pronounce? 'tis very well,
'Tis well faith, 'tis well, Judge.

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. Who have we here?
My little furious Lawyer?

La-writ. I say 'tis well,
But mark the end.

Cler. How he is metamorphos'd!
Nothing of Lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,
No solliciting face now,
This is no simple conversion.
Your servant Sir, and Friend.

La-writ. You come in time, Sir,

Cler. The happier man, to be at your command then.

La-writ. You may wonder to see me thus; but that's all
Time shall declare; 'tis true I was a Lawyer, (one,
But I have mew'd that coat, I hate a Lawyer,
I talk'd much in the Court, now I hate talking,
I did you the office of a man.

Cler. I must confess it.

La-w. And budg'd not, no I budg'd not.

Cler. No, you did not.

La-w. There's it then, one good turn requires another.

Cler. Most willing Sir, I am ready at your service.

La-w. There, read, and understand, and then deliver it.

Cler. This is a Challenge, Sir,

La-w. 'Tis very like, Sir,

I seldom now write Sonnets.

Cler. O admirantis,

To Monsieur *Vertaign*, the President.

La-w. I chuse no Fool, Sir.

Cler. Why, he's no Sword-man, Sir.

La-w. Let him learn, let him learn,

Time, that trains Chickens up, will teach him quickly.

Cler. Why, he's a Judge, an Old Man.

La-w. Never too Old

To be a Gentleman; and he that is a Judge

Can judge best what belongs to wounded honour.

There are my griefs, he has cast away my causes,

In which he has bowed my reputation.

And therefore Judge, or no Judge.

Cler. 'Pray be rul'd Sir,

This is the maddest thing—

La-w. You will not carry it.

Cler. I do not tell you so, but if you may be perswaded.

La-w. You know how you us'd me when I would not
Do you remember, Gentleman? (fight,

Cler. The Devil's in him.

La-w. I see it in your Eyes, that you dare do it,
You have a carrying face, and you shall carry it.

Cler. The least is Banishment.

La-w. Be banish'd then;

'Tis a friends part, we'll meet in *Africa*,

Or any part of the Earth.

Cler. Say he will not fight.

La-w. I know then what to say, take you no care, Sir,

Cler. Well, I will carry it, and deliver it,
And to morrow morning meet you in the Louver,
Till when, my service.

La-w. A Judge, or no Judge, no Judge. [*Exit La-writ.*]

Cler. This is the prettiest Rogue that e'r I read of,
None to provoke to th' field, but the old President;
What face shall I put on? if I come in earnest,
I am sure to wear a pair of Bracelets;
This may make some sport yet, I will deliver it,
Here comes the President.

Enter Vertaign, with two Gentlemen.

Vert. I shall find time, Gentlemen,
To do your causes good, is not that *Cleremont*?
i Gent. 'Tis he my Lord.

Vert. Why does he smile upon me?
Am I become ridiculous? has your fortune, Sir,
Upon my Son, made you contemn his Father?
The glory of a Gentleman is fair bearing.

Cler. Mistake me not my Lord, you shall not find that,
I come with no blown Spirit to abuse you,
I know your place and honour due unto it,
The reverence to your silver Age and Vertue.

Vert. Your face is merry still.

Cler. So is my business,
And I beseech your honour mistake me not,
I have brought you from a wild or rather Mad-man
As mad a piece of— you were wont to love mirth
In your young days, I have known your Honour woo it,
This may be made no little one, 'tis a Challenge, Sir,
Nay, start not, I beseech you, it means you no harm,
Nor any Man of Honour, or Understanding,
'Tis to steal from your serious hours a little laughter;
I am bold to bring it to your Lordship.

Vert. 'Tis to me indeed:
Do they take me for a Sword-man at these years?

Cler. 'Tis only worth your Honours Mirth, that's all Sir,

'Thad been in me else a sawcy rudeness.

Vert. From one *La-writ*, a very punctual Challenge.

Cler. But if your Lordship mark it, no great matter.

Vert. I have known such a wrangling Advocate,
Such a little figent thing; Oh I remember him,
A notable talking Knave, now out upon him,
Has challeng'd me downright, defied me mortally
I do remember too, I cast his Causes.

Cler. Why, there's the quarrel, Sir, the mortal quarrel.

Vert. Why, what a Knave is this? as y'are a Gentleman,
Is there no further purpose but meer mirth?
What a bold Man of War! he invites me roundly.

Cler. If there should be, I were no Gentleman,
Nor worthy of the honour of my Kindred.
And though I am sure your Lordship hates my Person,
Which Time may bring again into your favour,
Yet for the manners—

Vert. I am satisfied,
You see, Sir, I have out-liv'd those days of fighting,
And therefore cannot do him the honour to beat him my self;
But I have a Kinsman much of his ability,
His Wit and Courage, for this call him Fool,
One that will spit as senseless fire as this Fellow.

Cler. And such a man to undertake, my Lord?

Vert. Nay he's too forward; these two pitch Barrels to-

Cler. Upon my soul, no harm. (gether.

Vert. It makes me smile,
Why, what a stinking smother will they utter!
Yes, he shall undertake, Sir, as my Champion,
Since you propound it mirth, I'll venture on it,
And shall defend my cause, but as y'are honest
Sport not with blood.

Cler. Think not so basely, good Sir.

Vert. A Squire shall wait upon you from my Kinsman,
To morrow morning make you sport at full,
You want no Subject; but no wounds.

Cler. That's my care.

Ver. And so good day. [*Ex. Vertaign, and Gentlemen.*

Cler. Many unto your honour.
This is a noble Fellow, of a sweet Spirit,

Now must I think how to contrive this matter,
For together they shall go.

Enter Dinant.

Din. O Cleremont,
I am glad I have found thee.

Cler. I can tell thee rare things.

Din. O, I can tell thee rarer,
Dost thou love me?

Cler. Love thee?

Din. Dost thou love me dearly?
Dar'st thou for my sake?

Cler. Any thing that's honest.

Din. Though it be dangerous?

Cler. Pox o' dangerous.

Din. Nay wondrous dangerous.

Cler. Wilt thou break my heart?

Din. Along with me then.

Cler. I must part to morrow.

Din. You shall, you shall, be faithful for this night,
And thou hast made thy friend.

Cler. Away, and talk not. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Lamira, and Nurse.

Lam. O Nurse, welcome, where's *Dinant*?

Nurse. He's at my back.

'Tis the most liberal Gentleman, this Gold
He gave me for my pains, nor can I blame you,
If you yield up the fort.

Lam. How? yield it up?

Nurse. I know not, he that loves, and gives so largely,
And a young Lord to boot, or I am cozen'd,
May enter every where.

Lam. Thou'lt make me angry.

Enter Dinant, and Cleremont.

Nur. Why, if you are, I hope here's one will please you,
Look on him with my Eyes, good luck go with you:
Were I young for your sake—

Din. I thank thee, Nurse.

Nur. I would be tractable, and as I am—

Lam. Leave the room,

So old, and so immodest ! and be careful,
Since whispers will 'wake sleeping jealousies,
That none disturb my Lord.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Cler. Will you dispatch ?

Till you come to the matter be not rapt thus,
Walk in, walk in, I am your scout for once,
You owe me the like service.

Din. And will pay it.

Lam. As you respect our lives, speak not so loud.

Cler. Why, do it in dumb shew then, I am silenc'd.

Lam. Be not so hasty, Sir, the golden Apples
Had a fell Dragon for their Guard, your pleasures
Are to be attempted with *Herculean* danger,
Or never to be gotten.

Din. Speak the means.

Lam. Thus briefly, my Lord sleeps now, and alas,
Each Night, he only sleeps.

Cler. Go, keep her stirring.

Lam. Now if he 'wake, as sometimes he does,
He only stretches out his hand and feels,
Whether I am a bed, which being assur'd of,
He sleeps again ; but should he miss me, Valour
Could not defend our lives.

Din. What's to be done then ?

Lam. Servants have servile faiths, nor have I any
That I dare trust ; on noble *Cleremont*
We safely may rely.

Cler. What man can do,
Command and boldly.

Lam. Thus then in my place,
You must lye with my Lord.

Cler. With an old man ?

Two Beards together, that's preposterous.

Lam. There is no other way, and though 'tis dangerous,
He having servants within call, and arm'd too,
Slaves fed to act all that his jealousy
And rage commands them, yet a true friend should not
Check at the hazard of a life.

Cler. I thank you,
I love my friend, but know no reason why
To hate my self; to be a kind of pander,
You see I am willing,
But to betray mine own throat you must pardon.

Din. Then I am lost, and all my hopes defeated,
Were I to hazard ten times more for you,
You should find, *Cleremont*—

Cler. You shall not outdo me,
Fall what may fall, I'll do't.

Din. But for his Beard—

Lam. To cover that you shall have my night Linnen,
And you dispos'd of, my *Dinant* and I
Will have some private conference.

Enter Champernel, privately.

Cler. Private doing,
Or I'll not venture.

Lam. That's as we agree.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Nurse, and Charlotte, pass over the Stage with
Pillows, Night cloaths, and such things.*

Cham. What can this Woman do, preserving her honour?
I have given her all the liberty that may be,
I will not be far off though, nor I will not be jealous,
Nor trust too much, I think she is vertuous,
Yet when I hold her best, she's but a Woman,
As full of frailty as of faith, a poor sleight Woman,
And her best thoughts, but weak fortifications,
There may be a Mine wrought: Well, let 'em work then,
I shall meet with it, till the signs be monstrous,
And stick upon my head, I will not believe it, [*Stands private.*]
She may be, and she may not, now to my observation.

Enter Dinant, and Lamira.

Din. Why do you make me stay so? if you love me—

Lam. You are too hot and violent.

Din. Why do you shift thus
From one Chamber to another?

Lam. A little delay, Sir,

Like fire, a little sprinkled o'r with water
Makes the desires burn clear, and ten times hotter.

Din. Why do you speak so loud? I pray'e go in,
Sweet Mistriss, I am mad, time steals away,
And when we would enjoy—

Lam. Now fie, fie, Servant,
Like sensual Beasts shall we enjoy our pleasures?

Din. 'Pray do not kiss me then.

Lam. Why, that I will, and you shall find anon, servant.

Din. Softly, for heavens sake, you know my friend's en-
A little now, now; will ye go in again? (gag'd,

Lam. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Din. Why do you laugh so loud, Precious?
Will you betray me; ha' my friends throat cut?

Lam. Come, come, I'll kiss thee again.

Cham. Will you so? you are liberal,
If you do cozen me—

Enter Nurse with Wine.

Din. What's this?

Lam. Wine, Wine, a draught or two.

Din. What does this Woman here?

Lam. She shall not hinder you.

Din. This might have been spar'd,
'Tis but delay and time lost; pray send her softly off.

Lam. Sit down, and mix your spirits with Wine,
I will make you another *Hercules*.

Din. I dare not drink;
Fie, what delays you make! I dare not,
I shall be drunk presently, and do strange things then.

Lam. Not drink a cup with your Mistriss! O the pleasure.

Din. Lady, why this? [*Musick.*

Lam. We must have mirth to our Wine, Man.

Din. Pl—— o' the Musick.

Champ. God-a-mercy Wench,
If thou dost cuckold me I shall forgive thee.

Din. The house will all rise now, this will disturb all.
Did you do this?

Lam. Peace, and sit quiet, fool,
You love me, come, sit down and drink.

Enter Cleremont above.

Cler. What a Devil ail you?

How cold I sweat! a hogs pox stop your pipes, [*Musick.*
The thing will 'wake; now, now, methinks I find
His Sword just gliding through my throat. What's that?
A vengeance choak your pipes. Are you there, Lady?
Stop, stop those Rascals; do you bring me hither
To be cut into minced meat? why *Dinant*?

Din. I cannot do withal;

I have spoke, and spoke; I am betray'd and lost too.

Cler. Do you hear me? do you understand me?

'Plague dam your Whistles. [*Musick ends.*

Lam. 'Twas but an over-sight, they have done, lye down.

Cler. Would you had done too,

You know not

In what a misery and fear I lye.

You have a Lady in your arms.

Din. I would have—

[*The Recorders*

Champ. I'll watch you Goodman Wou'd have. [*again.*

Cler. Remove for Heavens sake,

And fall to that you come for.

Lam. Lie you down,

'Tis but an hours endurance now.

Cler. I dare not, softly sweet Lady —heart?

Lam. 'Tis nothing but your fear, he sleeps still soundly,
Lie gently down.

Cler. 'Pray make an end.

Din. Come, Madam.

Lam. These Chambers are too near. [*Ex. Din. Lam.*

Cham. I shall be nearer;

Well, go thy wayes, I'll trust thee through the world,
Deal how thou wilt: that that I never feel,
I'll never fear. Yet by the honour of a Souldier,
I hold thee truly noble: How these things will look,
And how their blood will curdle! Play on Children,
You shall have pap anon. O thou grand Fool,
That thou knew'st but thy fortune— [*Musick done.*

Cler. Peace, good Madam,
Stop her mouth, *Dinant*, it sleeps yet, 'pray be wary,

Dispatch, I cannot endure this misery,
 I can hear nothing more ; I'll say my prayers,
 And down again— [Whistle within.

A thousand Alarms fall upon my quarters,
 Heaven send me off ; when I lye keeping Courses,
 Pl—— o' your fumbling, *Dinant* ; how I shake !
 'Tis still again : would I were in the *Indies*. [Exit Cler.

Enter Dinant, and Lamira : a light within.

Din. Why do you use me thus ? thus poorly ? basely ?
 Work me into a hope, and then destroy me ?
 Why did you send for me ? this new way train me ?

Lam. Mad-man, and fool, and false man, now I'll shew

Din. 'Pray put your light out. (thee.

Lam. Nay I'll hold it thus,
 That all chaste Eyes may see thy lust, and scorn it.
 Tell me but this when you first doted on me,
 And made suit to enjoy me as your Wife,
 Did you not hold me honest ?

Din. Yes, most vertuous.

Lam. And did not that appear the only lustre
 That made me worth your love and admiration ?

Din. I must confess—

Lam. Why would you deal so basely ?
 So like a thief, a Villain ?

Din. Peace, good Madam.

Lam. I'll speak aloud too ; thus maliciously,
 Thus breaking all the Rules of honesty,
 Of honour and of truth, for which I lov'd you,
 For which I call'd you servant, and admir'd you ;
 To steal that Jewel purchas'd by another,
 Piously set in Wedlock, even that Jewel,
 Because it had no flaw, you held unvaluable :
 Can he that has lov'd good, dote on the Devil ?
 For he that seeks a Whore, seeks but his Agent ;
 Or am I of so wild and low a blood ?
 So nurs'd in infamies ?

Din. I do not think so,
 And I repent.

Lam. That will not serve your turn, Sir.

Din. It was your treaty drew me on.

Lam. But it was your villany
Made you pursue it; I drew you but to try
How much a man, and nobly thou durst stand,
How well you had deserv'd the name of vertuous;
But you like a wild torrent, mix'd with all
Beastly and base affections came floating on,
Swelling your poyson'd billows—

Din. Will you betray me?

Lam. To all the miseries a vext Woman may.

Din. Let me but out,
Give me but room to toss my Sword about me,
And I will tell you y'are a treacherous woman,
O that I had but words!

Lam. They will not serve you.

Din. But two-edg'd words to cut thee; a Lady traytor?
Perish by a proud Puppet? I did you too much honour,
To tender you my love, too much respected you
To think you worthy of my worst embraces.
Go take your Groom, and let him dally with you,
Your greasie Groom; I scorn to imp your lame stock,
You are not fair, nor handsome, I lyed loudly,
This tongue abus'd you when it spoke you beauteous.

Lam. 'Tis very well, 'tis brave.

Din. Put out your light,
Your lascivious eyes are flames enough
For Fools to find you out; a Lady Plotter!
Must I begin your sacrifice of mischief?
I and my friend, the first-fruits of that bloud,
You and your honourable Husband aim at?
Crooked and wretched you are both.

Lam. To you, Sir,
Yet to the Eye of Justice straight as Truth.

Din. Is this a womans love? a womans mercy?
Do you profess this seriously? do you laugh at me?

Lam. Ha, ha.

Din. Pl—— light upon your scorns, upon your flatteries,
Upon your tempting faces, all destructions;
A bedrid winter hang upon your cheeks,
And blast, blast, blast those buds of Pride that paint you;

Death in your eyes to fright men from these dangers :
 Raise up your trophy, *Cleremont*.

Cler. What a vengeance ail you ?

Din. What dismal noise ! is there no honour in you ?

Cleremont, we are betrayed, betrayed, sold by a woman ;
 Deal bravely for thy self.

Cler. This comes of rutting ;
 Are we made stales to one another ?

Din. Yes, we are undone, lost.

Cler. You shall pay for't grey-beard.

Up, up, you sleep your last else. {*Lights above, two Ser-*
1 *Serv.* No, not yet, Sir, {*vants and Anabel.*

Lady, look up, would you have wrong'd this Beauty ?

Wake so tender a Virgin with rough terms ?

You wear a Sword, we must entreat you leave it.

2 *Serv.* Fye Sir, so sweet a Lady ?

Cler. Was this my bed-fellow, pray give me leave to look,
 I am not mad yet, I may be by and by.

Did this lye by me ?

Did I fear this ? is this a Cause to shake at ?

Away with me for shame, I am a Rascal.

*Enter Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone, Lamira,
 Anabel, Cleremont, and two Servants.*

Din. I am amaz'd too.

Beaup. We'll recover you.

Verd. You walk like *Robin-good-fellow* all the house over,
 And every man afraid of you.

Din. 'Tis well, Lady ;
 The honour of this deed will be your own,
 The world shall know your bounty.

Beaup. What shall we do with 'em ?

Cler. Geld me,
 For 'tis not fit I should be a man again,
 I am an Ass, a Dog.

Lam. Take your revenges,
 You know my Husbands wrongs and your own losses.

Anab. A brave man, an admirable brave man ;
 Well, well, I would not be so tryed again ;
 A very handsome proper Gentleman.

Cler. Will you let me lye by her but one hour more,
And then hang me?

Din. We wait your malice, put your swords home bravely,
You have reason to seek bloud.

Lam. Not as you are noble.

Cham. Hands off, and give them liberty, only disarm 'em.

Beaup. We have done that already.

Cham. You are welcome, Gentlemen,
I am glad my house has any pleasure for you,
I keep a couple of Ladies here, they say fair,
And you are young and handsome, Gentlemen;
Have you any more mind to Wenches?

Cler. To be abus'd too? Lady, you might have help'd this.

Ana. Sir now 'tis past, but 't may be I may stand
Your friend hereafter, in a greater matter.

Cler. Never whilst you live.

Ana. You cannot tell—now, Sir, a parting hand.

Cler. Down and Roses:
Well I may live to see you again. A dull Rogue,
No revelation in thee.

Lam. Were you well frightened?
Were your fitts from the heart, of all colds and colours?
That's all your punishment.

Cler. It might have been all yours,
Had not a block-head undertaken it.

Cham. Your swords you must leave to these Gentlemen.

Verd. And now, when you dare fight,
We are on even Ice again.

Din. 'Tis well:
To be a Mistris, is to be a monster,
And so I leave your house, and you for ever.

Lam. Leave your wild lusts, and then you are a master.

Cham. You may depart too.

Cler. I had rather stay here.

Cham. Faith we shall fright you worse.

Cler. Not in that manner,
There's five hundred Crowns, fright me but so again.

Din. Come *Cleremont*, this is the hour of fool.

Cler. Wiser the next shall be or we'll to School. [*Exeunt.*

Champ. How coolly these hot gallants are departed!

ACT IV FRENCH LAWYER

Faith Cousin, 'twas unconscionably done,
To lye so still, and so long.

Anab. 'Twas your pleasure,
If 'twere a fault, I may hereafter mend.

Champ. O my best Wife,
Take now what course thou wilt, and lead what 'life.

Lam. The more trust you commit, the more care still,
Goodness and vertue shall attend my will.

Cham. Let's laugh this night out now, and count our gains.
We have our honours home, and they their pains.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleremont, Dinant.

Din. IT holds, they will go thither.

Cler. To their Summer-house?

Din. 'Thither i'th' evening, and which is the most infliction,
Only to insult upon our miseries.

Cler. Are you provided?

Din. Yes, yes.

Cler. Thoroughly?

Din. Thoroughly.

Cler. Basta, enough, I have your mind, I will not fail you.

Din. At such an hour.

Cler. Have I a memory?

A Cause, and Will to do? thou art so sullen—

Din. And shall be, till I have a fair reparation.

Cler. I have more reason, for I scaped a fortune,
Which if I come so near again: I say nothing,
But if I sweat not in another fashion—

O, a delicate Wench.

Din. 'Tis certain a most handsome one.

Cler. And me thought the thing was angry with it self too
It lay so long conceal'd, but I must part with you,
I have a scene of mirth, to drive this from my heart,
And my hour is come.

Din. Miss not your time.

Cler. I dare not.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Sampson, and a Gentleman.

Gent. I presume, Sir, you now need no instruction,
But fairly know, what belongs to a Gentleman;
You bear your Uncles cause.

Sam. Do not disturb me,
I understand my cause, and the right carriage.

Gent. Be not too bloody.

Sam. As I find my enemy; if his sword bite,
If it bite, Sir, you must pardon me.

Gent. No doubt he is valiant,
He durst not undertake else,

Sam. He's most welcome,
As he is most valiant, he were no man for me else.

Gent. But say he should relent.

Sam. He dies relenting,
I cannot help it, he must di[e] relenting,
If he pray, praying, *ipso facto*, praying,
Your honourable way admits no prayer,
And if he fight, he falls, there's his *quietus*.

Gent. Y'are nobly punctual, let's retire and meet 'em,
But still, I say, have mercy.

Samp. I say, honour. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Champernel, Lamira, Anabel, Beaupre, Verdone,
Charlotte and a Servant.*

Lam. Will not you go sweet-heart?

Champ. Go? I'll fly with thee.
I stay behind?

Lam. My Father will be there too,
And all our best friends.

Beau. And if we be not merry,
We have hard luck, Lady.

Verd. Faith let's have a kind of play.

Cham. What shall it be?

Verd. The story of *Dinant*.

Lam. With the merry conceits of *Cleremont*,
His Fits and Feavers.

Ana. But I'll lie still no more.

Lam. That, as you make the Play, 'twill be rare sport,

And how 'twill vex my gallants, when they hear it!
Have you given order for the Coach?

Charl. Yes, Madam.

Cham. My easie Nag, and padd.

Serv. 'Tis making ready.

Champ. Where are your Horses?

Beau. Ready at an hour, Sir: we'll not be last.

Cham. Fie, what a night shall we have!

A roaring, merry night.

Lam. We'll flie at all, Sir.

Cham. I'll flie at thee too, finely, and so ruffle thee,
I'll try your Art upon a Country pallet.

Lam. Brag not too much, for fear I should expect it,
Then if you fail—

Cham. Thou saiest too true, we all talk.
But let's in, and prepare, and after dinner
Begin our mirthful pilgrimage.

Lam. He that's sad,

A crab-face'd Mistris cleave to him for this year. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cleremont, and La-writ.

La-writ. Since it cannot be the Judge—

Cler. 'Tis a great deal better.

La-writ. You are sure, he is his kinsman? a Gentleman?

Cler. As arrant a Gentleman, and a brave fellow,

And so near to his blood—

La-writ. It shall suffice,

I'll set him further off, I'll give a remove
Shall quit his kindred, I'll lopp him.

Cl[e]r. Will ye kill him?

(him,

La-w. And there were no more Cousins in the world I kill
I do mean, Sir, to kill all my Lords kindred.
For every cause a Cousin.

Cler. How if he have no more Cousins?

La-writ. The next a kin then to his Lordships favour;
The man he smiles upon.

Cler. Why this is vengeance, horrid, and dire.

La-writ. I love a dire revenge:

Give me the man that will all others kill,
And last himself,

Cler. You stole that resolution.

La-writ. I had it in a Play, but that's all one,
I wou'd see it done.

Cler. Come, you must be more merciful.

La-writ. To no Lords Cousins in the world, I hate 'em;
A Lords Cousin to me is a kind of Cockatrice,
If I see him first, he dies.

A strange Antipathy.

Cler. What think you of their Nieces?

La-writ. If I like 'em,
They may live, and multiply; 'tis a cold morning.

Cler. 'Tis sharp indeed; you have broke your fast?

La-writ. No verily.

Cler. Your valour would have ask'd a good foundation.

La-writ. Hang him, I'll kill him fasting.

Enter Sampson and the Gent.

Cler. Here they come,
Bear your self in your language, smooth and gently,
When your swords argue.

La-writ. 'Pray Sir, spare your precepts.

Gent. I have brought you, Sir—

La-writ. 'Tis very well, no words,
You are welcome, Sir.

Sam. I thank you, Sir, few words.

La-writ. I'll kill you for your Uncles sake.

Sam. I love you,
I'll cut your throat for your own sake.

La-writ. I esteem of you.

Cler. Let's render 'em honest, and fair, Gentlemen,
Search my friend, I'll search yours.

Gent. That's quickly done.

Cler. You come with no Spells, nor Witchcrafts?

Sam. I come fairly to kill him honestly.

La-writ. Hang Spells, and Witchcrafts,
I come to kill my Lords Nephew like a Gentleman,
And so I kiss his hand.

Gent. This Doublet is too stiff.

La-writ. Off with't, I hate it,
And all such fortifications, feel my skin,

If that be stiff, flea that off too.

Gent. 'Tis no soft one.

La-writ. Off with't, I say:

I'll fight with him like a flea'd Cat.

Gent. You are well, you are well.

Cler. You must uncase too.

Sam. Yes, Sir.

But tell me this, why should I mix mine honour

With a fellow, that has ne're a lace in's shirt?

Gent. That's a main point, my friend has two.

Cler. That's true, Sir.

La-w. Base and degenerate Cousin, dost not thou know

An old, and tatter'd colours, to the enemy,

Is of more honour, and shews more ominous?

This shirt, five times, victorious I have fought under,

And cut through squadrons of your curious cut-works,

As I will do through thine, shake, and be satisfied.

Cler. This is unanswerable.

Sam. But may I fight with a foul shirt?

Gent. Most certain, so it be a fighting shirt,

Let it be ne're so foul, or lowsie, *Cæsar* wore such a one.

Sam. Saint *Denis* then: I accept your shirt.

Cler. Not so forward, first you must talk,

'Tis a main point, of the French method,

Talk civilly, and make your cause Authentick.

Gent. No weapon must be near you, nor no anger.

Cler. When you have done, then stir your resolutions,

Take to your Weapons bravely.

La-writ. 'Tis too cold;

This for a Summer fight.

Cler. Not for a world you should transgress the rules.

Sam. 'Tis pievish weather,

I had rather fight without.

Gent. An 'twere in a River.

Cler. Where both stood up to th' chins.

La-writ. Then let's talk quickly,

Pl—— o' this circumstance.

Cler. Are the Horses come yet?

Gent. Yes certain: give your swords to us, now civilly.

Cler. We'll stand a while off; take the things, and leave 'em,

You know when, and let the children play:
This is a dainty time of year for puppies,
Would the old Lord were here.

Gent. He would dye with laughter.

Cler. I am sorry I have no time to see this game out,
Away, away.

Gent. Here's like to be a hot fight,
Call when y'are fit. [*Ex. Cler. and Gent.*]

La-writ. Why look you Sir, you seem to be a Gentleman,
And you come in honour of your Uncle, boh, boh, 'tis very
Your Uncle has offer'd me some few affronts, (cold;
Past flesh and blood to bear: boh, boh, wondrous cold.

Sam. My Lord, mine Uncle, is an honourable man,
And what he offers, boh, boh, cold indeed,
Having made choice of me, an unworthy kinsman,
Yet take me with you: boh, boh, pestilence cold,
Not altogether.

La-writ. Boh, boh, I say altogether.

Sam. You say you know not what then? boh, boh, Sir.

La-writ. Sir me with your sword in your hand;
You have a scurvy Uncle, you have a most scurvy cause,
And you are—boh, boh.

Sam. Boh, boh, what?

La-writ. A shitten scurvy Cousin.

Samp. Our Swords; our Swords;
Thou art a Dog, and like a Dog, our Swords.

La-w. Our weapons Gentlemen: ha? where's your second?

Sam. Where's yours?

La-writ. So ho; our weapons.

Sam. Wa, ha, ho, our weapons;
Our Doublets and our weapons, I am dead.

La-w. First, second, third, a pl—— be wi' you Gentlemen.

Sam. Are these the rules of honour? I am starv'd.

La-w. They are gone, and we are here; what shall we do?

Sam. O for a couple of Faggots.

La-w. Hang a couple of Faggots.
Dar'st thou take a killing cold with me?

Sam. I have it already. (Doublets?)

La-w. Rogues, Thieves, boh, boh, run away with our
To fight at Buffets now, 'twere such a May-game.

Sam. There were no honour in't, pl—— on't, 'tis scurvy.

La-w. Or to revenge my wrongs at fisty-cuffes.

Sam. My Lord, mine Uncles cause, depend on Boxes?

La-w. Let's go in quest, if we ever recover 'em.

Sam. I, come, our Colds together, and our Doublets.

La-w. Give me thy hand; thou art a valiant Gentleman,
I say if ever we recover 'em—

Sam. Let's get into a house and warm our hearts.

La-w. There's ne're a house within this mile, beat me,
Kick me and beat me as I go, and I'll beat thee too,
To keep us warm; if ever we recover 'em—
Kick hard, I am frozen: so, so, now I feel it.

Sam. I am dull yet.

La-w. I'll warm thee, I'll warm thee—Gentlemen?
Rogues, Thieves, Thieves: run now I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone,
Lamira, Annabel, Charlotte, *Nurse.*

Verta. Use legs, and have legs.

Cham. You that have legs say so,
I put my one to too much stress.

Verdo. Your Horse, Sir,
Will meet you within half a mile.

Lam. I like
The walk so well, I should not miss my Coach,
Though it were further. *Annabel* thou art sad:
What ails my Niece?

Beau. She's still musing, Sister,
How quietly her late bed-fellow lay by her.

Nurse. Old as I am, he would have startled me,
Nor can you blame her.

Char. Had I ta'ne her place,
I know not, but I fear, I should ha' shreek'd,
Though he had never offer'd—

Ana. Out upon thee,
Thou wouldst have taught him.

Char. I think, with your pardon,
That you wish now you had.

Ana. I am glad I yield you
Such ample scope of mirth.

[*Cornet.*
[*Musick within.*

Verta. Nay, be not angry,
There's no ill meant: ha? Musick, and choice Musick?

Cham. 'Tis near us in the Grove; what courteous bounty
Bestows it on us? my dancing days are done;
Yet I would thank the giver, did I know him.

Verdo. 'Tis questionless, some one of your own Village,
That hearing of your purpos'd journey thither,
Prepares it for your entertainment, and
The honour of my Lady.

Lam. I think rather,
Some of your Lordships Clients.

Beaup. What say you Cousin,
If they should prove your Suitors?

Verd. That's most likely.

Nurse. I say if you are noble, be't who will,
Go presently and thank 'em: I can jump yet,
Or tread a measure.

Lam. Like a Millers Mare.

Nurs. I warrant you well enough to serve the Country,
I'll make one, and lead the way. [Exit.

Charl. Do you note,
How zealous the old Crone is?

Lam. And you titter
As eagerly as she: come sweet, we'll follow,
No ill can be intended.

[Musick ends.

Cham. I ne're feared yet.

[Exeunt.

SONG in the Wood.

THis way, this way come and hear,
You that hold these pleasures dear,
Fill your ears with our sweet sound,
Whilst we melt the frozen ground:
This way come, make haste oh fair,
Let your clear eyes gild the Air;
Come and bless us with your sight,
This way, this way, seek delight.

Enter a company of Gentlemen, like Ruffians.

I Gent. They are ours, but draw them on a little further
From the foot-path into the neighbouring thicket,

And we may do't, as safe as in a Castle.

2 *Gent.* They follow still; the President *Vertaigne*
Comes on a pace, and *Champernel* limps after;
The Women, as if they had wings, and walk't
Upon the Air, fly to us.

1 *Gent.* They are welcome,
We'll make 'em sport; make a stand here, all know
How we are to proceed.

2 *Gent.* We are instructed. [*Still Musick within.*]

1 *Gent.* One strain or two more. [*Gent. off.*]

*Enter Vertaigne, Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone,
Lamira, Anabel, Nurse, Charlote.*

Excellent, they are come.

Nurse. We cannot miss, in such a business, yet
Mine ear ne'r fail'd me. [*Musick for the Dance.*]

Charl. Would we were at it once,
I do not walk, but Dance.

1 *Gent.* You shall have dancing.
Begin, and when I give the word—

2 *Gent.* No more:
We are instructed. [*Dance.*]

Beaupre. But win us fairly—

1 *Gent.* O Sir, we do not come to try your valour,
But to possess you, yet we use you kindly
In that, like English Thieves, we kill you not,
But are contented with the spoil.

Verta. Oh Heaven!

How hath mine age deserv'd this?

Cham. Hell confound it,
This comes of walking; had I kept my legs,
Or my good Horse, my Armour on,
My Staff in my rest, and this good Sword too, friend,
How I would break and scatter these.

All Gent. Ha, ha, ha.

Cham. Do you scorn me Rogues?

Nurs. Nay, Gentlemen, kind Gentlemen,
Or honest keepers of these woods, but hear me,
Be not so rough; if you are taken with
My beauty, as it hath been worth the seeking,

Some one or two of you try me in private,
You shall not find me squeamish.

Charl. Do not kill me,
And do your worst, I'll suffer.

Lam. Peace vile creatures.

Vert. Do you know me, or my place, that you presume not
To touch my person?

i Gent. If you are well, rest so,
Provoke not angry Wasps.

Verta. You are Wasps indeed,
Never created to yield Wax or Honey,
But for your Countries torment; yet if you are men,
(As you seem such in shape) if true born French-men,
However want compels you to these courses,
Rest satisfied with what you can take from us,
(These Ladies honours, and our liberties safe)
We freely give it.

i Gent. You give but our own.

Verta. Look on these grey hairs, as you would be old,
Their tears, as you would have yours to find mercy
When Justice shall o'retake you.

Cham. Look on me,
Look on me Rascals, and learn of me too,
That have been in some part of your profession,
Before that most of you ere suck'd, I know it,
I have rode hard, and late too.

Verta. Take heed, Sir.

Cham. Then use me like a Brother of the Trade,
For I have been at Sea, as you on land are,
Restore my Matrimony undefil'd,
Wrong not my Neece, and for our gold or silver,
If I pursue you, hang me.

Nurs. 'Tis well offer'd,
And as I said, sweet Gentlemen, with sowre faces,
If you are high, and want some sport, or so,
(As living without action here, you may do)
Forbear their tender grissels, they are meat
Will wash away, there is no substance in it,
We that are expert in the game, and tough too,
Will hold you play.

Enter Dinant and Cleremont.

1 *Gent.* This Hen longs to be troden.

Din. Lackey, my Horse.

Cler. This way, I heard the cries
Of distress'd Women.

2 *Gent.* Stand upon your guard.

Din. Who's here? my witty, scornful Lady-plot
In the hands of Ruffians?

Cler. And my fine cold virgin,
That was insensible of man, and woman?

Din. Justice too,
Without a sword to guard it self?

Cler. And valour with its hands bound?

Din. And the great Souldier dull?
Why this is strange.

Lam. *Dinant* as thou art noble—

Ana. As thou art valiant *Cleremont*—

Lam. As ever I appear'd lovely—

Ana. As you ever hope

For what I would give gladly—

Cler. Pretty conjurations.

Lam. All injuries a little laid behind you.

Ana. Shew your selves men, and help us.

Din. Though your many
And gross abuses of me should more move me
To triumph in your miseries than relieve you,—
Yet that hereafter you may know that I
The scorn'd and despis'd *Dinant*, know what does
Belong to honour, thus—

Cler. I will say little, [*Fight.*
Speak thou for me.

Cham. 'Tis bravely fought.

Verta. Brave tempers,
To do thus for their enemies.

Cham. They are lost yet.

1 *Gent.* You that would rescue others, shall now feel
What they were born to.

2 *Gent.* Hurry them away. [*Ex. Manent Vert.*

Cham. That I could follow them. and Champernel.

Verta. I only can lament my fortune, and desire of heaven
A little life for my revenge.

Cham. The Provost
Shall fire the woods, but I will find 'em out,
No cave, no rock, nor hell shall keep them from
My searching vengeance.

Enter La-writ, and Sampson.

La-writ. O cold ! O fearfull cold ! plague of all seconds.

Samp. O for a pint of burnt wine, or a sip
Of *aqua-fortis*.

Cham. The rogues have met with these two
Upon my life and rob'd 'em.

La-writ. As you are honourable Gentlemen,
Impart unto a couple of cold combatants.

Sam. My Lord, mine uncle as I live.

La-writ. Pox take him.
How that word has warm'd my mouth !

Verta. Why how now Cousin ?
Why, why ? and where man, have you been ? at a Poulterers
That you are cas'd thus like a rabbit ? I could laugh now,
And I shall laugh, for all I have lost my Children,
Laugh monstrously.

Cham. What are they ?

Verta. Give me leave Sir,
Laugh more and more, never leave laughing.

Cham. Why Sir ?

Verta. Why 'tis such a thing I smell it Sir, I smell it,
Such a ridiculous thing,—

La-writ. Do you laugh at me my Lord ?
I am very cold, but that should not be laugh'd at.

Cham. What art thou ?

La-writ. What art thou ?

Sam. If he had his doublet,—
And his sword by his side, as a Gentleman ought to have.

Verta. Peace Monsieur *Sampson*.

Cham. Come hither little Gentleman.

La-writ. Base is the slave commanded : come to me.

Verta. This is the little advocate,

Cham. What advocate ?

Verta. The little advocate that sent me a challenge,
I told you that my Nephew undertook it,
And what 'twas like to prove: now you see the issue.

Cham. Is this the little Lawyer?

La-writ. You have a sword Sir,
And I have none, you have a doublet too
That keeps you warm, and makes you merry.

Sam. If your Lordship knew
The nature, and the nobleness of the Gentleman,
Though he shew slight here, and at what gusts of danger
His manhood has arrived,

But that

Mens fates are foolish,
And often headlong overrun their fortunes.

La-writ. That little Lawyer would so prick his ears up,
And bite your honour by the nose.

Cham. Say you so Sir? (too.

La-writ. So niggle about your grave shins Lord *Verta*[ig]ne

Sam. No more sweet Gentleman, no more of that Sir.

La-writ. I will have more, I must have more.

Verta. Out with it.

Sam. Nay he is as brave a fellow.—

Cham. Have I caught you? [Strikes him down.

Verta. Do not kill him, do not kill him.

Cham. No, no, no, I will not. Do you peep again?
Down down proud heart.

Sam. O valour,
Look up brave friend, I have no means to rescue thee,
My Kingdom for a sword.

Cham. I'll sword you presently,
I'll claw your skin coat too.

Verta. Away good *Sampson*,
You go to grass else instantly.

Sam. But do not murder my brave friend.

Verta. Not one word.

Cham. If you do sirra—

Sam. Must I goe off dishonour'd?
Adversity tries valour, so I leave thee.

[Exit

Cham. Are you a Lawyer Sir?

La-writ. I was, I was Sir.

Cham. Nay never look, your Lawyers pate is broken,
And your litigious blood about your ears sirra,
Why do you fight and snarle?

La-writ. I was possest.

Cham. I'll dispossess you.

Verta. Ha, ha, ha.

La-writ. *Et tu Brute?*

Verta. Beat him no more.

Cham. Alas Sir I must beat him,
Beat him into his business again, he will be lost else.

Verta. Then take your way.

Cham. Ly still, and doe not struggle.

La-writ. I am patient,
I never saw my blood before, it jades me,
I have no more heart now than a goose. (of living,

Cham. Why sirra, why do you leave your trade, your trade
And send your challenges like thunderbolts,
To men of honour'd place?

La-writ. I understand Sir,
I never understood before your beating.

Cham. Does this work on you?

La-writ. Yes.

Cham. Do you thank me for't?

La-writ. As well as a beaten man can.

Cham. And do you promise me,
To fall close to your trade again? leave brawling?

La-writ. If you will give me leave and life.

Cham. And ask this noble man forgiveness?

La-writ. Heartily. (you

Cham. Rise then, and get you gone, and let me hear of
As of an advocate new vampt; no more words,
Get you off quickly, and make no murmurs,
I shall pursue you else.

La-writ. I have done sweet Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Verta. But we forget our selves, our friends and Children.

Cham. We'll raise the country first, then take our fortunes.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter one Gentleman, and Lamira.

1 Gent. Shall I entreat for what I may command?

Lam. Think on my birth.

1 Gent. Here I am only Noble,
A King, and thou in my dominions, fool,
A subject and a slave.

Lam. Be not a Tyrant,
A ravisher of honour, gentle Sir,
And I will think ye such, and on my knees,
As to my Sovereign, pay a Subjects duty,
With prayers and tears.

1 Gent. I like this humble carriage,
I will walk by, but kneel you still and weep too,
It shews well, while I meditate on the prey,
Before I seize it.

Lam. Is there no mercie, Heaven?

Enter second Gent. and Anabel.

2 Gent. Not kiss you?
I will kiss and kiss again.

Ana. Savage villain!
My Innocence be my strength, I do defie thee,
Thus scorn and spit at thee; will you come on Sir?
You are hot, there is a cooler.

2 Gent. A virago? (dess,

Ana. No, loathsome Goat, more, more, I am that God-
That here with whips of steel in hell hereafter
Scourge rape and theft.

2 Gent. I'll try your deity.

Ana. My chastity, and this knife held by a Virgin,
Against thy lust, thy sword and thee a Beast,
Call on for the encounter.

2 Gent. Now what think you? [*Throws her and*
Are you a Goddess? *taks her Knife.*

Ana. In me their power suffers,
That should protect the Innocent.

1 Gent. I am all fire,
And thou shalt quench it, and serve my pleasures.
Come partner in the spoil and the reward,
Let us enjoy our purchase.

Lam. O Dinant!
O Heaven! O Husband!

Ana. O my *Cleremont* !

1 Gent. Two are our slaves they call on, bring 'em forth
As they are chain'd together, let them see
And suffer in the object.

*Enter Dinant, and Cleremont, bound by the
rest of the Gent.*

2 Gent. While we sit
And without pity hear 'em.

Cler. By my life,
I suffer more for thee than for my self.

Din. Be a man *Cleremont*, and look upon 'em
As such that not alone abus'd our service,
Fed us with hopes most bitter in digestion,
But when love fail'd, to draw on further mischief,
The baits they laid for us, were our own honours,
Which thus hath made us slaves too, worse than slaves.

2 Gent. He dies.

1 Gent. Pray hold, give him a little respite.

Din. I see you now beyond expression wretched,
The wit you brag'd of fool'd, that boasted honour,
As you believ'd compass'd with walls of brass,
To guard it sure, subject to be o'rethrown
With the least blast of lust.

Lam. A most sad truth.

Din. That confidence which was not to be shaken
In a perpetual fever, and those favours,
Which with so strong and Ceremonious duty
Your lover and a Gentleman long sought for,
Sought, sued, and kneel'd in vain for, must you yield up
To a licentious villain, that will hardly
Allow you thanks for't.

Cler. Something I must say too,
And to you pretty one, though crying one ;
To be hang'd now, when these worshipful benchers please,
Though I know not their faces that condemn me,
A little startles me, but a man is nothing,
A Maidenhead is the thing, the thing all aim at ;
Do not you wish now, and wish from your heart too,

When scarce sweet with my fears, I long lay by you
Those fears you and your good Aunt put upon me,
To make you sport, you had given a little hint,
A touch or so, to tell me I was mortal,
And by a mortal woman?

Ana. Pray you no more.

Cler. If I had loos'd that virgin Zone, observe me,
I would have hired the best of all our Poets
To have sung so much, and so well in the honour
Of that nights joy, that *Ovids* afternoon,
Nor his *Corinna* should again be mention'd.

Ana. I do repent, and wish I had.

Cler. That's comfort,
But now—

2 *Gent.* Another that will have it offer'd,
Compel it to be offer'd, shall enjoy it.

Cler. A rogue, a ruffian.

2 *Gent.* As you love your throat,—

1 *Gent.* Away with them.

Ana. O *Cleremont*!

Lam. O *Dinant*!

Din. I can but add your sorrows to my sorrows,
Your fears to my fears.

Cler. To your wishes mine,
This slave may prove unable to perform,
Till I perform the task that I was born for.

Ana. Amen, amen.

1 *Gent.* Drag the slaves hence, for you
A while I'll lock you up here, study all ways
You can to please me, or the deed being done,
You are but dead.

2 *Gent.* This strong Vault shall contain you,
There think how many for your maidenhead
Have pin'd away, and be prepar'd to lose it
With penitence.

1 *Gent.* No humane help can save you.

Ladies. Help, help!

2 *Gent.* You cry in vain, rocks cannot hear you.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

A Horrid noise of Musique within,
*Enter one and opens the door, in which Lamira and
 Anabel were shut, they in all fear.*

Lam. O Cousin how I shake all this long night!
 What frights and noises we have heard, still they
 The villains put on shapes to torture us, (encrease,
 And to their Devils form such preparations
 As if they were a hatching new dishonours,
 And fatal ruine, past dull mans invention.
 Goe not too far, and pray good Cousin *Anabel*,
 Hark a new noise. [*A strange Musick.*

Ana. They are exquisite in mischief, *Sackbut & Troop*
 I will goe on, this room gives no protection, *Musick.*
 More than the next, what's that? how sad and hollow,
 The sound comes to us. [*Thieves peeping.*

Lam. Groaning? or singing is it? *Louder.*

Ana. The wind I think, murmuring amongst old rooms.

Lam. Now it grows lowder, sure some sad presage
 Of our foul loss—look now they peep.

Ana. Pox peep 'em.

Lam. O give them gentle language.

Ana. Give 'em rats-bane. [*Peep above.*

Lam. Now they are above.

Ana. I would they were i'th' Center.

Lam. Thou art so foolish desperate.

Ana. Since we must lose.

Lam. Call 'em brave fellows, Gentlemen.

Ana. Call 'em rogues,

Rogues as they are, rude rogues, uncivil villains.

Lam. Look an thou woo't beware, dost thou feel the danger?

Ana. Till the danger feel me, thus will I talk still,
 And worse when that comes too; they cannot eat me.

This is a punishment, upon our own prides

Most justly laid; we must abuse brave Gentlemen,

Make 'em tame fools, and hobby-horses, laugh and jear at

Such men too, and so handsom and so Noble,

That howsoe're we seem'd to carry it—

Wou'd 'twere to do again.

Lam. I do confess cousin,
I was too harsh, too foolish.

Ana. Do you feel it?
Do you find it now? take heed o'th' punishment,
We might have had two gallant Gentlemen,
Proper, young, O how it tortures me!
Two Devils now, two rascals, two and twenty—

Lam. O think not so.

Ana. Nay an we 'scape so modestly—

Lam. May we be worthy any eyes, or knowledge,
When we are used thus?

Ana. Why not? why do you cry?
Are we not women still? what were we made for?

Lam. But thus, thus basely—

Ana. 'Tis against our [w]ills,
And if there come a thousand so,—

Lam. Out on thee.

Ana. You are a fool, what we cannot resist,
Why should we grieve and blush for? there be women,
And they that bear the name of excellent women
Would give their whole estates to meet this fortune.

Lam. Hark, a new noise. *[New sound within.]*

Ana. Let 'em goe on, I fear not,
If wrangling, fighting and scratching cannot preserve me,
Why so be it Cousin; if I be ordain'd
To breed a race of rogues.—

*Enter four over the stage with Beaupre, and Verdone,
bound and halters about their necks.*

Lam. They come.

Ana. Be firm,
They are welcom.

Lam. What mask of death is this? O my dear Brother.

Ana. My Couz too; why now y'are glorious villains.

Lam. O shall we lose our honours?

Ana. Let 'em goe,
When death prepares the way, they are but Pageants.
Why must these dye?

Beau. Lament your own misfortunes,

We perish happily before your ruins.

Ana. Has mischief ne'r a tongue?

I Gent. Yes foolish woman,
Our Captains will is death.

Ana. You dare not do it.

Tell thy base boisterous Captain what I say,
Thy lawless Captain that he dares not;
Do you laugh you rogue? you pamper'd rogue?

Lam. Good Sir,

Good Cousin gently, as y'are a Gentleman,—

Ana. A Gentleman? a slave, a dog, the devils harbinger.

Lam. Sir as you had a Mother.

Ana. He a Mother?

Shame not the name of Mother, a she Bear
A bloody old wolf bitch, a woman Mother?
Looks that rude lump, as if he had a Mother?
Intreat him? hang him, do thy worst, thou dar'st not,
Thou dar'st not wrong their lives, thy Captain dares not,
They are persons of more price.

Ver. What e're we suffer

Let not your angers wrong you.

Ana. You cannot suffer,

The men that do this deed, must live i'th' moon
Free from the gripe of Justice.

Lam. Is it not better?

Ana. Is it not better? let 'em goe on like rascals
And put false faces on; they dare not do it;
Flatter such scabbs of nature?

Gent. Woman, woman

The next work is with you.

Ana. Unbind those Gentlemen,

And put their fatal fortunes on our necks.

Lam. As you have mercy do.

Ana. As you are monsters.

Lam. Fright us no more with shipwrack of our honours
Nor if there be a guilt by us committed
Let it endanger those.

Ana. I say they dare not,

There be a thousand gallouses, ye rogues,
Tortures, ye bloody rogues, wheels.

Gent. Away.

Lam. Stay.

Ana. Stay.

Stay and I'll flatter too: good sweet fac'd Gentlemen,
You excellent in honesty; O Kinsmen!

O Noble kinsmen!

Gent. Away with 'em. [*Ex. Ver. Beaup. and Gent.*]

Ana. Stay yet.

The Devil and his lovely dam walk with you,
Come fortify your self, if they do dy,
Which all their ruggedness cannot rack into me,
They cannot find an hour more Innocent,
Nor more friends to revenge 'em.

Enter Cleremont, disguis'd.

Lam. Now stand constant,
For now our tryal's come.

Cler. This beautie's mine,
Your minute moves not yet.

Lam. She sinks if Christian,
If any spark of noble heat.—

Cler. Rise Lady
And fearless rise, there's no dishonour meant you,
Do you know my tongue?

Ana. I have heard it.

Cler. Mark it better,
I am one that loves you, fairly, nobly loves you,
Look on my face?

Ana. O Sir?

Cler. No more words, softly
Hark, but hark wisely how, understand well,
Suspect not, fear not.

Ana. You have brought me comfort.

Cler. If you think me worthy of your husband,
I am no rogue nor Begger, if you dare do thus—

Ana. You are Monsieur *Cleremont*.

Cler. I am the same,
If you dare venture, speak, if not I leave you,
And leave you to the mercy of these villains
That will not wooe ye much.

Ana. Save my reputation,
And free me from these slaves.

Cler. By this kiss I'll do it,
And from the least dishonour they dare aim at you,
I have a Priest too, shall be ready.

Ana. You are forward.

Lam. Is this my constant cousin? how she whispers,
Kisses and hugs the thief!

Ana. You'll offer nothing.

Cler. Till all be tyed,
Not as I am a Gentleman.

Ana. Can you relieve my Aunt too?

Cler. Not yet Mistris,
But fear nothing, all shall be well, away quickly
It must be done i'th' moment or—

Ana. I am with ye.

Cler. I'll know now who sleeps by me, keep your standing.
[*Ex. Cler. and Anabel.*]

Lam. Well, go thy way, and thine own shame dwell with
Is this the constancy she shew'd, the bravery? (thee.)
The dear love and the life she ow'd her kinsmen?
O brave tongue, valiant glorious woman!
Is this the noble anger you arriv'd at?
Are these the thieves you scorn'd, the rogues you rail'd at?
The scabs and scums of nature? O fair modesty,
Excellent vertue, whither art thou fled?
What hand O Heaven is over us, when strong virgins
Yield to their fears, and to their fears their fortunes?
Never belief come near me more, farewell wench,
A long farewell from all that ever knew thee:
My turn is next,
I am resolv'd, it comes
But in a nobler shape, ha?

Enter Dinant.

Din. Blesse ye Lady.

Lam. Indeed Sir, I had need of many blessings,
For all the hours I have had since I came here,
Have been so many curses. How got you liberty?
For I presume you come to comfort me.

Din. To comfort you, and love you, 'tis most true,
My bondage was as yours, as full of bitterness
And every hour my death.

Lam. Heaven was your comfort.

Din. Till the last evening, sitting full of sadness,
Wailing, sweet Mistris, your unhappy fortunes,
(Mine own I had the least care of) round about me
The Captain and the company stood gaping,
When I began the story of my love
To you fair Saint, and with so full a sorrow,
Follow'd each point, that even from those rude eyes,
That never knew what pity meant or mercy,
There stole down soft relentings: take heed Mistris,
And let not such unholy hearts outdo you,
The soft plum'd god will see again; thus taken,
As men transform'd with the strange tale I told,
They stood amaz'd, then bid me rise and live,
Take liberty and means to see your person,
And wisht me prosperous in your love, wish you so,
Be wise and loving Lady, shew but you so.

Lam. O Sir, are these fit hours to talk of love in?
Shall we make fools of our afflictions?
Can any thing sound sweetly in mine ears,
Where all the noise of bloody horror is?
My Brother, and my Cousin, they are dead Sir,
Dead, basely dead, is this an age to fool in?
And I my self, I know not what I shall be,
Yet I must thank you, and if happily
You had ask'd me yesterday, when these were living,
And my fears less, I might have hearkned to you.

Din. Peace to your grief, I bind you to your word.

*Enter Cleremont, Anabel, Beaupre, Verdone,
Charlotte, Nurse, the two Gentlemen.*

Lam. How? do you conjure?

Din. Not to raise dreadfull apparitions, Madam,
But such as you would gladly see.

Lam. My Brother, and nephew living?

Beau. And both owe their lives
To the favour of these Gentlemen.

Verd. Who deserve
Our service, and for us, your gracious thanks.

Lam. Which I give freely, and become a suitor,
To be hereafter more familiar [Kisse.
With such great worth and vertue.

1 *Gent.* Ever think us
Your servants, Madam.

Cler. Why if thou wilt needs know
How we are freed, I will discover it,
And with laconick brevity: these Gentlemen
This night incountring with those outlaws that
Yesterday made us prisoners, and as we were
Attempted by 'em they with greater courage,
(I am sure with better fortune) not alone,
Guarded themselves, but forc'd the bloody thieves,
Being got between them, and this hellish Cave,
For safety of their lives, to fly up higher
Into the woods, all left to their possession,
This sav'd your Brother, and your nephew from
The gibbet, this redeem'd me from my Chains,
And gave my friend his liberty, this preserv'd
Your honour ready to be lost.

Din. But that
I know this for a ly, and that the thieves
And gentlemen, are the same men, by my practice
Suborn'd to this, he does deliver it
With such a constant brow, that I am doubtfull,
I should believe him too.

1 *Gent.* If we did well,
We are rewarded.

2 *Gent.* Thanks but takes away
From what was freely purpos'd.

Cler. Now by this hand,
You have so cunningly discharg'd your parts,
That while we live, rest confident you shall
Command *Dinant* and *Cleremont*; nor *Beaupre*,
Nor *Verdone* scents it: for the Ladies, they
Were easie to be gull'd.

1 *Gent.* 'Twas but a jest,
And yet the jest may chance to break our necks

Should it be known.

Cler. Fear nothing.

Din. *Cleremont,*

Say, what success?

Cler. As thou wouldst wish, 'tis done Lad,
The grove will witness with me, that this night
I lay not like a block: but how speed you?

Din. I yet am in suspence, devise some means
To get these off, and speedily.

Cler. I have it,

Come, we are dull, I think that the good fellows,
Our predecessors in this place, were not
So foolish, and improvident husbands, but
'Twill yield us meat and wine.

Gent. Let's ransack it,

'Tis ours now by the Law.

Cler. How say you sweet one,

Have you an appetite?

Ana. To walk again

I'th' Woods, if you think fit, rather than eat.

Cler. A little respite prethee; nay blush not,
You ask but what's your own, and warrantable:

Monsieur, Beaupre, Verdone,

What think you of the motion?

Verd. Lead the way.

Beau. We follow willingly. [*Ex. Man. Din. and Lam.*]

Cler. When you shall think fit,

We will expect you.

Din. Now be mistress of

Your promise Lady.

Lam. 'Twas to give you hearing.

Din. But that word hearing, did include a grant,
And you must make it good.

Lam. Must?

Din. Must and shall,

I will be fool'd no more, you had your tricks;
Made properties of me, and of my friend;
Presum'd upon your power, and whip'd me with
The rod of mine own dotage: do not flatter
Your self with hope, that any humane help

Can free you, and for aid by miracle
A base unthankfull woman is unworthy.

Lam. You will not force me?

Din. Rather than enjoy you
With your consent, because I will torment you;
I'll make you feel the effects of abus'd love,
And glory in your torture.

Lam. Brother, Nephew,
Help, help, for Heavens sake.

Din. Tear your throat, cry louder,
Though every leaf, these trees bear, were an Echo,
And summon'd in your best friends to redeem you,
It should be fruitless: 'tis not that I love you,
Or value those delights you prize so high,
That I'll enjoy you, a French crown will buy
More sport, and a companion, to whom,
You in your best trim are an Ethiop.

Lam. Forbear me then.

Din. Not so, I'll do't in spite,
And break that stubborn disobedient will,
That hath so long held out, that boasted honour
I will make equal with a common Whores;
The spring of Chastity, that fed your pride,
And grew into a River of vain glory,
I will defile with mudd, the mudd of lust,
And make it loathsome even to goats.

Lam. O Heaven!
No pity Sir?

Din. You taught me to be cruel,
And dare you think of mercy? I'll tell thee fool,
Those that surpriz'd thee, were my instruments,
I can plot too good Madam, you shall find it:
And in the stead of licking of my fingers,
Kneeling and whining like a boy new breech'd,
To get a toy forsooth, not worth an apple,
Thus make my way, and with Authority
Command what I would have.

Lam. I am lost for ever:
Good Sir, I do confess my fault, my gross fault,
And yield my self up, miserable guilty;

Thus kneeling I confess, you cannot study
 Sufficient punishments to load me with;
 I am in your power, and I confess again,
 You cannot be too cruel: if there be,
 Besides the loss of my long guarded honour,
 Any thing else to make the ballance even,
 Pray put it in, all hopes, all helps have left me;
 I am girt round with sorrow, hell's about me,
 And ravishment the least that I can look for,
 Do what you please.

Din. Indeed I will do nothing,
 Nor touch nor hurt you Lady, nor had ever
 Such a lewd purpose.

Lam. Can there be such goodness,
 And in a man so injur'd?

Din. Be confirm'd in't.
 I seal it thus: I must confess you vex'd me,
 In fooling me so often, and those fears
 You threw upon me call'd for a requital,
 Which now I have return'd, all unchast love
Dinant thus throws away; live to man-kind,
 As you have done to me, and I will honour
 Your vertue, and no more think of your beauty.

Lam. All I possess, comes short of satisfaction.

Din. No complements: the terrours of this night
 Imagine but a fearfull dream, and so
 With ease forget it: for *Dinant*, that labour'd
 To blast your honour, is a Champion for it,
 And will protect and guard it.

Lam. 'Tis as safe then,
 As if a compleat Army undertook it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter La-writ, Sampson, Clyents.

La-writ. Do not perswade me gentle Monsieur *Sampson*,
 I am a mortal man again, a Lawyer,
 My martiall part I have put off.

Sam. Sweet Monsieur,
 Let but our honours teach us.

La-writ. Monsieur *Sampson*,
 My honourable friend, my valiant friend,

Be but so beaten, forward my brave Clients,
I am yours, and you are mine again, be but so thrasht,
Receive that Castigation with a cudgel.

Sam. Which calls upon us for a Reparation.

La-writ. I have, it cost me half a crown, I bear it
All over me, I bear it Monsieur *Sampson*;
The oyls, and the old woman that repairs to me,
To 'noint my beaten body.

Sam. It concerns you,
You have been swing'd.

La-writ. Let it concern thee too;
Goe and be beaten, speak scurvy words, as I did,
Speak to that Lion Lord, waken his anger,
And have a hundred Bastinado's, doe;
Three broken pates, thy teeth knockt out, do *Sampson*,
Thy valiant arms and leggs beaten to Poulcesses,
Do silly *Sampson*, do.

1 Cly. You wrong the Gentleman,
To put him out of his right mind thus:
You wrong us, and our Causes.

La-writ. Down with him Gentlemen,
Turn him, and beat him, if he break our peace,
Then when thou hast been Lam'd, thy small guts perisht,
Then talk to me, before I scorn thy counsel,
Feel what I feel, and let my Lord repair thee.

Sam. And can the brave *La-writ*—

2 Cly. Tempt him no further,
Be warn'd and say no more.

La-writ. If thou doest, *Sampson*,
Thou seest my Mirmidons, I'll let 'em loose,
That in a moment—

Sam. I say nothing, Sir, but I could wish—

La-writ. They shall destroy thee wishing;
There's ne'r a man of these, but have lost ten causes,
Dearer then ten mens lives; tempt, and thou diest:
Goe home, and smile upon my Lord, thine Uncle,
Take Mony of the men thou mean'st to Cousin,
Drink Wine, and eat good meat, and live discreetly,
Talk little, 'tis an antidote against a beating;
Keep thy hand from thy sword, and from thy Laundress placket,

And thou wilt live long.

1 *Cly.* Give ear, and be instructed.

La-writ. I find I am wiser than a Justice of Peace now,
Give me the wisdom that's beaten into a man
That sticks still by him: art thou a new man?

Sam. Yes, yes,

Thy learned precepts have enchanted me.

La-writ. Goe my son *Sampson*, I have now begot thee,
I'll send thee causes; speak to thy Lord, and live,
And lay my share by, goe and live in peace,
Put on new suits, and shew fit for thy place;
That man neglects his living, is an Asse: [*Exit Samp.*
Farewel; come chearily boyes, about our business,
Now welcom tongue again, hang Swords.

1 *Cly.* Sweet Advocate.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Nurse, and Charlote.

Nur. I know not wench, they may call 'em what they will,
Outlawes, or thieves, but I am sure, to me
One was an honest man, he us'd me well,
What I did, 'tis no matter, he complain'd not.

Char. I must confess, there was one bold with me too,
Some coy thing would say rude, but 'tis no matter,
I was to pay a Waiting womans ransom,
And I have don't, and I would pay't again,
Were I ta'n to morrow.

Nur. Alas, there was no hurt,
If 't be a sin for such as live at hard meat,
And keep a long Lent, in the woods as they do,
To taste a little flesh.

Char. God help the Courtiers,
That lye at rack and manger.

Nur. I shall love
A thief the better for this while I live,
They are men of a charitable vocation,
And give where there is need, and with discretion,
And put a good speed penny in my purse,
That has been empty twenty years.

Char. Peace Nurse,
Farewel, and cry not rost meat, me thinks *Cleremont*

And my Lady *Anabel* are in one night,
Familiarly acquainted.

Nur. I observe it,
If she have got a penny too.

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, and Provost.

Charl. No more,
My Lord Monsieur *Vertaigne*, the provost too,
Haste and acquaint my Lady. [*Ex. Nur. and Char.*]

Pro. Wonderous strange.

Vert. 'Tis true Sir, on my credit.

Cham. O mine honour.

Pro. I have been provost-Marshal twenty years,
And have trussed up a thousand of these rascals,
But so near *Paris* yet I never met with
One of that Brotherhood.

Cham. We to our cost have,
But will you search the wood?

Pro. It is beset,
They cannot scape us, nothing makes me wonder,
So much as having you within their power
They let you goe; it was a Courtesy,
That French thieves use not often, I much pity
The Gentle Ladies, yet I know not how,
I rather hope than fear.

*Enter Dinant, Cleremont, Verdone, Beaupre, Lamira,
Anabel, Charlote, Nurse.*

Are these the prisoners?

Din. We were such.

Verd. Kill me not, excess of joy.

Cham. I see thou livest, but hast thou had no foul play?

Lam. No on my soul, my usage hath been noble,
Far from all violence.

Cham. How were you freed?
But kiss me first, we'll talk of that at leisure,
I am glad I have thee; Niece how you keep off,
As you knew me not?

Ana. Sir, I am where
I owe most duty.

Cler. 'Tis indeed most true Sir,
The man that should have been your bedfellow
Your Lordships bedfellow, that could not smell out
A Virgin of sixteen, that was your fool,
To make you merry, this poor simple fellow
Has met the maid again, and now she knows
He is a man.

Cham. How! is she dishonoured?

Cler. Not unless marriage be dishonourable,
Heaven is a witness of our happy contract,
And the next Priest we meet shall warrant it
To all the world: I lay with her in jeast,
'Tis turn'd to earnest now.

Cham. Is this true, Niece?

Din. Her blushing silence grants it; nay Sir storm not,
He is my friend, and I can make this good,
His birth and fortunes equal hers, your Lordship
Might have sought out a worse, we are all friends too,
All differences end thus. Now Sir, unless
You would raise new dissensions, make perfect
What is so well begun.

Vert. That were not manly.

Lam. Let me perswade you.

Cham. Well God give you joy,
She shall not come a Begger to you Sir.
For you Monsieur *Dinant* 'ere long I'll shew you
Another Niece, to this not much inferiour,
As you shall like proceed.

Din. I thank you Sir.

Cham. Back then to *Paris*: well that travel ends
That makes of deadly enemies perfect friends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER

Prologue.

TO promise much, before a play begin,
And when 'tis done, ask pardon, were a sin
We'l not be guilty of: and to excuse
Before we know a fault, were to abuse
The writers and our selves, for I dare say
We all are fool'd if this be not a Play,
And such a play as shall (so should plays do)
Imp times dull wings, and make you merry too.
'Twas to that purpose writ, so we intend it
And we have our wisht ends, if you commend it.

Epilogue.

Gentlemen,

I Am sent forth to enquire what you decree }
Of us and of our Poets, they will be }
This night exceeding merry, so will we }
If you approve their labours. They profess }
You are their Patrons, and we say no less,
Resolve us then, for you can only tell
Whether we have done id'ly or done well.

APPENDIX.

In the following references to the text the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including titles, acts, stage directions, &c., but not, of course, the headline or mere 'rules.' Where, as in the lists of Persons Represented, there are double columns, the right-hand column is numbered after the left.

It has not been thought necessary to record the correction of every turned letter nor the substitution of marks of interrogation for marks of exclamation and *vice versa*. Full-stops have been silently inserted at the ends of speeches and each fresh speaker has been given the dignity of a fresh line: in the double-columned folio the speeches are frequently run on. Only misprints of interest in the Quartos and the First Folio are recorded.

THE ELDER BROTHER and WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

Additions to Appendix, Vol. II.

- p. 450, l. 23. *for D read A—D.*
 p. 451, l. 39. *for E read A, D, E.* l. 46. *for A—C read A—D.*
 p. 452, l. 9. *for E read A—E.* l. 12. *for thing read creatures.*
 l. 25. *for A adds read A and D add.* l. 37. *for A read A and B.*
 p. 503, l. 41. *for l. 21 read l. 31.*

THE MAD LOVER.

Variations are those of the 1st folio unless otherwise stated.

- p. 1, ll. 3—38. Not in 1st folio.
 p. 2, l. 19. *Generall Generall.* l. 33. *Some though.* l. 37. *Adds stage direction] Drum within.*
 p. 3, l. 1. *reads Drum only.* l. 15. *must sweat; bring.* l. 32. *If ye dare.* l. 36. *damp't.*
 p. 4, l. 27. *has.*
 p. 6, l. 32. *Is troubled.*
 p. 7, l. 23. *y broken off in* 2nd folio. l. 27. *consideration what, or how.* l. 31. *undigested done.* l. 38. *2nd folio misprints] Men.*
 p. 8, l. 4. *of a warre.* l. 12. *her backe.*
 p. 9, l. 10. *2nd folio misprints] plague.* l. 22. *You men of wars.*
 l. 31. *Thou't.*
 p. 10, l. 16. *By wambling.*
 p. 12, l. 9. *And money.* l. 36. *and thou.*
 p. 13, l. 39. *Stage direction] Captains.*
 p. 14, l. 1. *2nd folio] Princess, Calis.* l. 9. *Has.* l. 23. *shankes too [omits ake].* l. 31. *a turnes.*
 p. 15, l. 15. *feete has.* l. 27. *And talke.* l. 31. *Empire.*
 p. 16, l. 2. *beares ye.* l. 19. *the spirits.* l. 31. *Omits for...that.*
 l. 34. *I thinke.* l. 36. *Or he.* l. 38. *all his heart.* l. 40. *higher prizes.*

APPENDIX

- p. 17, l. 3. *Adds* Finis Actus Primi. l. 31. Is here.
 p. 18, l. 17. be strange.
 p. 19, l. 35. 2nd folio *misprints*] Cni.
 p. 21, l. 9. get he. l. 23. Sure is. l. 35. all dangers.
 p. 22, l. 12. bids the. l. 20. a prize. l. 22. am well content.
 p. 23, l. 1. the sweets. l. 2. other Word. l. 15. breath of ayres.
 l. 18. the deaths. l. 20. they weepe. l. 25. and knowne.
 p. 24, l. 27. of beautie. l. 28. I woo'd. l. 30. she dare.
 p. 25, l. 15. Foole and Page. p. 16. wits two, an ye.
 p. 26, l. 3. Boy Ed. Hor. l. 34. a glotes. l. 39. has a.
 p. 27, l. 25. he dare. l. 32. ye Scarrubbs.
 p. 28, l. 7. Gowts a.
 p. 29, l. 7. *Omits* and. l. 15. Is slow. l. 38. a blushes.
 p. 30, l. 24. a shame. l. 39. Thou doest.
 p. 31, l. 33. *Adds* Finis Actus Secundi. l. 35. a Priest.
 p. 32, l. 5. *Omits* Enter Cleanthe. l. 10. strange waite. l. 24. *Adds the line*] Be not so spiced, 'tis good gold. l. 26. I know you.
 p. 33, l. 30. and worke. l. 35. thy catine.
 p. 34, l. 7. shall hide. l. 18. *Adds stage direction*] Enter Surgion.
 l. 23. ye with. l. 33. hither then.
 p. 35, l. 8. *Omits* Aside.
 p. 36, l. 2. Surgeon, Serring. l. 25. *Adds* how : at end of line and *omits next line entirely*.
 p. 37, l. 10. How are ye. l. 12. and lament. l. 18. 2nd folio *misprints*] Pnl. l. 26. he ly. l. 36. I will.
 p. 38, l. 1. if not. l. 2. *Adds stage direction*] A bowle ready. l. 30. A shall. l. 35. Priest.
 p. 39, l. 2. a come. l. 21. *Adds the following lines*
Pr. Out beast !
Chi. To new carine thy carkas, that's the truth on't
 How does thy keele? does it need nayling? a tother
 When all thy linnen's up : and a more yare?
Pr. Fye, Fye Sir
Chi. Nere stem'd the straights?
Pr. How you talke?
 l. 26. 2nd folio] me?
 p. 40, l. 26. 2nd folio *misprints*] Cal. l. 28. a stands. l. 32. a weepes.
 p. 41, l. 17. it? then can.
 p. 43, l. 5. passions. l. 22. 2nd folio *misprints*] Cel. l. 34. Has.
 l. 35. A came. l. 36. A did. l. 37. A did.
 p. 44, l. 37. some Poets.
 p. 45, l. 19. Priest. l. 33. a both.
 p. 46, l. 16. *Adds* : if all hit *after* friend and *begins the next line* Chi.
 Hang, etc.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT

- p. 47, l. 9. *Adds* Finis Actus Tertii. l. 11. Servant and R. Bax, and.
 l. 12. A stirs a stirs. l. 26. barks.
 p. 48, l. 34. and whom.
 p. 49, l. 26. his fierce. l. 29. roome then. l. 30. and old. l. 33.
 your rare. l. 37. her Ladies.
 p. 50, l. 12. I must.
 p. 51, l. 2. has. l. 7. 2nd folio *misprints*] Philax.
 p. 52, l. 1. *Adds as follows*
Clo. Why that ye wo't of,
Chi. The turne the good turne?
Clo. Any turne the Roche turne;
Chi. That's the right turne for that turnes up the bellie,
 I cannot, etc.
 l. 17. as brickle. l. 20. That think no.
 p. 55, l. 7. ath'. l. 8. ath' the. l. 17. weaker. l. 29. a that.
 l. 38. a will.
 p. 56, l. 26. 2nd folio *misprints*] ne's. l. 29. A comes. l. 35.
 stand up my.
 p. 57, l. 14. rogue. l. 21. art ta? l. 23. art ta? l. 32. thou
 art a. l. 39. doe ye.
 p. 58, l. 18. Lyons. l. 26. *Adds* Finis Actus Quarti. l. 28. Priest.
 l. 30. a your.
 p. 60, l. 9. cure this. l. 10. He's man. l. 12. is now. l. 16.
 Oracle, Arras.
 p. 61, l. 36. therefore, thy.
 p. 62, l. 3. Therefore be. l. 9. I shall. l. 19. a had. l. 36. 2nd
 folio] ha'!
 p. 63, l. 6. A will. l. 14. makes he. l. 28. Battell.
 p. 64, l. 2. *Omits* and. l. 7. in boyes in boyes. l. 38. 2nd folio
misprints] Cle.
 p. 65, l. 17. *Omits* her.
 p. 67, l. 10. 2nd folio *omits*] Chi. (*char.*). l. 10. Chickens. l. 24.
 weepes. l. 26. A was. l. 27. Ye have.
 p. 69, l. 8. and like. l. 33. Cleanthe, Curtisan, Lords.
 p. 70, l. 6. my glorious. l. 34. a sight. l. 36. ye could. *Adds*
as next line] Roome before there. *Knock.*
 p. 71, l. 8. *Prints* To the, etc., as a separate line and as a heading. l. 9.
For Eum. reads 1. Cap.
 p. 73, l. 15. lov'st her. l. 31. 2nd folio] Sister!
 p. 75, l. 13. the Saylor's sing. l. 28. utters. l. 32. *Adds* Finis.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

- p. 76, ll. 3—40. Not in 1st folio.
 p. 78, l. 14. Archus. l. 15. souldier. l. 23. Archus. l. 37.
 now you.

APPENDIX

- p. 79, l. 4. 2nd folio *misprints*] Pet.
 p. 80, l. 24. eyes.
 p. 82, l. 4. But to. l. 31. 2nd folio *misprints*] Augel.
 p. 84, l. 35. 2nd folio *misprints*] Gentlenem.
 p. 86, l. 2. pray ye be. l. 38. thanke high heaven.
 p. 87, l. 1. 2nd folio] in'? l. 30. *Omits* Exit.
 p. 90, l. 4. a pieces. l. 30. beseech yee.
 p. 91, l. 6. marvelous fine.
 p. 92, l. 8. too late to. l. 10. tremble. l. 30. *Adds* Exeunt.
 p. 94, l. 14. Of every.
 p. 96, l. 18. 2nd folio *misprints*] may. l. 34. and 'has. l. 38. And
 noise.
 p. 97, l. 23. who, for. l. 25. And shewrd.
 p. 103, l. 35. 2nd folio *misprints*] Lorship.
 p. 106, l. 16. 2nd folio] feed then.
 p. 107, l. 18. it fits so.
 p. 112, l. 8. fishmarket. l. 28. paintings. l. 32. 2nd folio *mis-*
prints] Aac.
 p. 113, l. 30. 'has. l. 34. blame ye.
 p. 114, l. 34. 'Has.
 p. 115, l. 3. ye see. l. 28. me Armes. l. 38. None, none my Lord.
 p. 116, l. 1. Thanke ye. l. 18. me too far. l. 31. he is.
 p. 117, l. 21. content like harmles.
 p. 118, l. 17. the fashion to.
 p. 119, l. 21. ungrased. l. 38. 2nd folio *misprints*] Is.
 p. 120, l. 34. art not mad.
 p. 123, l. 37. serv'd yee.
 p. 124, l. 11. *Omits* do. l. 15. women. l. 21. thinke ye.
 p. 125, l. 1. it; 'sod if. l. 24. Wickedly.
 p. 127, l. 16. yeare.
 p. 128, l. 9. *Reads stage direction*] Exit.
 p. 130, l. 6. 2nd folio *misprints*] Bur. l. 10. *Omits* please.
 p. 134, l. 31. hast ruine.
 p. 136, l. 31. *The catchword at the foot of the page in the 1st folio is* And.
 p. 138, l. 37. 2nd folio] Broms.
 p. 139, l. 1. no trade. l. 7. 2nd folio] traeds.
 p. 140, l. 27. of your.
 p. 141, l. 37. thats that. l. 39. 2nd folio *misprints*] Hoa.
 p. 142, l. 30. 2nd folio *misprints*] Dou.
 p. 146, l. 18. tal.
 p. 147, l. 22. *Omits* are.
 p. 148, l. 36. till ye.

RULE A WIFE, AND HAVE A WIFE

- p. 149, l. 40. *Adds Exit.*
 p. 150, l. 8. that told. l. 18. 2nd folio *misprints*] guily.
 p. 151, l. 13. Sword. l. 31. and Kits. l. 36. well meet.
 p. 153, l. 15. 'May do. l. 25. see these.
 p. 154, l. 9. beleeeve ye. l. 22. not we.
 p. 155, l. 31. Archas yet?
 p. 157, l. 10. Pray you. l. 27. shines.
 p. 162, l. 29. not slacke.
 p. 167, l. 22. The boy.
 p. 168, l. 38. Hymens rights.
 p. 169, l. 34. *Adds Finis.*

RULE A WIFE, AND HAVE A WIFE.

The Dramatis Personæ are not given in the quarto of 1640 nor in the 2nd folio. They are as follows:—Duke of Medina. Juan de Castro, Sanchio, Alonzo, Michael Perez, Officers. Leon, Altea's brother. Cacafofo, a usurer. Lorenzo. Coachman, etc. Margarita. Altea. Estifania. Clara. Three old ladies. Old woman. Maids, etc.

Unless where otherwise stated the following variations are from the quarto of 1640, the title-page of which runs thus:—

Rule a Wife | And have a Wife. | A Comoedy. | Acted by his | Majesties
 Servants. | Written by | John Fletcher | Gent. | Oxford, | Printed by Leonard
 Lichfield | Printer to the University. | Anno 1640.

- p. 170, l. 30. mouth.
 p. 171, l. 14. most subtilest. l. 18. With yee. l. 19. them. l. 38
and often elsewhere] um for 'em.
 p. 172, l. 2. the picke.
 p. 173, l. 22. thank ye.
 p. 175, l. 1. Yes I. l. 29. Exit. l. 31. mine ayme.
 p. 176, l. 30. 2nd folio *prints*] calling. | And
 p. 178, l. 10. astarv'd. l. 22. look'st. l. 24. 2nd folio *misprints*] hear.
 p. 179, l. 33. Or any.
 p. 182, ll. 6, etc. Quarto *frequently prints* 4. for Altea *here and in
 similar places.* l. 33. doubty.
 p. 183, l. 2. Has not. l. 3. 2nd folio *misprints*] hin. l. 5. Has no.
 l. 38. 2nd folio *misprints*] compaines.
 p. 184, l. 13. a house.
 p. 185, l. 2. Altea, the Ladies. l. 4. has been.
 p. 187, l. 26. I finde.
 p. 189, l. 28. enter'd here. l. 39. salute him.
 p. 190, l. 25. if she.
 p. 194, ll. 8 and 11. *Omits Lady here and often similarly elsewhere.*
 p. 196, l. 26. Exit.
 p. 197, l. 20. basinesse.

APPENDIX

- p. 198, l. 29 (*some copies*). and ruine too. l. 32. have meaner. l. 39. 2nd folio *misprints*] Jaun.
- p. 200, l. 8. *Some copies read*] laugh him, leave ager.
- p. 201, l. 2. *Adds the following line*] It is a Ladies, what's the Ladies name wench. l. 6. a the. l. 23. they are. l. 38. flea me.
- p. 202, l. 27. Nor I. l. 28. *Omits of*.
- p. 203, l. 13. Tas. l. 17. as ere I looked on.
- p. 204, l. 20. Both into. l. 37. *Adds the following line*] And hold it to my use, the law allowes it,
- p. 206, l. 38. I have seen.
- p. 207, l. 3. Save. l. 29. Is possest.
- p. 208, l. 1. a your. l. 17. bless ye.
- p. 209, l. 5. believe ye. l. 6. Pray ye. l. 12. after ye. l. 18. forgot ye. l. 34. vild, vild.
- p. 210, l. 15. 2nd folio] do brave, Captain.
- p. 211, l. 10. 2nd folio *misprints*] Ptithee. l. 23. put your fury up, Sir. l. 32. colt ye. l. 33. teach ye.
- p. 212, l. 22. on, it looked so. l. 30. Pray ye.
- p. 213, l. 39. heere Don Juan.
- p. 214, l. 30. 'Tas. l. 33. *Omits do*.
- p. 215, l. 21. all sit. l. 28. Has.
- p. 216, l. 22. 2nd folio *misprints*] thinks. l. 31. I goe alas. l. 38. linnens.
- p. 220, l. 1. Has. l. 21. I use.
- p. 223, l. 10. 2nd folio *misprints*] Perox. l. 14. 2nd folio *misprints*] haugh.
- p. 227, l. 12. 2nd folio] Dagge. l. 24. Nor never.
- p. 228, l. 17. 2nd folio *misprints*] millius. ll. 18 and 19. pawn'd um.
- p. 230, l. 17. A that.
- p. 231, l. 16. too Templers. l. 35. 2nd folio *misprints*] deah.
- p. 234, l. 25. raignes. l. 12. *Adds Finis*. l. 24. abuse your. l. 29. president.

THE LAWS OF CANDY.

The following variations are those of the 1st folio unless otherwise stated.

- p. 236, ll. 2—43. Not in 1st folio.
- p. 237, l. 9. insolencie. l. 19. these many plagues.
- p. 238, l. 15. 2nd folio] pretty. l. 16. But this. l. 21. are these.
- p. 241, l. 40. 2nd folio *misprints*] aud.
- p. 242, l. 12. and had.
- p. 243, l. 31. you sit? [*omits Sir*].
- p. 245, l. 7. And as if. l. 18. fuerie, then warrant.
- p. 247, l. 32. 2nd folio] tell.
- p. 248, l. 11. Lord. l. 13. Cassilanes.

THE FALSE ONE

- p. 249, l. 9. add debtors.
 p. 251, l. 31. so manded.
 p. 252, l. 11. so bold.
 p. 253, l. 8. teaching there.
 p. 254, l. 34. by Iolus. l. 38. 2nd folio *misprints*] bravel.
 p. 255, l. 3. I am borne. l. 22. 2nd folio *misprints*] your.
 p. 257, ll. 33 and 34.

—with your blessings,

Then growne.

l. 37. even unto.

- p. 259, l. 33. *Omits If.*
 p. 260, l. 32. percusseere the.
 p. 262, l. 20. 2nd folio] loss. l. 25. 2nd folio] Erot.
 p. 266, l. 16. 2nd folio] Casp.
 p. 267, l. 16. This tempest-wearied. l. 30. Pray.
 p. 269, l. 4. Please. l. 13. Your much.
 p. 270, l. 30. please.
 p. 271, l. 21. thou didst. l. 22. lose by it.

l. 22. *Omits stage direction*] Musick. Musick againe.

p. 273, l. 4. for it. l. 18. griefes. l. 24. *A missing bracket has been added at the end of the line.*

- p. 274, l. 38. wake.
 p. 275, l. 1. pray. l. 23. thy owne.
 p. 277, l. 7. is it. l. 27. do arive. l. 31. crueller.
 p. 279, l. 3. please ye. l. 9. would you. l. 30. 'has more 'gag'd.
 p. 280, l. 31. spake.
 p. 281, l. 10. do ye. l. 40. Ye are.
 p. 282, l. 20. He? feare. l. 28. 2nd folio *misprints*] aod.
 p. 283, l. 29. So a.
 p. 286, l. 7. Porphino. l. 18. 2nd folio *misprints*] Mie.
 p. 288, l. 18. 2nd folio *misprints*] Chornicled. l. 25. 'Has.
 p. 291, l. 15. intreates.
 p. 299, l. 16. *Adds Finis.*

THE FALSE ONE.

- p. 300, ll. 5—39. Not in 1st folio.
 p. 301, l. 3. 2nd folio] Achil. Love the K. l. 30. frequent in this.
 l. 31. to safe.
 p. 302, l. 13. and give.
 p. 303, l. 10. 2nd folio *here and frequently prints*] Septinius.
 p. 304, ll. 3 and 4. o' these...foole us; l. 7. 2nd folio *misprints*] Aeh.
 p. 305, l. 7. Till they. l. 24. 2nd folio *misprints*] aud.
 p. 309, l. 30. *A missing bracket has been added before Photinus.*

APPENDIX

- p. 310, l. 4. Prerogatives. l. 31. 2nd folio *misprints*] Potolmy. l. 40.
hand of.
- p. 313, l. 29. a Prisoner.
- p. 316, l. 2. of thy. l. 11. *Omits in.* l. 14. sought him.
- p. 318, l. 16. *A comma has been added at the end of the line.*
- p. 320, l. 20. tell you. l. 24. *Adds the following line*] I gave you no
comission to performe it : l. 31. with ye. l. 32. Hangers.
- p. 321, l. 23. told ye. l. 30. ye are.
- p. 322, l. 33. my anger.
- p. 323, l. 2. 2nd folio] Lordships.
- p. 324, l. 32. *Adds the following line*] The rule of ill, I'le trust before the
dore.
- p. 325, l. 1. I sat. l. 17. Affrinus. l. 23. past now. l. 29.
comes still.
- p. 326, l. 9. *Omits rich.* l. 32. *Omits that.*
- p. 327, l. 3. Pray.
- p. 328, l. 1. I know. l. 6. on a.
- p. 329, l. 14. first would.
- p. 330, l. 34. 2nd folio *misprints*] Apollodrous.
- p. 331, l. 28. loades us.
- p. 332, l. 11. this rare. l. 20. crudled.
- p. 333, l. 27. halfe an houre.
- p. 334, l. 13. Devills are light.
- p. 336, l. 1. 2nd folio] villaines. l. 10. my God. l. 12. Rude
valorus. l. 28. 2nd folio] shall.
- p. 337, l. 1. blood. l. 7. stufes. l. 8. Leaper. l. 26. *Omits To.*
- p. 338, l. 18. 2nd folio *misprints*] Sep. l. 23. the charities. l. 31.
The infectious.
- p. 340, l. 20. readiest. l. 30. *Adds after treasure?*] richer still?
- p. 341, l. 11. *Omits me.*
- p. 343, l. 1. hidden.
- p. 344, l. 13. they would. l. 31. Pray thee be.
- p. 346, l. 23. Lovers.
- p. 347, l. 9. Dye not.
- p. 348, l. 39. to my.
- p. 349, l. 18. backe; but.
- p. 350, l. 34. 2nd folio *misprints*] lasciciously.
- p. 351, l. 20. 2nd folio *misprints*] Sec.
- p. 353, l. 20. 2nd folio] 2 Sol. l. 27. loose all.
- p. 355, l. 23. 2nd folio *misprints*] Scp. l. 35. 2nd folio *misprints*]
maidend-head.
- p. 356, l. 6. 2nd folio *misprints*] Aehil. l. 16. hearest.
- p. 357, l. 10. to weale my. l. 22. bondmans.
- p. 359, l. 21. A will. l. 31. manur. l. 37. 2nd folio] marrow.
l. 38. Cities, were made.
- p. 360, l. 14. 2nd folio] Brother, company that's. l. 28. them.
- p. 362, l. 9. darst. l. 17. This Devill. l. 23. rewarded, or re-
turn'd. l. 29. I owe.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER

p. 363, l. 6. while. l. 7. Achilles troops. l. 17. a moneth. l. 27. Photinus secrets.

p. 365, ll. 15 and 16.

They rufled me :

But that I could endure, and tire 'em too,
Would they proceed no further.

l. 20. When an.

p. 367, l. 6. To Ptolomy, to Caesar. l. 23. Photinus name. l. 29. th' Egyptian.

p. 368, l. 37. make it. l. 39. and I will.

p. 369, l. 6. Nor loose. l. 16. you Eagletss. l. 18. 'em.

p. 370, l. 37. *Omits* that.

p. 371, l. 5. *Omits* Cæs. l. 15. for Rome. l. 20. The Prologue.

l. 32. Those that penn'd.

p. 372, l. 7. The Epilogue. l. 13. In the favour.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

p. 373, ll. 3—40. Not in 1st folio.

p. 374, l. 2. 2nd folio *misprints*] aud. l. 25. 2nd folio *misprints*] Frcenh. l. 27. And banisht. l. 35. Will you? and yet—. l. 37. Mistris, feathers.

p. 375, l. 30. godly.

p. 378, l. 8. Epithalamin. l. 21. for 'twill be.

p. 379, l. 15. Upon a. l. 23. tempest. l. 39. *Omits* and.

p. 382, l. 22. 2nd folio *misprints*] by. l. 33. *Transfers to to beginning of next line.*

p. 383, l. 16. 2nd folio] their. l. 36. parts.

p. 384, l. 2. 2nd folio] between.

p. 385, l. 25. On my.

p. 386, l. 8. make rise.

p. 387, l. 36. Those dedicates.

p. 388, l. 30. Lewis eleventh.

p. 389, l. 3. you persev'd. l. 19. danger or. l. 33. *A comma has been inserted at the end of the line.*

p. 390, l. 4. honours. l. 5. suffer. l. 9. loose.

p. 391, l. 8. to this.

p. 392, l. 1. up you. l. 3. 2nd folio *misprints*] pecies. l. 17. If you.

p. 394, l. 33. 2nd folio] Avocate.

p. 396, l. 14. Beau. *instead of* Cler. l. 20. what a.

p. 397, l. 18. *Omits stage direction.* l. 36. loose.

p. 398, l. 5. What master. l. 27. Cock a two. l. 37. makes all this plaine.

p. 399, l. 3. 2nd folio *misprints*] Bur. l. 19. 2nd folio] thow. l. 34. *Omits singing in stage direction.*

p. 400, l. 16. my whole.

p. 401, l. 13. Declare that. l. 27. And hunny out your. l. 31. 2nd folio *misprints*] my.

p. 404, l. 17. 2nd folio *misprints*] imfamie.

APPENDIX

- p. 405, l. 39. *Omits* not.
 p. 406, l. 7. In our.
 p. 409, l. 27. going lesse.
 p. 411, l. 9. ye did. l. 29. Pray. l. 36. *Omits* do.
 p. 412, l. 1. any corner. l. 5. the louter. l. 35. laughters.
 p. 413, l. 10. y'are? Gentleman. l. 15. hate. l. 17. for my.
 l. 22. and carriage...calls. l. 35. your.
 p. 414, l. 24. Hee is.
 p. 415, l. 4. will make. l. 12. Why, to it. l. 21. wake. l. 38.
 Slaves feed.
 p. 416, l. 19. 'ore. l. 28. a meane.
 p. 417, l. 6. *Adds stage direction*] Wine. l. 8. doe but kisse. l. 11.
 Will you. l. 28. *Adds stage direction*] Recorders.
 p. 418, l. 37. thou knowest.
 p. 419, l. 4. quarter. l. 12. Madman, a fool...shew thee man. l. 14.
 No f'le. l. 32. no flame.
 p. 420, l. 40. point you.
 p. 424, l. 16. and folio *misprints*] dies.
 p. 425, l. 29. 2nd folio *misprints*] Cler.
 p. 427, l. 5. *Adds stage direction*] Put off.
 p. 428, l. 32. Firsts, seconds, thirds.
 p. 429, l. 1. p— on't. l. 27. still devising.
 p. 431, l. 19. *Gives this line* to Lam. l. 22. *Adds as though a stage direction*] Now. l. 31. *Reads* My legs in my good house, my Armour on.
 p. 432, l. 12. yet are, if men.
 p. 435, l. 12. *Reads*] *La-wr.* Bee't then. | Mens fates, etc. ll. 15 and 16. *Gives these two lines* to Sam. l. 18. 2nd folio] Vertagine. l. 23.
 Strike. l. 25. *Gives* No, no,...not to *Verta.*
 p. 439, l. 11. Corvina. l. 34. loose.
 p. 440, l. 1. Quinti. l. 3. the Chamber doore.
 p. 441, l. 16. 2nd folio] vills.
 p. 444, l. 27. hand of heaven.
 p. 445, l. 24. *Omits* is.
 p. 448, l. 4. *Omits* Din. by mistake and prints enjury for enjoy.
 p. 449, l. 35. My mortall.
 p. 450, l. 36. mine Uncle.

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